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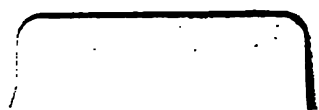
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THE
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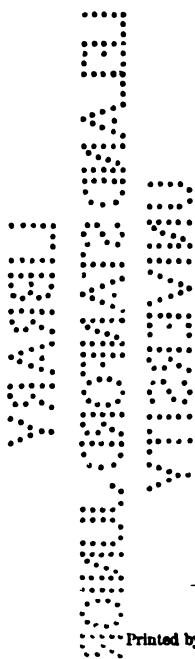
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AMONG the more salient features of the Metropolis which instantly strike the attention of the stranger are the stations of the Fire Brigade. Whenever he happens to pass them, he finds the sentinel on duty, he sees the 'red artillery' of the force; and the polished axle, the gleaming branch, and the shining chain, testify to the beautiful condition of the instrument, ready for active service at a moment's notice. Ensconced in the shadow of the station, the liveried watchmen look like hunters waiting for their prey—nor does the hunter move quicker to his quarry at the rustle of a leaf, than the Firemen dash for the first ruddy glow in the sky. No sooner comes the alarm than one sees with a shudder the rush of one of these engines through the crowded streets—the tearing horses covered with foam—the heavy vehicle swerving from side to side, and the black helmeted attendants swaying to and fro. The wonder is that horses or men ever get safely to their destination: the wonder is still greater that no one is ridden over in their furious drive.

Arrived at the place of action, the hunter's spirit which animates the fireman and makes him attack an element as determinedly as he would a wild beast, becomes evident to the spectator. The scene which a London fire presents can never be forgotten: the shouts of the crowd as it opens to let the engines dart through it, the foaming head of water springing out of the ground, and spreading over the road until it becomes a broad mirror reflecting the glowing blaze—the black, snake-like coils of the leather hose rising and falling like things of life, whilst a hundred arms work at the pump, their central heart—the applause that rings out clear above the roaring flame as the adventurous band throw the first hissing jet—cheer following cheer, as stream after stream shoots against the burning mass, now flying into the socket-holes of fire set in the black face of the house-front, now dashing with a loud shir-r against the window-frame and wall, and falling off in broken showers. Suddenly there is a loud shrill cry, and the bank of human faces is upturned to where a shrieking wretch hangs frantically to an upper window-sill. A deafening shout goes forth, as the huge fire-escape comes full swing upon the scene: a moment's pause, and all is still, save the beat, beat, of the great water pulses, whilst every eye is strained towards the fluttering garments flapping against the wall. Will the ladder reach, and not dislodge those weary hands clutching so convulsively to the hot stone? Will the nimble figure gain the topmost rung ere nature fails? The blood in a thousand hearts runs cold, and then again break forth a thousand cheers to celebrate a daring rescue. Such scenes as this are of almost nightly occurrence in the Great Metropolis. A still more imposing yet dreadful sight is often exhibited in the conflagrations of those vast piles of buildings in the City filled with inflammable merchandise. Here the most powerful engines seem reduced to mere squirts; and the efforts of the adventurous Brigade men are confined to keeping the mischief within its own bounds.

When we recollect that London presents an area of 36 square miles, covered with 21,600 square acres of bricks and mortar, and numbers more than 380,000 houses; that all the riches it contains are nightly threatened in every direction by an ever-present enemy; that the secret match, the spontaneous fire, and the hand of the drunkard, are busily at work; it is evident that nothing but a force the most disciplined, and implements the most effective, can be competent to cope with so sudden and persevering a foe.

As late as twenty-two years ago there was no proper fire police to protect the Metropolis against what is commonly called the 'all-devouring element.' There was, it is true, a force of 300
parochial

parochial engines set on foot by Acts which were passed between the years 1768-74—Acts which are still in existence—but these engines are under the superintendence of the beadles and parish engineers, who are not the most active of men or nimble of risers. It may easily be imagined, therefore, that the machines arrived a little too late; and, when brought into service, were often found to be out of working order. Hence their employment did not supersede the private engines kept by some of the insurance offices long prior to their existence. On the contrary, owing to the increase of business which took place about this time, the different companies thought it worth their while to strengthen their former establishments, and this process continued while the parochial engines, with a few honourable exceptions, were dropping into disuse.

About the year 1833 it became evident that much was lost, both to the public and to the insurance companies, by every engine acting on its own responsibility—a folly which is the cause of such jealousy among the firemen at Boston (United States), that rival engines have been known to stop on their way to a fire to exchange shots from revolvers. It was therefore determined to incorporate the divided force, and place it under the management of one superintendent, each office contributing towards its support, according to the amount of its business. All the old established companies, with one exception,* shortly came into the arrangement, and Mr. Braidwood, the master of the fire-engines of Edinburgh, being invited to take the command, organised the now celebrated *London Fire Brigade*.

At the present moment, then, the protection against fire in London consists, firstly, in the 300 and odd parish-engines (two to each parish), which are paid for out of the rates. The majority of these are very inefficient, not having any persons appointed to work them who possess a competent knowledge of the service. Even women used now and then to fill the arduous post of director; and it is not long since a certain Mrs. Smith, a widow, might be seen at conflagrations, hurrying about in her pattens, directing the firemen of her engine, which belonged to the united parishes of St. Michael Royal and St. Martin Vintry, in the City. We question, indeed, if at the present moment any of the parish-engines are much better officered than in the days of widow Smith, with the exception of those of Hackney, Whitechapel, Islington, and perhaps two or three others. Secondly, there are an unknown number of private engines kept in public

* The West of England Fire-Office, which retains the command of its own engines.

buildings and large manufactories, which sometimes do good service when they arrive early at small fires in their neighbourhood, although, singularly enough, when called upon to extinguish a conflagration in their own establishments, they generally 'lose their heads,' as the Brigade men express it; and very many instances have occurred where even the parish-engines have arrived and set to work before the one on the premises could be brought to bear upon the fire. The cause is clear. The requisite coolness and method which every one can exercise so philosophically in other people's misfortunes utterly fail them when in trouble themselves. The doctor is wiser in his generation, and is never so foolish as to prescribe for himself or to attend his own family.

Thirdly, we have, in contrast to the immense rabble of Bumble engines and the Bashi-Bazouks of private establishments, the small complement of men and material of the Fire Brigade. It consists of twenty-seven large horse-engines, capable of throwing 88 gallons a minute to a height of from 50 to 70 feet, and nine smaller ones drawn by hand. To work them there are twelve engineers, seven sub-engineers, thirty-two senior firemen, thirty-nine junior firemen, and fourteen drivers, or 104 men and 31 horses. In addition to these persons, who form the main establishment, and live at the different stations, there is an extra staff of four firemen, four drivers, and eight horses. The members of this supplementary force are also lodged at the stations,* as well as clothed, but are only paid when their services are required, and pursue in the daytime their ordinary occupations.

* The following are the stations :—

	No. of Engines.
Watling-street (the principal station)	4
Wellclose-square	3
Farringdon-street	4
Chandos-street, Covent-garden	3
Schoolhouse-lane, Ratcliffe	1
Horseferry-road, Westminster	1
Waterloo-road	1
Paradise-row, Rotherhithe	1
Jeffrey-square, St. Mary-Axe	2
Whitecross-street	1
High Holborn, No. 254	2
Crown-street, Soho	2
Wells-street, Oxford-street	1
Baker-street, Portman-square	1
King-street, Golden-square	3
Southwark-bridge-road	3
Morgan's-lane, Tooley-street	1
Floating engine, off King's-stairs, Rotherhithe	1
„ off Southwark-bridge	1

This not very formidable army of 104 men and 31 horses, with its reserve of eight men and eight horses, is distributed throughout the Metropolis, which is divided into four districts as follows:—On the north side of the river—1st, From the eastward to Paul's Chain, St. Paul's Churchyard, Aldersgate-street, and Goswell-street-road; 2nd, From St. Paul's, &c., to Tottenham-court-road, Crown-street, and St. Martin's-lane; 3rd, From Tottenham-court-road, &c., westward. 4th, The entire south side of the river. At the head of each district is a foreman, who never leaves it unless acting under the superior orders of Mr. Braidwood, the superintendent or general-in-chief, whose head-quarters are in Watling-street.

In comparison with the great Continental cities such a force seems truly insignificant. Paris, which does not cover a fifth part of the ground of London, and is not much more than a third as populous, boasts 800 *sapeurs-pompiers*: we make up, however, for want of numbers by activity. Again, our look-out is admirable: the 6000 police of the metropolis, patrolling every alley and lane throughout its length and breadth, watch for a fire as terriers watch at rat-holes, and every man is stimulated by the knowledge, that if he is the first to give notice of it at any of the stations it is half a sovereign in his pocket. In addition to the police, there are the thousand eager eyes of the night cabmen and the houseless poor. It is not at all uncommon for a cabman to earn four or five shillings of a night by driving fast to the different stations and giving the alarm, receiving a shilling from each for the 'call.'

In most Continental cities a watchman takes his stand during the night on the topmost point of some high building, and gives notice by either blowing a horn, firing a gun, or ringing a bell. In Germany the quarter is indicated by holding out towards it a flag by day, and a lantern at night. It immediately suggests itself that a sentinel placed in the upper gallery of St. Paul's would have under his eye the whole Metropolis, and could make known instantly, by means of an electric wire, the position of a fire, to the head station at Watling-street, in the same manner as the Americans do in Boston. This plan is, however, open to the objection, that London is intersected by a sinuous river, which renders it difficult to tell on which bank the conflagration is raging. Nevertheless we imagine that the northern part of the town could be advantageously superintended from such a height, whilst the southern half might rest under the surveillance of one of the tall shot-towers on that bank of the Thames. The bridges themselves have long been posts of observation, from which a large portion of the river-side property

perty is watched. Not long ago there was a pieman on London-bridge, who eked out a precarious existence by keeping a good look-out up and down the stream.

Watling-street was chosen as the head-quarters of the Fire Brigade for a double reason: it is very nearly the centre of the City, being close to the far-famed London Stone, and it is in the very midst of what may be termed, speaking igneously, the most dangerous part of the metropolis—the Manchester warehouses. As the Fire Brigade is only a portion of a vast commercial operation—Fire Insurance—its actions are regulated by strictly commercial considerations. Where the largest amount of *insured* property lies, there its chief force is planted. It will, it is true, go any reasonable distance to put out a fire; but of course it pays most attention to property which its proprietors have guaranteed. The central station receives the greatest number of ‘calls;’ but as a commander-in-chief does not turn out for a skirmish of outposts, so Mr. Braidwood keeps himself ready for affairs of a more serious nature. When the summons is at night—there are sometimes as many as half-a-dozen—the fireman on duty below apprises the superintendent by means of a gutta percha speaking-tube, which comes up to his bedside. By the light of the ever-burning gas, he rapidly consults the ‘London Directory,’ and if the call should be to what is called ‘a greengrocer’s street,’ or any of the small thoroughfares in bye-parts of the town, he leaves the matter to the foreman in whose district it is, and goes to sleep again. If, however, the fire should be in the City, or in any of the great West-End thoroughfares, he hurries off on the first engine. Five minutes is considered a fair time for an engine ‘to horse and away,’ but it is often done in three. Celerity in bringing up aid is the great essential, as the first half hour generally determines the extent to which a conflagration will proceed. Hence the rewards of thirty shillings for the first, twenty for the second, and ten shillings for the third engine that arrives, which premiums are paid by the parish. All the engines travel with as few hands as possible: the larger ones having an engineer, four firemen and a driver, and the following furniture:—

‘Several lengths of scaling-ladder, each $6\frac{1}{2}$ feet long, all of which may be readily connected, forming in a short space of time a ladder of any required height; a canvas sheet, with 10 or 12 handles of rope round the edge of it for the purpose of a fire-escape; one 10-fathom and one 14-fathom piece of $2\frac{1}{2}$ -inch rope; six lengths of hose, each 40 feet long; 2 branch-pipes, one $2\frac{1}{2}$ feet, and the other from 4 to 6 feet long, with one spare nose-pipe; two 6-feet lengths of suction-pipe, a flat rose, stand-cock, goose-neck, dam-board, boat-hook, saw, shovel,

shovel, mattock, pole-axe, screw-wrench, crow-bar, portable cistern, two dog-tails, two balls of strips of sheepskin, two balls of small cord, instruments for opening the fire-plugs, and keys for turning the stop-cocks of the water-mains.

The weight of the whole, with the men, is not less than from 27 to 30 cwt., a load which in the excitement of the ride is carried by a couple of horses at the gallop.

The hands to work the pumps are always forthcoming on the spot at any hour of the night, not alone for goodwill, as every man—and there have been as many as five hundred employed at a time—receives one shilling for the first hour and sixpence for every succeeding one, together with refreshments. In France the law empowers the firemen to seize upon the bystanders, and compel them to give their services, without fee or reward. An Englishman at Bordeaux, whilst looking on, some few years since, was forced, in spite of his remonstrances, to roll wine-casks for seven hours out of the vicinity of a conflagration. We need not say which plan answers best. A Frenchman runs away, as soon as the *sapeurs-pompiers* make their appearance upon the scene, to avoid being impressed. Still such is the excitement that there are some gentlemen with us who pursue the occupation of firemen as amateurs; providing themselves with the regulation-dress of dark-green turned up with red, and with the accoutrements of the Brigade, and working, under the orders of Mr. Braidwood, as energetically as if they were earning their daily bread.

The fascination of fires even extends to the brute creation. Who has not heard of the dog 'Chance,' who first formed his acquaintance with the Brigade by following a fireman from a conflagration in Shoreditch to the central station at Watling-street? Here, after he had been petted for some little time by the men, his master came for him, and took him home; but he escaped on the first opportunity, and returned to the station. After he had been carried back for the third time, his master—like a mother whose son *will* go to sea—allowed him to have his own way, and for years he invariably accompanied the engine, now upon the machine, now under the horses' legs, and always, when going up-hill, running in advance, and announcing the welcome advent of the extinguisher by his bark. At the fire he used to amuse himself with pulling burning logs of wood out of the flames with his mouth. Although he had his legs broken half a dozen times, he remained faithful to his pursuit; till at last, having received a severer hurt than usual, he was being nursed by the firemen beside the hearth, when a 'call' came, and at the well-known sound of the engine turning out, the poor
brute.

brute made a last effort to climb upon it, and fell back dead in the attempt. He was stuffed and preserved at the station and was doomed, even in death, to prove the fireman's friend: for one of the engineers having committed suicide, the Brigade determined to raffle him for the benefit of the widow, *and such was his renown that he realized 123l. 10s. 9d.*

The most interesting and practical part of our subject is the inquiry into the various causes of fires. Mr. Braidwood comes here to our aid with his invaluable yearly Reports—the only materials we have, in fact, on which fire-insurance can be built up into a science, a feat which we have not accomplished to nearly the same extent as with life-insurance, although the Hand in Hand Office was founded so far back as 1696. Thus we have the experience of upwards of one hundred and fifty years, if we could only get at it, to enable the actuary to ascertain the doctrine of chances in this momentous subject, which at present is little better than a speculation. An analysis of the reports, from the organization of the Fire Brigade in 1833 to the close of 1853, a period extending over twenty-one years, affords the following result:—

Abstract of List of Fires and Alarms for Twenty Years ending 1853.

Year.	Totally Destroyed.	Considerably Damaged.	Slightly Damaged.	Total of Fires.	Alarms.			Total of Fires and Alarms.
					False.	Chimney.	Total.	
1833	31	135	292	458	59	75	134	592
1834	28	116	338	482	57	112	169	651
1835	31	125	315	471	66	106	172	643
1836	33	134	397	564	66	126	192	756
1837	22	122	357	501	82	134	216	717
1838	33	152	383	568	79	108	187	755
1839	17	165	402	584	70	101	171	755
1840	26	204	451	681	84	98	182	863
1841	24	234	438	696	67	92	159	855
1842	24	224	521	769	61	82	143	912
1843	29	231	489	749	79	83	162	911
1844	23	237	502	762	70	94	164	926
1845	23	253	431	707	82	87	168	875
1846	25	233	576	834	119	69	188	1,022
1847	27	273	536	836	88	66	154	990
1848	27	269	509	805	120	86	206	1,011
1849	28	228	532	838	76	89	165	1,003
1850	18	229	621	868	91	79	170	1,038
1851	21	255	652	928	115	116	231	1,159
1852	25	238	660	923	93	89	182	1,105
1853	20	241	639	900	72	90	162	1,062
Total	535	4,298	10,091	14,924	1,695	1,982	3,677	18,601

If we examine this table, we find ample evidence that the organization of the Fire Brigade has resulted in an abatement of
loss

loss and danger. Taking the average of the last twenty-one years, there has been a decrease of 5·7 in the last year under the head of 'totally destroyed.' This is the best test of the activity of the Brigade, and really means much more than is obvious at first sight. Within these twenty-one years many tens of thousands of houses have been added to the metropolis; our periphery has been continually enlarging; like a tree, we grow year by year by adding a fresh ring of bricks and mortar. Whilst this increase is going on externally, the central part is growing too. We can afford no dead wood in our very heart: if it cannot expand one way, it must another. Accordingly we find the crowded city extending towards the sky; and if we take into account the immense mass of material added to that which existed, all of which is equally liable to the inroads of fire, we can understand why the total number of conflagrations has increased, from 458 in 1833 to 900 in 1853. With such an augmentation of conflagrations, the *decrease* of houses totally destroyed in 1853 is the highest testimony to the ability and zeal of Mr. Braidwood.

The item 'totally destroyed' is mainly made up of houses and factories in which are stored very combustible materials, such as carpenters' and cabinetmakers' shops, oilmen's warehouses, sawmills, &c., where the fire gains such a hold in a few minutes as to preclude the possibility of putting it out. The number is also swelled by houses which are situated many miles from the nearest station; for there are no stations in the outskirts of the town, and very few in the crowded suburbs. We have seen complaints of this want of help in thickly-populated localities; but the companies only plant an establishment where the insurances are sufficient to cover the expense, and people who do not contribute have no more right to expect private individuals to take care of their property than tradesmen in the Strand would have to expect the private watchman outside Messrs. Coutts's bank to look after their shutters. Indeed, it seems to us that the Brigade act very liberally. The firemen never stop to ask whether the house is insured or not; nor are they deterred by distance; and in many cases they have gone as far as Brentford, Putney, Croydon, Barnet, Uxbridge, Cranford-bridge, Windsor Castle, and once to Dover by an express engine. The only difference made by the Brigade between insured and uninsured property is, that after putting out a fire they take charge of the salvage of the former, and leave that of the latter to its owner. The force is, however, very careful to repair immediately any damage they may have done to adjoining property—damage which they commit in the most deliberate manner, regardless

gardless of pains and penalties. For instance, *housebreaking* is almost a nightly crime with the firemen whilst in search of water, who never let a wall or a door stand between them and a supply of this element. It is a proof of the good feeling which prevails on such occasions that although they are technically guilty of an offence which renders them liable to punishment, no one murmurs, much less threatens proceedings. If the authorities in the Great Fire of London had acted in a similar manner for the public good, they would have saved the half of the Inner-Temple, which was destroyed, because, according to Clarendon's account, all the lawyers were absent on circuit, and the constables did not dare to take the responsibility of breaking open their chamber doors!

It is a question, whether Government ought not to relieve the parish authorities from a duty which they cannot separately perform, and combine their engines into a metropolitan brigade; thus guarding the town from fire as they do from robbery by the police. If people will not protect themselves by insuring, the State should protect them, and make them pay for it. An excellent system prevails in most parts of Germany of levying a rate at the close of the year upon all the inhabitants sufficient to cover the loss from fires during the past twelve-month. As every householder has a pecuniary interest in the result, he keeps a bucket and belt, and sallies out to extinguish the conflagration in his neighbour's premises. If the rate were adopted in London, and the present enormous duty on insurances reduced, the cost to each person would be hardly more pence than it is pounds at present to the provident few.

Mr. Samuel Brown, of the Institute of Actuaries, after analysing the returns of Mr. Braidwood, as well as the reports in the 'Mechanics' Magazine,' by Mr. Baddeley, who has devoted much attention to the subject, drew up some tables of the times of the year, and hours of the day, at which fires are most frequent. It would naturally be supposed that the winter would show a vast preponderance over the summer months; but the difference is not so great as might be expected. December and January are very prolific of fires, as in these months large public buildings are heated by flues, stoves, and boilers; but the other months share mishaps of the kind pretty equally, with the exception that the hot and dry periods of summer and autumn are marked by the most destructive class of conflagrations, owing to the greater inflammability of the materials, than in the damper portions of the year. This, from the desiccating nature of the climate, is especially the case in Canada and the United States, and, coupled with the extensive use of wood in building, has a
large

large influence in many parts of the Continent. The following list of all the great fires which have taken place for the last 100 years will bear out our statement:—

Month.	Description of Property, &c.	Place.	Value of Property Destroyed.	Year.
January ..	Webb's Sugar-house	Liverpool ..	£4,600	1829
	Lancelot's-bey	" ..	198,000	1833
	Town-hall and Exchange ..	" ..	45,000	1795
	Caxton Printing Office ..	" ..	..	1821
	Dublin and Co. Warehouse	" ..	..	1834
	Suffolk-street	" ..	40,000	1818
	Mile End	London ..	200,000	1834
	Royal Exchange	" ..	..	1838
February ..	York Minster	York ..	..	1829
	3 West India Warehouses	London ..	300,000	1829
	House of Commons	Dublin ..	..	1792
	Argyle Rooms	London ..	..	1830
	Camberwell Church	" ..	..	1841
	Custom House	" ..	..	1814
	Hop Warehouse	Southwark ..	..	1851
	J.F. Pawson and Co.'s Ware- houses	St. Paul's Church Yard ..	40,000	1853
	Pickford's Wharf	London ..	..	1824
	Goree Warehouses	Liverpool ..	50,000	1846
March ..	New Orleans	United States ..	\$650,000	1853
	15,000 houses at Canton ..	China ..	..	1820
	13,000 houses	Peru ..	..	1799
	Manchester	England ..	..	1792
	Fawcett's Foundry	Liverpool ..	£41,000	1843
	Oil Street	" ..	12,600	1844
	Apothecaries' Hall	" ..	7000	1844
	Sugar House, Harrington- street	" ..	30,000	1830
April ..	1000 Buildings	Pittsburg ..	\$1,400,000	1845
	Savannah	United States ..	\$300,000	1852
	Parkhead, Bacon-street ..	Liverpool ..	£ 36,000	1851
	Windsor Forest	England ..	..	1785
	Margetson's Tan-yard, Ber- mondsey	London ..	36,000	1852
	1158 Buildings, Charleston	United States ..	..	1838
	Horsleydown	London ..	..	1780
May ..	Dockhead	London ..	..	1785
	Great Fire, 1749 houses ..	Hamburgh ..	..	1842
	23 Steamboats at St. Louis	United States ..	\$600,000	1849
	15,000 Houses	Quebec ..	..	1845
	York Minster	York ..	..	1840
	Duke's Warehouses	Liverpool ..	..	1843
	Okell's Sugar-house	" ..	..	1799
	Gibraltar Row	" ..	..	1838
	Liver Mills	" ..	£8,700	1841
	Billingsgate	London ..	..	1809

June

Month.	Description of Property, &c.	Place.	Value of Property Destroyed.	Year.
June ..	Rotherhithe	London	..	1765
	Copenhagen	Denmark	..	1759
	Montreal	Canada	\$1,000,000	1852
	St. John	Newfoundland ..	..	1846
	Louisville	United States ..	\$100,000	1853
	47 persons, Quebec Theatre	Canada	..	1846
	1300 houses, Quebec		..	1845
	Gutta Percha Co., Wharf Road	London	£23,000	1853
	Humpherys's Warehouse, Southwark		100,000	1851
July.. ..	Hindon	Wiltshire	..	1754
	15,000 Houses	Constantinople ..	..	1756
	12,000 Houses	Montreal	..	1852
	300 Houses	Philadelphia	..	1850
	300 Buildings	North America ..	\$160,000	1846
	302 Stores	New York	\$1,200,000	1846
	Apothecaries' Hall	Liverpool	..	1845
	Glover's Warehouses		£17,000	1851
	Dockyard	Portsmouth	..	1770
	Wapping	London	1,000,000	1794
	Ratcliffe Cross		..	1794
August ..	Varna	Turkey	..	1854
	Dublin	Ireland	..	1833
	Gravesend	England	60,000	1847
	Walker's Oil Mill	Dover	30,000	1853
	Falmouth Theatre	Falmouth	..	1792
	Buildings, Albany	United States ..	\$600,000	1849
	10,000 Houses	Constantinople ..	..	1782
	Smithfield	London	£100,000	1822
	East Smithfield		..	1840
September	Bankside		..	1814
	Gateshead	England	..	1854
	46 Buildings	New York	\$500,000	1839
	200 Houses, Brooklyn ..		150,000	1848
	Scott, Russell, and Co., Ship Builders, Mill Wall ..	London	£80,000	1853
	St. Paul's Church, Covent Garden		..	1795
	60 Houses, Rotherhithe ..		..	1791
	Astley's Amphitheatre ..		..	1794
	Mark Lane		150,000	1850
	Covent Garden Theatre ..		..	1808
October ..	Store Street and Tottenham-Court-Road		..	1802
	Macfee's	Liverpool	40,000	1846
	Gorees		400,000	1802
	Formby Street		380,000	1842
	Cowdray House	Sussex	..	1793
October ..	52 Buildings	Philadelphia	\$100,000	1839
	Grimsdell's, Builder's Yard	Spitalfields	..	1852
	Withwith's Mills	Halifax	£35,000	1853

October,

Month.	Description of Property, &c.	Place.	Value of Property Destroyed.	Year.
October, <i>continued.</i>	Robert-street	North Liverpool	£150,000	1838
	Lancelot's-hey	Liverpool ..	80,000	1854
	Memel Great Fire	Prussia	..	1854
	London Wall	London	84,000	1849
	20 Houses, Rotherhithe ..		..	1790
	Lancelot's-hey	Liverpool ..	30,000	1834
	Wapping	London	100,000	1823
	Houses of Parliament ..		..	1834
	Pimlico		..	1839
November	Royal Palace	Lisbon	..	1794
	New York	United States	..	1835
	20 Houses, Shadwell	London	..	1796
	Aldersgate Street		100,000	1783
	Cornhill		..	1765
	Liver Street	Liverpool ..	6,000	1829
	Wright and Aspinall, Ox- ford Street	London	50,000	1826
	Hill's Rice Mills		5,000	1848
December	Dock Yard	Portsmouth ..	..	1776
	Patent Office and Post Office	Washington ..	..	1836
	600 Warehouses	New York ..	\$4,000,000	1835
	Fenwick Street	Liverpool ..	£36,000	1831
	Brancker's Sugar-house ..		34,000	1843

(Extracted from the Royal Insurance Company's Almanack, 1854.)

One reason, perhaps, why there is such a general average in the number of conflagrations throughout the year is that the vast majority occur in factories and workshops where fire is used in summer as well as winter. This supposition appears at first sight to be contradicted by the fact that nearly as many fires occur on Sunday as on any other day of the week. But when it is remembered that in numerous establishments it is necessary to keep in the fires throughout that day, and as in the majority of cases a very inadequate watch is kept, it is at once apparent why there is no immunity from the scourge. Indeed some of the most destructive fires have broken out on a Sunday night or on a Monday morning—no doubt because a large body of fire had formed before it was detected. A certain number of accidents occur in summer in private houses from persons on hot nights opening the window behind the toilet glass in their bedrooms, when the draught blows the blind against the candle. Swallows do not more certainly appear in June, than such mishaps are found reported at the sultry season.

If we watch still more narrowly the habits of fires, we find that they are active or dormant according to the time of the day. Thus, during a period of nine years, the percentage regularly increased

increased from 1·96 at 9 o'clock A.M., the hour at which all households might be considered to be about, to 3·34 at 1 P.M., 3·55 at 5 P.M., and 8·15 per cent. at 10 P.M., which is just the time at which a fire left to itself by the departure of the workmen would have had swing enough to become visible.

The origin of fires is now so narrowly inquired into by the officers of the Brigade, and by means of inquests, that we have been made acquainted with a vast number of curious causes, which would never have been suspected. From an analysis of fires which have occurred since the establishment of the Brigade, we have constructed the following Tables:—

Curtains	2,511	Smoking Tobacco	166
Candle	1,178	Smoking Aunts	1
Flues	1,555	Smoking in Bed	2
Stoves	494	Reading in ditto	22
Gas	932	Sewing in ditto	4
Light dropped down Area ..	13	Sewing by Candle	1
Lighted Tobacco falling down } ditto	7	Lime overheating	44
Dust falling on horizontal Flue	1	Waste ditto	43
Doubtful	76	Cargo of Lime ditto	2
Incendiarism	89	Rain slacking ditto	5
Carelessness	100	High Tide	1
Intoxication	80	Explosion	16
Dog	6	Spontaneous Combustion ..	43
Cat	19	Heat from Sun	8
Hunting Bugs	15	Lightning	8
Clotheshorse upset by Monkey	1	Carboy of Acid bursting ..	2
Lucifers	80	Drying Linen	1
Children playing with ditto	45	Shirts falling into Fire ..	6
Rat gnawing ditto	1	Lighting and Upsetting Naphtha } Lamp	58
Jackdaw playing with ditto	1	Fire from Iron Kettle	1
Rat gnawing Gaspipe	1	Sealing Letter	1
Boys letting off Fireworks ..	14	Charcoal fire of a Suicide ..	1
Fireworks going off	63	Insanity	5
Children playing with Fire ..	45	Bleaching Nuts	7
Spark from ditto	243	Unknown	1,323
Spark from Railway	4		

Among the more common causes of fire (such as gas, candle, curtains taking fire, children playing with fire, stoves, &c.) it is remarkable how uniformly the same numbers occur under each head from year to year. General laws obtain as much in small as in great events. We are informed by the Post-Office authorities that about eight persons daily drop their letters into the post without directing them—we know that there is an unvarying percentage of broken heads and limbs received into the hospitals—and here we see that a regular number of houses take fire, year by year, from the leaping out of a spark, or the dropping of a smouldering pipe of tobacco. It may indeed be a long time before another conflagration will arise from ‘a monkey upsetting

upsetting a clothes-horse,' but we have no doubt such an accident will recur in its appointed cycle.

Although gas figures so largely as a cause of fire, it does not appear that its rapid introduction of late years into private houses has been attended with danger. There is another kind of light, however, which the insurance offices look upon with terror, especially those who make it their business to insure farm property. The assistant-secretary of one of the largest fire-offices, speaking broadly, informed us that the introduction of the lucifer-match *caused them an annual loss of ten thousand pounds!* In the foregoing list we see in how many ways they have given rise to fires.

Lucifers going off probably from heat	80
Children playing with lucifers	45
Rat gnawing lucifers	1
Jackdaw playing with lucifers	1

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One hundred and twenty-seven known fires thus arise from this single cause; and no doubt many of the twenty-five fires ascribed to the agency of cats and dogs were owing to their having thrown down boxes of matches at night—which they frequently do, and which is almost certain to produce combustion. The item 'rat gnawing lucifer' reminds us to give a warning against leaving about wax lucifers where there are either rats or mice, for these vermin constantly run away with them to their holes behind the inflammable canvas, and eat the wax until they reach the phosphorus, which is ignited by the friction of their teeth. Many fires are believed to have been produced by this singular circumstance. How much, again, must lucifers have contributed to swell the large class of conflagrations whose causes are unknown! Another cause of fire, which is of recent date, is the use of naphtha in lamps—a most ignitable fluid when mixed in certain proportions with common air. 'A delightful novel' figures as a proximate, if not an immediate, cause of twenty-two fires. This might be expected, but what can be the meaning of a fire caused by a high tide? When we asked Mr. Braidwood the question, he answered, 'Oh! we always look out for fires when there is a high tide. They arise from the heating of lime upon the addition of water.' Thus rain, we see, has caused four conflagrations, and simple over-heating forty-four. The lime does no harm as long as it is merely in contact with wood, but if iron happens to be in juxtaposition with the two, it speedily becomes red-hot, and barges on the river have been sunk, by reason of their bolts and iron knees burning holes in their

their bottoms. Of the singular entry, 'rat gnawing a gaspipe,' the firemen state that it is common for rats to gnaw leaden service pipes, for the purpose, it is supposed, of getting at the water, and in this instance the grey rodent laboured under a mistake, and let out the raw material of the opposite element. Intoxication is a fruitful cause of fires, especially in public houses and inns.

It is commonly imagined that the introduction of hot water, hot air, and steam pipes, as a means of heating buildings, cuts off one avenue of danger from fire. This is an error. Iron pipes, often heated up to 400° , are placed in close contact with floors and skirting-boards, supported by slight diagonal props of wood, which a much lower degree of heat will suffice to ignite. The circular rim supporting a still at the Apothecaries' Hall, which was used in the preparation of some medicament that required a temperature of only 300° , was found not long ago to have charred a circle at least a quarter of an inch deep in the wood beneath it, in less than six months. Mr. Braidwood, in his evidence before a Committee of the House of Lords in 1846, stated that it was his belief that by long exposure to heat, not much exceeding that of boiling water, or 212° , timber is brought into such a condition that it will fire without the application of a light. The time during which this process of desiccation goes on, until it ends in spontaneous combustion, is, he thinks, from eight to ten years—*so that a fire might be hatching in a man's premises during the whole of his lease without making any sign!*

Mr. Hosking, in his very useful and sensible little 'Guide to the proper Regulation of Buildings in Towns,' quotes the following case, which completely confirms Mr. Braidwood's opinion, and explodes the idea that heat applied through the medium of pipes must be safe.

'Day and Martin's well-known blacking manufactory in High Holborn was heated by means of hot water passing through iron tubes into the various parts of the building. In December, 1848, the wooden casing and other woodwork about the upright main pipes were found to be on fire, and from no other cause that could be discovered than the constant exposure for a long time of the wood to heat from the pipes. In this case the pipes were not in contact with the wooden casing, but they were stayed and kept upright by cross fillets of wood, which touched them, and these it was which appeared to have taken fire. The small circulating pipes which conveyed the hot water throughout the several chambers were raised from the floor to about the extent of their own diameter, and the floors showed no signs of fire where the pipes were so removed; but in *every case* where the prop or saddle which held the pipe up from the floor had been displaced, and the pipe had been

been allowed to sag and touch the floor, *the boards were charred*. It was understood that the temperature of the water in the pipes never much exceeded 300°. The practical teaching of this case clearly is, that pipes should on no consideration be placed nearer to wood than the distance of their own diameters. Wood dried in the thorough manner we have mentioned is so liable to catch fire at the momentary propinquity of flame, that practical men imagine there must be an atmosphere of some kind surrounding it of a highly inflammable nature. In cases of pine wood we could well understand such a theory, as we know that a stick thrust into the fire will emit from its free end a volatile spirit of turpentine, which lights like a jet of gas.

'Mercers' Hall, burnt in 1853, was the victim of its hot-water pipes, which had not been in work more than four or five years. The vaulted room in the British Museum, which contains some of the Nineveh marbles, was fired—or rather the carpenters' work about—in a similar manner; and if report tells the truth, the new Houses of Parliament have been on fire several times already from a similar cause.'

Under the heads 'Incendiarism,' 'Doubtful,' and 'Unknown' are included all the cases of wilful firing. The return Incendiarism is never made unless there has been a conviction, which rarely takes place, as the offices are only anxious to protect themselves against fraud, and do not like the trouble or bad odour of being prosecutors on public grounds. If the evidence of wilful firing, however, is conclusive, the insured, when he applies for his money, is significantly informed by the secretary that unless he leaves the office *he will hang him*. Though arson is no longer punished by death, the hint is usually taken. Now and then such flagrant offenders are met with, that the office cannot avoid pursuing them with the utmost rigour of the law. Such, in 1851, was the case of a 'respectable' solicitor, living in Lime Street, Watling Street, who had insured his house and furniture for a sum much larger than they were worth. The means he adopted for the commission of his crime without discovery were apparently sure; but it was the very pains he took to accomplish his end which led to his detection. He had specially made to order a deep tray of iron, in the centre of which was placed a socket: the tray he filled with naphtha, and in the socket he put a candle, the light of which was shaded by a funnel. The candle was one of the kind which he used for his gig-lamp, for he kept a gig, and was calculated to last a stated time before it reached the naphtha. He furtively deposited the whole machine in the cellar, within eight inches of the wooden floor, in a place constructed to conceal it. The attorney went out, and on coming back again found, as he expected, that his house was on fire. Unfortunately, however, for him—if it is ever a misfortune to a scoundrel to be detected—it was put out at a very early stage;

and the firemen, whilst in the act of extinguishing it, discovered this infernal machine. The order to make it was traced to the delinquent: a female servant, irritated at the idea of his having left her in the house to be burnt to death, gave evidence against him; he was tried and convicted, and is now expiating his crime at Norfolk Island. Plans for rebuilding this villain's house, and estimates of the expense, were found afterwards among his papers.

The class 'Doubtful' includes all those cases in which the offices have no moral doubt that the fire has been wilful, but are not in possession of legal evidence sufficient to substantiate a charge against the offender. In most of these instances, however, the insured has *his reasons* for taking a much smaller sum than he originally demanded. Lastly, we have the 'Unknown,' to which 1323 cases are put down, one of the largest numbers in the entire list, though decreasing year by year. Even of these a certain percentage are supposed to be wilful. There is no denying that the crime of arson owes its origin entirely to the introduction of fire insurance; and there can be as little doubt that of late years it has been very much increased by the pernicious competition for business among the younger offices, which leads them to deal too leniently with their customers; or, in other words, to pay the money, *and ask no questions*. It is calculated that *one fire in seven which occur among the small class of shopkeepers in London is an incendiary fire*. Mr. Braidwood, whose experience is larger than that of any other person, tells us that the greatest ingenuity is sometimes exercised to deceive the officers of the insurance company as to the value of the insured stock. In one instance, when the Brigade had succeeded in extinguishing the fire, he discovered a string stretched across one of the rooms in the basement of the house, on which ringlets of shavings dipped in turpentine were tied at regular intervals. On extending his investigations he ascertained that a vast pile of what he thought were pounds of moist sugar consisted of parcels of brown paper, and that the loaves of white sugar were made of plaster of Paris. Ten to one but the 'artful dodge,' which some scoundrel flatters himself is peculiarly his own, has been put in practice by hundreds of others before him. For this reason, fires that are wilful generally betray themselves to the practised eye of the Brigade. When an event of the kind 'is going to happen' at home, a common circumstance is to find that the fond parent has treated the whole of his family to the theatre.

There is another class of incendiary fires which arise from a species of monomania in boys and girls. Not many years ago,
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the men of the Brigade were occupied for hours in putting out no less than half a dozen fires which broke out one after another in a house in West Smithfield; and it was at last discovered that they were occasioned by a youth who went about with lucifers and silyly ignited everything that would burn. He was caught in the act of firing a curtain in the very room in which a fireman was occupied in putting out a blaze. A still more extraordinary case took place in the year 1848, at Torluck House, in the Isle of Mull. On Sunday, the 11th of November, the curtains of a bed were ignited, as was supposed, by lightning; a window-blind followed; and immediately afterwards the curtains of five rooms broke out one after another into a flame; even the towels hanging up in the kitchen were burnt. The next day a bed took fire, and it being thought advisable to carry the bed-linen into the coach-house for safety, it caught fire three or four times during the process of removal. In a few days the phenomenon was renewed. The furniture, books, and everything else of an inflammable nature, were, with much labour, taken from the mansion, and again some body-linen burst into a flame on the way. Even after these precautions had been taken, and persons had been set to watch in every part of the house, the mysterious fires continued to haunt it until the 22nd of February, 1849. It was suspected from the first that they were the act of an incendiary, and upon a rigid examination of the household before the Fiscal-General and the Sheriff the mischief was traced to the daughter of the housekeeper, a young girl, who was on a visit to her mother. She had effected her purpose, which was perfectly motiveless, by concealing combustibles in different parts of the house.

The most ludicrous conflagration that perhaps ever occurred was that at Mr. Phillips's workshops, when the whole of his stock of instruments for extinguishing flame were at one fell swoop destroyed. 'Tis rare to see the engineer hoist with his own petard,' says the poet; and certainly it was a most laughable *contre-temps* to see the fire-engines arrive at the manufactory just in time to witness the fire-annihilators annihilated by the fire. A similar mishap occurred to these unfortunate implements at Paris. In juxtaposition with this case we are tempted to put another, in which the attempt at extinction was followed by exactly the opposite effects. A tradesman was about to light his gas, when, finding the cock stiff, he took a candle to see what was the matter; whilst attempting to turn it, the screw came out, and with it a jet of gas, which was instantly fired by the candle. The blaze igniting the shop, a passer by seized a wooden pail and threw its contents upon the flames, which

flared up immediately with tenfold power. It is scarcely necessary to state that the water was whisky, and that the country was Old Ireland.

Spontaneous combustion is at present very little understood, though chemists have of late turned their attention to the subject. It forms, however, no inconsiderable item in the list of causes of fires. There can be no question that many of those that occur at railway-stations and buildings, are due to the fermentation which arises among oiled rags. Over-heating of waste, which includes shoddy, sawdust, cotton, &c., is a fearful source of conflagrations. The cause of most fires which have arisen from spontaneous combustion is lost in the consequence. Cases now and then occur where the firemen have been able to detect it, as for instance at Hibernia Wharf in 1846, one of Alderman Humpherys's warehouses. It happened that a porter had swept the sawdust from the floor into a heap, upon which a broken flask of olive-oil that was placed above dripped its contents. To these elements of combustion the sun added its power, and sixteen hours afterwards the fire broke out. Happily it was instantly extinguished; and the agents that produced it were caught, red-handed as it were, in the act. The chances are that such a particular combination of circumstances might not occur again in a thousand years. The sawdust will not be swept again into such a position under the oil, or the bottle will not break over the sawdust, or the sun will not shine in on them to complete the fatal sum. It is an important fact, however, to know that oiled sawdust, warmed by the sun, will fire in sixteen hours, as it accounts for a number of conflagrations in saw-mills, which never could be traced to any probable cause.

By means of direct experiment we are also learning something on the question of explosions. It used to be assumed that gunpowder was answerable for all such terrible effects in warehouses where no gas or steam was employed; and as policies are vitiated by the fact of its presence, unless declared, many squabbles have ensued between insurers and insured upon this head alone. At the late great fire at Gateshead, a report having spread that the awful explosion which did so much damage arose from the illicit stowage of seven tons of gunpowder in the Messrs. Sisson's warehouse, the interested insurance companies offered a reward of 100*l.* to elicit information. The experiments instituted, however, by Mr. Pattinson, in the presence of Captain Du Cane, of the Royal Engineers, and the coroner's jury impanelled to inquire into the matter, showed that the water from the fire-engine falling upon the mineral and chemical substances in store was sufficient to account for the result. The following were the experiments
tried

tried at Mr. Pattinson's works at Felling, about three miles from Gateshead :—

‘ Mr. Pattinson first caused a metal pot to be inserted in the ground until its top was level with the surface; and having put into it 9 lbs. of nitrate of soda and 6 lbs. of sulphur, he ignited the mass; and then, heating it to the highest possible degree of which it was susceptible, he poured into it about a quart of water. The effect was an immediate explosion (accompanied by a loud clap), which would have been exceedingly perilous to any person in its immediate vicinity. The experiment was next made under different conditions. The pot into which the sulphur and nitrate of soda were put was covered over the top with a large piece of thick metal of considerable weight; and above that again were placed several large pieces of clay and earth. It was deemed necessary to try this experiment in an open field, away from any dwelling-house, and which admitted of the spectators placing themselves at a safe distance from the spot. The materials were then ignited as before; and when in the incandescent state, water was poured upon the mass down a spout. The result was but a comparatively slight explosion, and which scarcely disturbed the iron and clods placed over the mouth of the vessel. Another experiment of the kind was made with the same result. At length, a trial having been made for the third time, but with this difference, that the vessel was covered over the top with another similar vessel, and that the water was poured upon the burning sulphur and nitrate of soda with greater rapidity than before, by slightly elevating the spout, the effect was to blow up the pot on the top into the air to a height of upwards of seventy feet, accompanied by a loud detonation. With this the coroner and jury became convinced that, whether or not the premises in Hillgate contained gunpowder, they contained elements as certainly explosive, and perhaps far more destructive.’

We may here mention as a curious result of the Gateshead fire that several tons of lead, whilst flowing in a molten state, came in contact with a quantity of volatilised sulphur. Thus the lead became re-converted into lead-ore, or a sulphuret of lead, which, as it required to be re-smelted, was thereby debased in value from some twenty-two to fifteen shillings a ton.

The great fire, again, which occurred in Liverpool in October last, was occasioned by the explosion of spirits of turpentine, which blew out, one after another, seven of the walls of the vaults underneath the warehouse, and in some cases destroyed the vaulting itself, and exposed to the flames the stores of cotton above. Surely some law is called for to prevent the juxtaposition of such inflammable materials. The turpentine is said to have been fired by a workman who snuffed the candle with his fingers, and accidentally threw the snuff down the bung-hole of one of the barrels of turpentine. The warehouses burnt were built upon Mr. Fairbairn's

bairn's new fireproof plan, which the Liverpool people introduced, some years ago, at a great expense to the town.

Water alone brought into sudden contact with red-hot iron is capable of giving rise to a gas of the most destructive nature—witness the extraordinary explosions that are continually taking place in steam-vessels, especially in America, which mostly arise from the lurching of the vessel when waiting for passengers, causing the water to withdraw from one side of the boiler, which rapidly becomes red hot. The next lurch in an opposite direction precipitates the water upon the highly-heated surface, and thus explosive gas, in addition to the steam, is generated faster than the safety-valves can get rid of it.

A very interesting inquiry, and one of vital importance to the actuaries of fire-insurance companies, is the relative liability to fire of different classes of occupations and residences. We already know accurately the number of fires which occur yearly in every trade and kind of occupation. What we do not know, and what we want to know, is the proportion the tenements in which such trades and occupations are carried on, bear to the total number of houses in the metropolis. The last census gives us no information of this kind, and we trust the omission will be supplied the next time it is taken. According to Mr. Braidwood's returns for the last twenty-one years, the number of fires in each trade, and in private houses, has been as follows:—

Private Houses	4,638	Wine and Spirit Merchants ..	118
Lodgings	1,304	Tailors	113
Victuallers	715	Hotels and Club-houses ..	107
Sale Shops and Offices ..	701	Tobacconists	105
Carpenters and Workers in Wood	621	Eating-houses	104
Drapers, of Woollen and Linen	372	Booksellers and Binders ..	103
Bakers	311	Ships	102
Stables	277	Printers and Engravers ..	102
Cabinet Makers	233	Builders	91
Oil and Colour men	230	Houses unoccupied	89
Chaudiers	178	Tallow-chandlers	87
Grocers	162	Marine store Dealers ..	75
Tinmen, Braziers, and Smiths ..	158	Saw-mills	67
Houses under Repair and Building	150	Firework Makers	66
Beershops	142	Warehouses	63
Coffee-shops and Chop-houses ..	139	Chemists	62
Brokers and Dealers in Old } Clothes	134	Coachmakers	50
Hatmakers	127	Warehouses (Manchester) ..	49
Lucifer-match makers	120	Public Buildings	46

If we look at the mere number of fires, irrespective of the size of the industrial group upon which they committed their ravages, houses would appear to be hazardous according to the order in which we have placed them. Now, this is manifestly absurd, inasmuch as private houses stand at the head of the list,

and it is well known that they are the safest from fire of all kinds of tenements. Mr. Brown, of the Society of Actuaries, who has taken the trouble to compare the number of fires in each industrial group with the number of houses devoted to it, as far as he could find any data in the Post-office Directory, gives the following average annual percentage of conflagrations, calculated on a period of fifteen years:—

Lucifer-match makers		30.00	Beershops		1.31
Lodging-houses		16.51	Booksellers		1.18
Hatmakers		7.74	Coffee-shops and Coffee-houses		1.2
Chandlers		3.88	Cabinet Makers		1.12
Drapers		2.67	Licensed Victuallers		.86
Tinmen, Braziers, and Smiths		2.42	Bakers		.75
Carpenters		2.27	Wine Merchants		.61
Cabinet Makers		2.12	Grocers		.34
Oil and Colour men		1.56			

It will be seen that this estimate in a great measure inverts the order of 'dangerous,' as we have ranged them in the previous table, making those which from their aggregate number seemed to be the most hazardous trades appear the least so, and *vice versa*. Thus lucifer-match makers have a bad pre-eminence; indeed they are supposed to be subject to a conflagration every third year, while the terrible victuallers, carpenters, mercers, and bakers, at the top of the column, shrink to the bottom of the list. These conclusions nevertheless are only an approximation to the truth, since it is impossible to procure a correct return of the houses occupied by different trades. Even if a certain class of tenements is particularly liable to fire, it does not follow that it will be held to be very hazardous to the insurers. Such considerations are influenced by another question, Are the contents of houses forming the group of that nature that, in case of their taking fire, they are likely to be totally destroyed, seriously, or only slightly damaged? For instance, lodging-houses are very liable to fire; but they are very seldom burnt down or much injured. Out of 81 that suffered in 1853 not one was totally destroyed; only four were extensively affected; the very large majority, 77, were slightly scathed from the burning of window and bed curtains, &c. Among the trades which are too hazardous to be insured at any price are—we quote from the Tariff of the 'County Fire-office'—floor-cloth manufacturers, gunpowder dealers, hatters' 'stock in the stove,' lamp-black makers, lucifer-match makers, varnish-makers, and wadding-manufacturers; whilst the following are considered highly hazardous,—bone-crushers, coffee-roasters, composition-ornament makers, curriers, dyers, feather-stovers, flambeau-makers, heckling-houses, hemp and flax dressers, ivory-black makers, japanners and japan-makers, laboratory-chemists, patent japan-leather manufacturers,

fires which have proved fatal to large plots of buildings in the metropolis, have in every instance taken place without the sound of Bow bells. A comparison between the number of fires which occurred between the years 1838 and 1843, in 20,000 houses situate on either side of the Thames, shows at once the superior safety of its northern bank, the annual average of fires on the latter being only 20 against 36 on the southern side. For this exemption we have to thank the great disaster, if we might so term what has turned out a blessing. At one fell swoop it cleared the City, and swept away for ever the dangerous congregation of wooden buildings and narrow streets which were always affording material for the flame.

Mr. Peter Cunningham, in his '*Handbook of London*,'* gives the following curious information respecting its supposed origin:—

'The fire of London, commonly called the Great Fire, commenced on the east side of this lane (Pudding-lane), about one or two in the morning of Sunday, September 2nd, 1666, in the house of Farryner, the king's baker.

'It was the fashion of the true blue Protestants of the period to attribute the fire to the Roman Catholics, and when, in 1681, Oates and his plot strengthened this belief, the following inscription was affixed on the front of this house (No. 25 I believe), erected on the site of Farryner, the baker's:—

"Here, by the permission of Heaven, hell broke loose upon this Protestant city, from the malicious hearts of barbarous priests by the hand of their agent, Hubert, who confessed, and on the ruins of this place declared the fact for which he was hanged, viz., that here began that dreadful fire which is described on and perpetuated by the neighbouring pillar, erected anno 1681, in the mayoralty of Sir Peter Ward, knight."

'This celebrated inscription, set up pursuant to an order of the Court of Common Council, June 17th, 1681, was removed in the reign of James II., replaced in the reign of William III., and finally taken down "on account of the stoppage of passengers to read it." Entick, who makes addition to Maitland in 1756, speaks of it "as lately taken away." The house was "rebuilt in a very handsome manner."

'The inscribed stone is still preserved, it is said, in a cellar in Pudding-lane. Hubert was a French papist, of six-and-twenty years of age, the son of a watchmaker at Rouen, in Normandy. He was seized in Essex, confessed he began the fire, and, persisting in his confession, was hanged, upon no other evidence than his own. He stated in his examination that he had been "suborned in Paris to this action," and that three more "combined to do the same thing. They asked him if

* Repeated reference to this valuable work has more than confirmed the opinion we originally expressed of it. There are few books of greater utility than what is in fact a '*History of London Past and Present*.'

he knew the place where he first put fire. He answered he knew it very well, and would show it to anybody." He was then ordered to be blindfolded, and carried to several places of the City, that he might point out the house. They first led him to a place at some distance from it, opened his eyes, and asked him if that was it; to which he answered, "No, it was nearer to the Thames." "The house and all which were near it," says Clarendon, "were so covered and buried in ruins, that the owners themselves, without some infallible mark, could very hardly have said where their own house had stood; but this man led them directly to the place, described how it stood, the shape of the little yard, the fashion of the doors and windows, and where he first put the fire; and all this with such exactness, that they who had dwelt long near it could not so perfectly have described all particulars." Tillotson told Burnet that Howell (the then Recorder of London) accompanied Hubert on this occasion, "was with him and had much discourse with him, and that he concluded it was impossible it could be a melancholy dream." This, however, was not the opinion of the judges who tried him. "Neither the judges," says Clarendon, "nor any present at the trial, did believe him guilty, but that he was a poor distracted wretch, weary of his life, and chose to part with it this way." We may attribute the fire with safety to another cause than a Roman conspiracy. We are to remember that the flames originated in the house of a baker; that the season had been unusually dry; that the houses were of wood, overhanging the road-way (pent-houses they were called), so that the lane was even narrower than it is now, and that a strong east wind was blowing at the time. It was thought very little of at first. Pepys put out his head from his bedroom-window in Seething-lane, a few hours after it broke out, and returned to bed again, as if it were nothing more than an ordinary fire, a common occurrence, and likely to be soon subdued. The Lord Mayor (Sir Thomas Bludworth) seems to have thought as little of it till it was too late. People appear to have been paralysed, and no attempt of any consequence was made to check its progress. For four successive days it raged and gained ground, leaping after a prodigious manner from house to house and street to street, at great distances from one another. Houses were at length pulled down, and the flames, still spreading westward, were at length stopped at the Temple Church in Fleet-street, and Pie-corner in Smithfield. In these four days 13,200 houses, 400 streets, and 89 churches, including the cathedral church of St. Paul, were destroyed, and London lay literally in ruins. The loss was so enormous, that we may be said still to suffer from its effects. Yet the advantages were not few. London was freed from the plague ever after; and we owe St. Paul's, St. Bride's, St. Stephen's Walbrook, and all the architectural glories of Sir Christopher Wren, to the desolation it occasioned.'

In addition to these advantages we acquired another, that of PARTY-WALLS — a safeguard which has prevented fires from spreading in the City, when whole streets have been swept away
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in a few hours in other parts of the metropolis, and especially in what might be termed the water-side suburbs of London—Rotherhithe, Greenwich, and Gravesend. The Act by which party-walls were enforced came into operation immediately prior to the rebuilding of the town, and has been rendered more stringent and effective from time to time by various amendments. The Building Act of the 7th and 8th of Queen Victoria contains the important enactment, that ‘no warehouse shall exceed 200,000 cubic feet in contents.’ Fire becomes unmanageable when it has access to large stores of combustible matter; under such conditions it acquires a ‘fortified position,’ and cannot, in the vast majority of cases, be reduced unless by an early surprise. As the very heart of London is largely occupied with Manchester warehouses full of the most inflammable materials, the safety of the capital depends upon this restrictive law. The Manchester-warehousemen nevertheless have managed to set that part of the Act at defiance. Let us take, as the latest and most flagrant example, Cook’s warehouses. This structure, which within these last two years has raised its enormous bulk in St. Paul’s Church-yard, and actually dwarfed the metropolitan cathedral by the propinquity of its monotonous mass, contains 1,100,000 cubic feet of space open from end to end, or *nine hundred thousand feet more than it is entitled to possess*. If we were to take twenty-five ordinary-sized dwelling-houses and pull down their party-walls, we should have just the state of things which is here presented to us. But it will be asked, if it is against the law, why do not the proper officers interfere? Where are the City surveyors? The reason, good reader, is this: the Manchester-warehousemen of late years have adopted a new reading of the law—a reading which we believe no judge would allow, but which the surveyors have not yet ventured to dispute. ‘We escape altogether,’ say these gentlemen, ‘the provisions of the Building Act relative to warehouses, as, by reason of our breaking bulk, our places of business are not mere storehouses.’ That this reading is a violation of the spirit of the statute there can be no doubt; that it is also a violation of its letter we also believe: if not, it is high time that the law be amended upon this point, for we affirm, on the very best authority, that London has never, since the great fire, been in such danger of an overwhelming conflagration as it is now by the presence and rapid spreading of these huge warehouses, filled with the elements of destruction, and placed side by side, as though for the very purpose of producing the utmost mischief by contagion.

Let us suppose, for instance, that a fire had once established itself in Cook’s warehouses; to extinguish it would be out of the

the question. Fire-engines would be perfectly useless against a body of flame which would speedily become like a blast-furnace, and burn with a white heat. Who knows what would come after? Supposing the wind to be blowing from the south, we tremble for the Cathedral. The huge dome is constructed entirely of oak, dried by the seasoning of 150 years, and the combustible framework is only lined on the exterior by sheet lead. It may be imagined that this would be protection enough against the enormous masses of burning cotton and linen cloth which would speedily be blown upon it, but Mr. Cottam not long since stated at the Institution of Civil Engineers that, 'when the Princess's Theatre was on fire, part of his premises also caught; on examination he found that it arose from a piece of blazing wood being thrown over from the theatre, which, falling into the leaden gutter, had melted it, and the liquid metal passed through the ceiling on to a workman's bench where there was some oil, which it immediately set fire to.' The great dome would be in quite as much danger as Mr. Cottam's workshop. Engines would be useless at such a height even as the stone gallery—the place where large bodies of burning material would most likely make a lodgment. Irreparable as would be the disaster with which we are threatened in this direction, one quite as great lies in another. Eastward of Cook's warehouses, and in the neighbourhood of a vitriol or some other chemical manufactory, is situated Doctors' Commons, the repository of the great mass of English wills. The roofs of this pile of buildings* are continuous—the buildings themselves are nearly as dry as the law itself. If one portion of the structure were to catch fire, nothing could save the whole from destruction. It may be urged that the block of buildings, which commands, like a battery, two such important points in the metropolis, is after all fire-proof, and as far as danger from without is concerned, this is true enough; but as cotton bales are not fire-proof, it is an impossibility to insure safety from within. Iron columns in such instances melt before the white heat like sticks of sealing-wax; stone flies into a thousand pieces with the celerity of a Prince Rupert's drop; slate becomes transformed into a pumice light enough to float upon water; the iron girders and beams, by reason of their lateral expansion, thrust out the walls; and the very elements which seem calculated under ordinary circumstances to give an almost exhaustless durability to the structure, produce its most rapid destruction. The great fire at Messrs. Cubitt's

* The roof of the pile of buildings composing Somerset-House is also continuous, thereby greatly increasing the risk of the entire building, if one portion of it were to catch.

so-called fire-proof works at Pimlico is one of the latest proofs we have had of the entire fallacy of supposing stone and iron can withstand the action of a large body of fierce flame. We saw the other day portions of columns from this building fused as though they had been composed of so much pewter. Again, when the armoury at the Tower was destroyed, the barrels of the muskets were found reduced to the most fantastic shapes, and some of the largest pieces of ordnance were doubled up. A stronger instance still was exhibited at Davis's wharf in 1837, when a cast-iron pipe outside the building was melted like an icicle. But such a fierce furnace is not at all necessary to destroy cast-iron supports, as it appears from the experiments of Mr. Fairbairn that at a temperature of 600° the cohesive power of the metal rapidly decreases with every increment of heat. Mr. Braidwood, in his paper on fire-proof buildings read before the Institute of Civil Engineers on February 29th, 1849, was the first, we believe, to draw attention to this serious defect in a material used so extensively in modern buildings. Since that paper was read a case has come under his notice which clearly testifies to the truth of his position:—

‘A chapel in Liverpool-road, Islington, 70 feet in length and 52 feet in breadth, took fire in the cellar, on the 2nd October, 1848, and was completely burned down. After the fire it was ascertained that, of thirteen cast-iron pillars used to support the galleries, only two remained perfect; the greater part of the others were broken into small pieces, the metal appearing to have lost all power of cohesion, and some parts were melted, of which specimens are now shown. It should be observed that these pillars were of ample strength to support the galleries when filled by the congregation, but when the fire reached them they crumbled under the weight of the timber only, lightened as it must have been by the progress of the fire.’

But when we are considering the safety of Manchester warehouses, we are also considering the lives of the young men who are employed in them, and are in most cases located in the upper stories. In several of the wholesale warehouses in the City, as Mr. Braidwood informs us,

‘the cast-iron pillars are much less in proportion to the weight to be carried than those referred to, and would be completely in the draught of a fire. If a fire should unfortunately take place under such circumstances, the loss of human life might be very great, as the chance of fifty, eighty, or one hundred people escaping, in the confusion of a sudden night alarm, by one or two ladders to the roof, could scarcely be calculated on, and the time such escape must necessarily occupy, independent of all chance of accidents, would be considerable.’

The application of water would only aggravate the difficulty, for, if it touched the red-hot iron, in all probability it would
cause

cause it to fracture and render it useless as a support. It is well known that furnace-bars are very speedily destroyed by a leakage of the boiler, the effect of the steam on the under side of the bars being to curve and twist them. To ensure a perfectly fire-proof building we must resort to one of two courses—either we must divide large warehouses into compartments by solid brick divisions, and thus confine any fire that should happen to break out within manageable limits, just as we save an iron ship from foundering, on account of a circumscribed fracture, by having her built in compartments; or we must resort to the old Roman plan of building—that is, support the floors upon brick piers and groined arches well laid in cement, for mortar will pulverise under a great heat. The former plan has the great advantage that it ensures the safety of the principal contents, as well as of the building itself. The new Record-Office in Fetter-lane is a perfect specimen of the kind, and is, perhaps, the only absolutely fire-proof structure in England, being constructed of iron and stone, and having no room larger than 17 feet by 25, and 17 feet high, with a cubical contents of only 8000 feet. None of the rooms open into each other, but into a vaulted passage by means of iron doors; and if the documents were to take fire in any one of them, they would burn out as innocuously to the rest of the building as coals in a grate.

It must not be supposed that we disparage altogether the use of iron and stone in the erection of warehouses, even where they are built on the ordinary plan; for the outside structure they are invaluable, and render it safe from most extraneous danger. No better proof of this could be given than the experience of Liverpool, whose fires during the last half-century have been on the most gigantic scale. The larger bonded and other warehouses were generally built with continuous roofs, and with wooden doors and pent-houses to the different stories, which always kindled when there was a fire on the opposite side of the narrow streets in which they were ordinarily placed. To such a lamentable extent had conflagrations increased about the year 1841, that the rate of insurance, which had been eight shillings per cent., ran up to thirty-six shillings. This was about the time of the Formby-street fire, when 379,000*l.* worth of property was destroyed, and the total losses from the beginning of the century had not been less than three millions and a quarter sterling. The magnitude of the evil called for a corresponding remedy. A Bill was obtained in 1843 for the amendment of the Building Act; party-walls were run up five feet high between each warehouse, doors and pent-houses were constructed of iron, the cubical contents of the buildings themselves were limited, &c.; and

and the effect of these improvements was so to diminish the risk that insurances fell to their normal rate. It cannot be said, however, that Liverpool has yet purged herself of the calamity of fire.

In ordinary dwellings and in public offices the use of iron and stone, again, cannot be too much commended; in such buildings the rooms are comparatively small, and their contents are not sufficiently inflammable either in quantity or quality to injure these materials. A marked diminution in the number of fires in the Metropolis may be expected, from the almost universal use of iron and stone in new structures of this kind. The houses in Victoria-street, Westminster, built upon the 'flat' system, are, we should say, entirely fireproof, as the floors are either vaulted or filled in with concrete, which will not allow the passage of fire. Nearly all Paris is built in this manner, and hence its freedom from large conflagrations.* Were it not for this, no city would be more likely to suffer, as the houses are very high, and the supply of water extremely bad. To Londoners it seems little better than a farce to watch the *sapeurs-pompier*s hurrying to a fire with an engine not much bigger than a garden squirt, followed by a water-barrel—resources which are found sufficient to cope with the enemy, confined as it is within such narrow limits.

Without going to the expense of stone and iron, we might, by taking a hint from the Parisians, make the rooms of our private houses fireproof, by abandoning the absurd custom of separating rooms by hollow wooden floors and hollow wooden partitions thinly coated with plaster—a method which has the effect of circulating the fire from the bottom to the top of the house in the quickest possible space of time. If a fire breaks out in a room, the ceiling will, it is true, stop the flames for a considerable time; but the hollow partitions full of air act as conductors, and the firemen have often found that the flames have spread from a lower to an upper apartment by this secret channel, without injuring the intermediate rooms, and without even its progress being suspected. As we understand that the Building Act is to be amended this session, we trust Sir William Molesworth will extend the clause relating to party walls to rooms as well as to houses. The expense need be but trifling, as will be seen by consulting the little work of Mr. Hosking, who was the first, we believe, to instruct the English public in the admirable methods of the Parisian builders. Instead of using

* In Nottingham, where they have gypsum in the neighbourhood as they have in Paris, they form their floors and partitions in the same solid manner, and the consequence is that a building is rarely burned down in that town.

flimsy laths for their partitions, they employ stout oaken pieces of wood, as thick as garden palings; these they nail firmly on each side of the framing of the partition, fill the space between with rubble and plaster of Paris, and thickly coat the whole of the wall with the latter. The floors are managed in the same manner, as well as the under side of the stairs, which are thus rendered almost as fire-proof as a stone flight. Very many lives would be saved in Great Britain if this simple expedient were adopted by our builders, instead of making the stairs of ill-fitted wood, full of air-crevices, and covering their under side with a thin film of plaster; for fire always makes for the stairs, which form the funnel of the house; and hence the necessity for rendering them as secure as possible, in order to provide a line of retreat for the inmates.

We have said that London is growing upwards to the sky—no house in any valuable portion of the Metropolis being now rebuilt without the addition of at least one story. Eighty and ninety feet is getting a common height for our great offices and warehouses, which is tantamount to saying that a certain portion of the Metropolis, and that a constantly increasing one, is outgrowing the power of the Fire Brigade, as no engine built upon the present plan can throw water for many minutes to such an elevation. Mr. Braidwood foresees that he must call in the aid of the common drudge steam. In America they have already introduced this new agent with some success, and in London we have proved its power in the floating-engine. Steam fire-engines, it is evident, will soon be brought into use, unless we do away with the necessity for engines at all by fixing the hose directly on the mains, as is done at Hamburg. But to effect this it will be necessary to relay the whole Metropolis with much larger pipes, to increase their number, and at the same time adopt the constant-service system. At present, even if we had the water always on, the mains are often so small as to preclude the use of more than two or three hose—for, if the collective diameters of the areas of the latter exceed that of the pipe which feeds them, the pressure will cease, and no water will be propelled to any height through the jet. It cannot be denied, however, that if the streets of London were all supplied with capacious mains, and the different companies plugged them profusely (a thing they are very chary of doing, for fear of their being injured by the wear and tear of the fire-engines), London would be rendered far more secure than it is at present, as scarcely any fire could withstand the full force of constant streams of thousands of gallons of water per minute. At present the greater portion of the water is wasted; at the destruction of the Houses of Parli-
ment,

ment, a body of this element equal to an acre in area, and twelve feet deep, flowed from the mains, a tenth part of which could not have been used by the twenty-three jets that were playing simultaneously.

It will not here be out of place to say a few words upon the method of extinguishing flame by means of the gaseous mixture contained in Phillips's fire-annihilators. According to a writer in the '*Household Words*,' the ordinary sized annihilator is less than that of a small upright iron coalscuttle, and its weight not greater than can be easily carried by man or woman to any part of the house. It is charged with a compound of charcoal, nitre, and gypsum, moulded into the form of a large brick: the igniter is a glass tube inserted into the top of this brick: enclosing two phials—one filled with the mixture of chlorate of potassa and sugar, the other containing a few drops of sulphuric acid. A slight blow upon a knob drives down a pin which breaks the phials, and the different mixtures coming in contact ignite the mass, the gas arising from which, acting upon a water-chamber contained in the machine, produces a steam, and the whole escapes forth in a dense, expanding cloud.

Mr. Phillips made some public experiments with his fire-annihilator three or four years ago, in which its power to put out the fiercest flame was fully proved. The timber framework of a three-storied house smeared with pitch and tar, upon being fired, was instantly extinguished: quantities of pitch, tar, and oil of turpentine, which only burn the stronger for the presence of water, were dealt with still more expeditiously. The valuable quality of rendering an atmosphere of dense smoke, in which no living thing could exist, perfectly respirable, was also shown in the most satisfactory manner. Since that time the machine has been brought into action at Leeds, where it put out a fire in an attic; and in a very serious conflagration, which took place in the spirit-room, and afterwards extended to the main hatchway of the mail steamer, the *City of Manchester*, in the autumn of 1852, it was applied with the most perfect success. There can be no doubt that in all confined places the control of the annihilator over flame is omnipotent—acting much more speedily than water, and, unlike that element, doing no damage. When the flames are unconfined, the annihilator will prove of little use, because, the gaseous cloud that issues from it not being heavier than the air, it cannot be projected to any distance. As an auxiliary to the engine, it will be invaluable in many cases, as it will enable the fireman to go into places where at present he dares not enter, unless protected by the unwieldy smoke-jacket, the supply of air to which might at any time be cut off

by rubbish falling upon the hose through which it is pumped to him by the engine.

Although it is foreign to our design to speak at length of agricultural fires, and incendiarism among farming stock, the subject is too important to be entirely omitted. One of the largest London insurance-offices, interested in farming stock, posts up bills about premises they have insured, which, after stating that no lucifers are to be used, or pipes are to be smoked, goes on to say, '*This farm is insured; the fire office will be the only sufferer in the event of a fire.*' The inference is, that the labourer will feel more inclined to pay respect to the property of an insurance company than to that of the farmer. Yet it is far from being the case that the crime is always prompted by personal ill-will. One of the largest agricultural incendiaries upon record was a city weaver, who acted from a general spirit of discontent, without any hatred or knowledge of the owners. In other instances the sole motive is the 'jollification' which generally follows a fire upon a farm: this fact came to light at a trial in Cambridge eight or nine years since, when a man who was sentenced to death for setting fire to a home-stead confessed to having caused twelve different fires, his only object being the desire to obtain the few shillings, and the refreshment of bread, cheese, and ale, which are given to labourers on these occasions. On the other hand, if the farmer determines to give no recompense, the hangers-on have been known to put their hands in their pockets and watch his property burn with the utmost indifference, if not with glee.

The causes of fire which the farmer has mainly to guard against may be at once seen by the following table, for which we are indebted to the manager of the County Fire Office:—

Losses on Farming Stock between January the 1st and November the 30th, 1853.

Number of Fires.	Cause.	Amount.
		£. s. d.
49	Incendinary	5214 6 11
17	Lightning	181 5 10
22	Children and others playing with lucifers ..	1211 18 10
2	Steam thrashing-machines	430 0 0
38	General	1781 19 9
128		8819 11 4

These losses are upon a total insurance of eight millions. Incendiarism and children playing with lucifers are the two grand

grand elements of destruction; and the former, we are given to understand, is below the general average. Kind treatment and better education are the only shields that can protect the farmer against incendiarism. The nuisance arising from children playing with lucifers may be abated by the absolute denial of matches to young boys about a farm, who, to cook their dinners, generally cause conflagrations near the ricks in the winter, and among the standing corn whilst 'keeping birds' in the summer. The following excellent suggestions are by Mr. Beaumont, the secretary of the County Fire Office.

'Precautions to be taken against a Fire.'

Forbid your men to use lucifer matches, smoke or light pipes or cigars, destroy wasps' nests, or fire off guns, in or near the rick-yard, or to throw hot cinders into or against any wooden out-building on the farm, on pain of instant dismissal.

Place your ricks in a single line, and as far distant from each other as you conveniently can.

Place hay-ricks and corn-stacks *alternately*; the hay-rick will check the progress of the fire.

Keep the rickyard, and especially the spaces between the stacks and ricks, clear of all loose straw; and in all respects in a neat and clean state. The loose straw is more frequently the means of firing, than the stack itself.

Have a pond close to the rickyard, although there may be but a bad supply of water.

When a steam thrashing-machine is to be used, place it *on the lee side* of the stack or barn, so that the wind may blow the sparks *away from* the stacks. Let the engine be placed as far from the machine as the length of the strap will allow. Have the loose straw continually cleared away from the engine; see that two or three pails of water are kept constantly close to the ash-pan, and that the pan itself is kept constantly full of water.

How to act when a Fire has broken out in a Rickyard.

Do not wait for the engines, nor for the assistance of the labourers from a distance. Depend entirely upon the immediate and energetic exertions of yourself and your own men.

Do not allow the rick or stack on fire to be disturbed—let it burn itself out—but let every exertion be made to press it compactly together, and, as far as is practicable, prevent any lighted particles flying about.

Get together all your blankets, carpets, sacks, rugs, and other similar articles, soak them thoroughly in water, and place them over and against the adjoining ricks and stacks, towards which the wind blows.

Having thus covered the sides of the ricks adjoining that on fire, devote all your attention to the latter. Press it together by every

available means. If water is at hand, throw upon it as much as possible.

If engines arrive, let the water be thrown upon the blankets, &c., covering the adjoining stacks, and then upon the stack on fire.

Among the numerous hands who flock to assist upon these occasions, many do mischief by their want of knowledge, and especially by opening the fired stack and scattering the embers. In order to obviate this evil, place your best man in command over the stack on fire, desire him to make it *his sole duty* to prevent it being disturbed, and to keep it pressed and watered.

Place other men, in whose steadiness you have confidence, to watch the adjoining ricks, to keep the coverings over them, and to extinguish any embers flying from the stack on fire. In order to effect this it is most desirable that there should be ladders at hand to enable one or two of the labourers to mount upon each stack.

If the ricks are separated from each other, and there is no danger of the fire extending to a second, it is of course desirable to save as much of the one on fire as may be possible. That however is not unfrequently accomplished by keeping the rick compactly together rather than by opening it.

Send for all the neighbours' blankets and tarpaulins: these are invaluable, they are near at hand, and can be immediately applied.'

The companies are always very willing to pay for any damage done in attempting to save their property.

The business of the Fire Brigade is to protect property and not life from fire, though the men of course use every exertion to save the inmates, and are always provided with 'a jumping-sheet' to catch those who precipitate themselves from the roofs and windows of houses. As the danger to life generally arises at a very early stage of a fire, when the freshly aroused inhabitants fly distracted into very dangerous places, and often destroy themselves by needless haste, it is highly necessary to have help at hand before the engines can possibly arrive. There are, it is true, ladders placed against all parish churches, but they are always locked up, often rotten, and never in charge of trained individuals: accordingly they may be classed for inefficiency with the parish engines. A proof of this was given at the calamitous fire which occurred in Dover Street, at Raggett's Hotel, on which occasion Mrs. Round and several other persons were lost through the conduct of the keeper of one of the fire-escapes of the parish of St. James being absent when called, and drunk when, upon his arrival, he attempted to put his machine in action: the keeper of a second escape belonging to this parish, and stationed in Golden Square, refused to go to a fire in Soho, which occurred in 1852, because it was out of his district; the
consequence

consequence was that seven persons threw themselves from the windows, and were all more or less dangerously injured.

In 1833 the Royal Society for the Protection of Life from Fire, which had been imperfectly organised a year or two before, was fully established, and has continued to increase the sphere of its influence year by year. The committee of management, appreciating the value of celerity in attending fires, have marked the Metropolis out into fifty-five squares of half a mile each: in forty-two of these they have established a station,* in its most central part, at which a fire-escape and trained conductor are to be found from 9 P.M. to 6 A.M. from Lady-day to Michaelmas, and from 8 P.M. to 7 A.M. from Michaelmas to Lady-day. When the remaining thirteen squares are furnished there will be means of rescue from fire within a quarter of a mile of every house in London: thus the nightly watch for this purpose is better organized with respect to number of stations than even the Fire Brigade, and like this force it is under the general management of a single director. We are all familiar with the sight of these strange-looking machines as they come towering along in the dusk of the evening towards their appointed stations, but few perhaps have seen them in action or have examined the manner in which they are constructed. There are several methods of building them, but the one chiefly used is Wivell's, a very simple machine and speedily put in action, a description of which we take from the Society's Report:—

* The following are the stations of the fire-escapes:—

Western District.—1. Edgeware-road, near Cambridge-terrace; 2. Baker-street, corner of King-street; 3. Great Portland-street, by the chapel; 4. New Road, corner of Albany-street; 5. New Road, Euston-square, in front of St. Pancras Church; 6. Camden Town, in front of 'The Southampton Arms'; 7. Battle-bridge, King's-cross; 8. Guildford-street, Foundling-hospital; 9. Bedford-row, south end; 10. Hart-street, Bloomsbury, by St. George's Church; 11. Tottenham-court-road, by the chapel; 12. Oxford-street, corner of Dean-street, Soho; 13. Oxford-street, corner of Marylebone-lane; 14. Oxford-street west, corner of Connaught-place; 15. South Audley-street, by the chapel; 16. Brompton, near Knightsbridge-green; 17. Eaton-square, by St. Peter's Church; 18. Westminster, No. 1, Broad Sanctuary; 19. Westminster, No. 2, Horseferry-road; 20. West Strand, Trafalgar-square, by St. Martin's Church; 21. Strand, by St. Clement's Church.

Eastern District.—22. New Bridge-street, by the Obelisk; 23. Holborn-hill, corner of Hatton-garden; 24. Aldersgate-street, opposite Carthusian-street; 25. Clerkenwell, St. John-street, opposite Corporation-row; 26. Islington, No. 1, on the Green; 27. Islington, No. 2, Compton-terrace, Highbury end; 28. Old-street, St. Luke's, corner of Bath-street; 29. Shoreditch, in front of the church; 30. Bishopsgate-street, near Widegate-street; 31. Whitechapel, High-street, in front of the church; 32. Aldgate, corner of Leadenhall-street and Fenchurch-street; 33. The Royal Exchange, by the Wellington Statue; 34. Cheapside, by the Western Obelisk; 35. Southwark, in front of St. George's Church; 36. Newington, Obelisk, facing 'The Elephant and Castle'; 37. Kennington-cross; 38. Lambeth, by the Female Orphan Asylum; 39. Blackfriars'-road, corner of Great Charlotte-street; 40. Finsbury-circus, corner of West-street; 41. St. Mary-at-Hill, corner of Rood-lane; 42. Conduit-street, corner of Great George-street.

‘The

'The main ladder reaches from thirty to thirty-five feet, and can instantly be applied to most second-floor windows by means of the carriage lever. The upper ladder folds over the main ladder, and is raised easily in the position represented, by a rope attached to its lever irons on either side of the main ladder; or, as recently adopted in one or two of the Escapes, by an arrangement of pulleys in lieu of the lever irons. The short ladder, for first floors, fits in under the carriage, and is often of the greatest service. Under the whole length of the main ladder is a canvas trough or bagging, made of stout sailcloth, protected by an outer trough of copper wire net, leaving sufficient room between for the yielding of the canvas in a person's descent. The addition of the copper wire is a great improvement, as, although not affording an entire protection against the canvas burning, it in most cases avails, and prevents the possibility of any one falling through. The soaking of the canvas in alum and other solutions is also attended to; but this, while preventing its flaming, cannot avoid the risk of accident from the fire charring the canvas.'

When we remember that the fire-escapes often have to be raised above windows from which the flames are pouring forth, it will be seen how valuable is this double protection against the destruction of the canvas. The necessity for it was shown at a fire in Crawford Street, Marylebone, where an explosion took place which fired the canvas and let the conductor fall through, just as he was rescuing an inmate,—an accident by which he was dreadfully injured. When people look up at these fire-escapes they generally shudder at the idea of having to enter the bag, suspended at a height of forty feet from the ground, but in the hour of danger the terrified inmates never exhibit the slightest reluctance. Once in, they slide down the bulging canvas in the gentlest manner, without any of the rapidity that would be imagined from the almost perpendicular position in which it hangs.

The fire-escape which is stationed near the New Road is constructed so that it can be taken off its wheels, in order to allow it to enter the long gardens which here extend before so many of the houses. The height attainable by these escapes varies from 43½ feet to 45 feet. A supplemental short ladder is now carried by most of them, which can be quickly fitted on an emergency into the upper ladder, and increases the height to 50 feet.

The intrepidity of the conductors of these machines is quite astonishing. Familiarity with danger begets a coolness which enables them to place themselves in positions which would prove destructive to unpractised persons. As in most cases they are the prominent actors in a drama witnessed by a whole street full of excited spectators, they are perhaps tempted by the cheers to risk themselves in a manner they would little dream of doing under

under other circumstances. In addition to such a stimulus they are rewarded with a silver medal, and with sums of money, for any extraordinary act of gallantry. Every instance of a daring rescue is entered in the Society's books, from which we have extracted a few examples, to show what enterprising fellows they are. At a fire which broke out in November, 1844, in a house in Hatton-garden, Conductor Sunshine on his arrival found the following state of things. On the second floor a man was sitting on the sill of one of the windows (there were four windows abreast), and on the third floor a man was hanging by his hands to the window-sill at the other extremity of the house-front. After having rescued the man on the second floor, he did not dare to raise his third-floor ladder, for fear of hitting the hanging man's hands, and causing him to fall; accordingly, he stood upon the top rung of the second-floor ladder, and by so doing could just touch with his upstrained arms the poor fellow's depending feet. In this position, having himself but a precarious hold of the window-frame beneath, his only footing being the topmost rung, he called to the man to drop when he told him, and discovered from his silence that he was deaf and dumb. Upon being tapped upon the foot, however, he let go, and the conductor managed, incredible as it may appear, to slip him down between himself and the wall on to the top of the ladder, and brought him safely to the ground. In the next case, Conductor Chapman was the hero of the scene, although the indomitable Sunshine was present. Having crossed the roofs of two adjoining out-buildings, Chapman managed to place his ladder against the second back floor of the house on fire. Having rescued a lady, he was obliged to retrace his steps over the roofs, as the fire was coming through the tiling. He could only cross by making a bridge of the short ladder; and scarcely had they cleared the premises when it fell in with a tremendous crash.

On another occasion this intrepid man having made an entrance into the second-floor window of a house in Tottenham-court-road, he was obliged to retreat twice, by reason of his lamp going out in the dense smoke. On the third trial it remained in, and enabled him to search the place. 'I called out loud,' he says in his report, 'and was answered by a kind of stifled cry. I rushed across the landing to the back room, and encountered a man, who groaned out, "O save my wife!" I groped about, and laid hold of a female, who fell with me, clasping two children in her arms. I took them up, and brought them to the escape, guiding the man to follow me, and placed them all safely in the canvas, from whence they reached the ground without any injury; and, finally, I came down myself, quite exhausted.' 'We thought,' said

said a bystander, 'when he jumped into the second-floor window, that we should not see him again alive; and I cannot tell you how he was cheered when he appeared with the woman and her two children.'

We shall content ourselves by quoting one more exploit from the Reports of the Society, the hero of which was Conductor Wood, who received a testimonial on vellum for the following service at a fire in Colchester Street, Whitechapel, on the 29th of April, 1854:—

'On his arrival the fire was raging throughout the back of the house, and smoke issuing from every window; upon entering the first-floor room, part of which was on fire, he discovered five persons almost insensible from the excessive heat: he immediately descended the ladder *with a woman on his shoulders, and holding a child by its night-clothes in his mouth*; again ascended, re-entered the room, and having enabled the father to escape, had scarcely descended, *with a child under each arm*, when the whole building became enveloped in flames, rendering it impossible to attempt a rescue of the remainder of the unfortunate inmates.'

The rewards of the Society are not always won by their own men. William Trafford, police constable 344, for instance, had one of the Society's medals presented to him, for 'allowing two persons to drop upon him from the top windows of a house in College Street, Camden-town, and thereby enabling them to escape without material injury.' Nothing is said as to the damage done to poor Trafford by this act of self-devotion.

The real working value of the fire-escapes may be judged from the fact that, during the twenty years they have been on duty, they have attended no less than 2041 fires, and rescued 214 human beings from destruction. To make this excellent scheme complete, only thirteen stations have now to be established, at a first cost of about eighty pounds each; the charitable could not give their money in a more worthy cause than in furnishing these districts, in which many thousands of inhabitants are still exposed to the most horrible of all deaths. To show that the usefulness of the Society has progressed with the number of their escapes, we need only adduce the evidence of the table in the next page, made up to the 25th of March of each year.

The fire-escapes, in addition to their own particular duty, are also of the greatest service to the firemen of the Brigade, as, by the use of their ladders, they are enabled to ascend to any window of a house, and to direct the jet directly upon the burning mass, instead of throwing it wild,—a matter of the greatest importance in extinguishing a fire: for unless you play upon the
burning

burning material, and thus cut off the flame at its root, you only uselessly deluge the building with water, which is, we believe, in many cases quite as destructive to stock and furniture as the fire it is intended to extinguish.

Year.	Number of Stations.	Fires attended.	Lives saved.
1845	8 increased to 11	116	13
1846	11 " 15	96	7
1847	15 " 21	139	11
1848	21 " 25	197	17
1849	25 " 26	223	31
1850	26 " 28	198	10
1851	28 " 30	226	36
1852	30 " 34	253	25
1853	34 " 40	265	46
1854	40 " 40	328	28
	Two since added.		

Much may be done by the inmates to help themselves when a house is on fire, in case neither the engine nor the escape should arrive in time to assist them. Mr. Braidwood, in his little work on the method of proceeding at fires, advises his readers to rehearse to themselves his recommendations, otherwise when the danger comes they are thrown, according to his experience, into 'a state of temporary derangement, and seem to be actuated only by a desire of muscular movement,' throwing chairs and tables from the tops of houses that are scarcely on fire, and, to wind up the absurdity, he says, 'on one occasion I saw crockery-ware thrown from a window on the third floor.'

The means to be adopted to prevent the flames spreading, resolve themselves into taking care not to open doors or windows, which create a draught. The same rule should be observed by those outside; no door or glass should be smashed in before the means are at hand to put out the fire.

Directions for aiding persons to escape from premises on fire.

1. Be careful to acquaint yourself with the best means of exit from the house both at the top and bottom.

2. On the first alarm reflect before you act. If in bed at the time wrap yourself in a blanket, or bedside carpet; open no more doors or windows than are absolutely necessary, and shut every door after you.

3. There is always from eight to twelve inches of pure air close to the ground: if you cannot therefore walk upright through the smoke, drop on your hands and knees, and thus progress. A wetted silk handkerchief, a piece of flannel, or a worsted stocking drawn over the face permits breathing, and, to a great extent, excludes the smoke.

4. If you can neither make your way upwards nor downwards, get into

into a front room : if there is a family, see that they are all collected here, and keep the door closed as much as possible, for remember that smoke always follows a draught, and fire always rushes after smoke.

5. On no account throw yourself, or allow others to throw themselves, from the window. If no assistance is at hand, and you are in extremity, tie the sheets together, and, having fastened one end to some heavy piece of furniture, let down the women and children one by one, by tying the end of the line of sheets round the waist and lowering them through the window that is over the door, rather than through one that is over the area. You can easily let yourself down when the helpless are saved.

6. If a woman's clothes should catch fire, let her instantly roll herself over and over on the ground ; if a man be present, let him throw her down and do the like, and then wrap her in a rug, coat, or the first *woollen* thing that is at hand.

7. Bystanders, the instant they see a fire, should run for the fire-escape, or to the police station if that is nearer, where a ' jumping-sheet ' is always to be found.

Dancers, and those that are accustomed to wear light muslins and other inflammable articles of clothing, when they are likely to come in contact with the gas, would do well to remember, that by steeping them in a solution of alum they would not be liable to catch fire. If the rule were enforced at theatres, we might avoid any possible recurrence of such a catastrophe as happened at Drury Lane in 1844, when poor Clara Webster was so burnt before the eyes of the audience, that she died in a few days.

During the twenty-one years that the Brigade has been in existence the firemen have been called out needlessly no less than 1695 times, often indeed mischievously ; for there are some idle people who think it amusing to send the men and engines miles away to imaginary fires. In most cases, however, these false alarms have originated in the over anxiety of persons, who have hastened to the station for assistance, deceived by lights which they fancied to be of a suspicious character. Nature herself now and then gives a false alarm, and puts the Brigade to infinite trouble by her vagaries. Not only the men at one station, but nearly half of the entire force, were employed in November, 1835, from 11 P.M. to 6 A.M. on the succeeding morning, in running after the *aurora borealis*. Some of the dozen engines out on that occasion reached as far as Kilburn and Hampstead in search of those evanescent lights, which exactly simulated extensive fires. In the succeeding year the red rays of the rising sun took in some credulous members of the Brigade, and led them with their engines full swing along the Commercial and Mile-End Roads. Whilst on this false scent they
came

came upon a real fire, which, although inferior to great Sol himself in grandeur, was far more remunerative, as the God of Morning knows nothing about rewards to first, second, and third engines.

The most remarkable and universal false alarm caused by the play of the Northern lights was in the autumn of this same year, when the whole north-eastern horizon seemed possessed by an angry conflagration, from which huge clouds of smoke appeared to roll away. On this occasion the public, as well as the firemen, were deceived: crowds poured forth from the West-end on foot and in carriages to see what they imagined to be a grand effect of the 'devouring element;' and thirteen engines turned out with the full impression that a whole suburb of the metropolis was in flames.

The alarms from chimneys on fire have called the engines out no less than 1982 times during the years the Brigade has been established, or on an average twice a-week. Let us hope that, as we are setting about clearing the atmosphere by Act of Parliament, accidents of this kind will gradually cease. We may now watch with satisfaction many a tall shaft, as we steam down the river, that seems to stand idle in the air; the great rolling clouds of smoke that used to obscure the sky on the southern bank of the Thames are no longer seen, and the air is growing appreciably purer. It is evident that our manufacturers, where they have not become alive to the saving it would effect, have been coerced by the vigorous manner in which the Home Secretary has put the law in force against these black offenders; and we may hope that Dr. Arnott's smoke-consuming grate, or some modification of it, will ere long find its way into every house to complete the work.

- ART. II.—1. *Memoirs of the Life and Scientific Researches of John Dalton*, Hon. D.C.L. Oxford, LL.D. Edinburgh, F.R.S., Foreign Associate of the Academy of Sciences, Paris, &c. By William Charles Henry, M.D., F.R.S. 8vo. London, 1854.
2. *An Introduction to the Atomic Theory*. By Charles Daubeny, M.D., F.R.S. &c., Professor of Chemistry and of Botany in the University of Oxford. 2nd Edition. Oxford. 1851.

WE place these volumes in conjunction—the first a biography, the second an essay on one of the highest topics of natural science—because the fame of Dalton mainly rests on the discoveries by which he defined and illustrated that theory which forms the subject of Dr. Daubeny's work. A dedication
of

of this second edition to the memory of Dalton—then recently deceased—justly and very eloquently describes those researches in atomic chemistry, which, while wonderfully enlarging the domains of the science, and giving exactitude to all its conclusions, have led to new and more profound views of the great laws by which matter is governed in the mutual actions and combinations of its ultimate component parts. Here, on this wide field of atomical theory, the bold speculations of ancient philosophy had anticipated, as we shall presently see, some of the results, now better fixed by actual experiment and the consummate refinements of modern analysis. Dalton had no knowledge of these elder hypotheses, nor even a full anticipation of all that his doctrine was to bring forth in the future. But it was he who in effect sowed the seeds for this great harvest; and though others had recently trodden on the same ground, and to the very brink of the discovery, it was he who first fully indicated the principle and method of research, and the true import and value of the facts derived from it.

The name of Dalton must therefore enter into every history of the atomical theory; and we may be excused for dwelling upon some particulars of the life of this remarkable person, as afforded us in the volume of Dr. Henry, aided by our own personal recollections. Dr. Henry was peculiarly fitted for his task. He inherited from his father a strong personal attachment to Dalton, whose reciprocal regard was shown by his bequest to Dr. Henry of his papers and all his philosophical apparatus. Thoroughly versed in modern chemistry himself, and especially familiar, from study in the German laboratories, with those researches which have so greatly enlarged, while in some parts modifying, the original discovery of Dalton, he comes well prepared to narrate the progress and present state of this great inquiry. He is everywhere perfectly candid in his estimate of persons and things, where points of controversy are concerned. And further, his volume is very agreeably written, and will please all those who, with some knowledge of natural science, can find interest in the simple memorial of an earnest investigator of its truths.

Apart indeed from his scientific career, it would be difficult to conceive a life more calm and uneventful than that of Dalton. What Cuvier said of Cavendish is equally true of him—‘*Il n’y a dans son histoire d’autres incidens que des découvertes.*’ Born in a humble position, from which he only slowly emerged—living successively in two provincial towns, where few at that time could understand or appreciate his labours—working always alone, with no other excitement than the love of physical truth

—wanting

—wanting little, and undisturbed by the passions or even by the more common emotions of social existence—his course was one of patient study, unbroken by any of the sterner incidents of life. He was a Quaker by birth, and maintained to the end the dress and many of the usages of the sect. But his character and habits depended much less on this than on his individual temperament, and those intellectual peculiarities of which we shall have afterwards to speak.

John Dalton was born at Eaglesfield, a village near Cocker-mouth, in 1766. The Daltons were of the class of small proprietors, formerly called *statesmen*,—a name that still lingers, we believe, in the northern parts of England. The father of John appears to have been a weaver, as well as yeoman; but of slender means in both capacities. He had two sons and a daughter. John, the second son, was placed at the village schools at Eaglesfield and in the neighbourhood; but derived much more aid from the talents with which he was born, than from any help which schools could give. He speedily nurtured his own faculties into activity; and the slight memorials of his youth are the miniature of the man in later life. This miniature becomes more exact as we follow him forward to his early positions in the world; first, as a schoolmaster himself at Eaglesfield, when only twelve years old—next, as assistant and principal successively, at a boarding school at Kendal. Simple as were, and still are, the functions of a village schoolmaster, it is extraordinary that a boy of twelve years should be able to fulfil them; and that, after a year of intermediate labour in husbandry, he should be called, when yet but fifteen, to the larger duties of the Kendal school. That inborn faculty of silent self-labour, and patient study, which remained with him through life, can alone explain this.

Some of the moral peculiarities of Dalton's character come out curiously in this part of his career, as delineated by the recollections of one or two persons yet living, who were his scholars at Kendal. Apart indeed from such information, we could readily have conjectured that he must have made a very indifferent schoolmaster. His own early self-acquired knowledge did not give him the power of instilling the same into others of his age. At no period had he any command of language or facility of explanation. Equally was he unfitted to comprehend those mental diversities of temper as well as intellect, which show themselves in the very dawn of life. Whether that uniformity of plan, which is in some sort inevitable in the gathering together of youth in schools and colleges, be not on the whole better in result than the teaching upon vague views of individual character, is a question we cannot here discuss. It is enough to say that Dalton,

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as a schoolmaster, could have had but one method, and that founded on his own peculiar temperament and habits.

At the Kendal school, where there were some sixty boys and girls, educated at from half-a-guinea to fifteen shillings a quarter, he was associated, while master, with his brother Jonathan; a hard and severe man by nature. The surviving pupils describe John as of gentler temper; but nevertheless cold, abstracted, and uncouth in his ways. The school, at best, seems never to have been very popular under the management of these young brothers.

While residing at Kendal John Dalton engaged himself in frequent contributions to the 'Gentlemen's and Ladies' Diaries;' two periodical works which, at that time of scanty literature in the country parts of England, earned repute and circulation by their prize questions in mathematics and general philosophy. When Westmoreland was some days' journey from London, instead of the eight hours of present travel, such periodicals, with a weekly newspaper circulated among neighbours, were probably treasured more than the cumbrous superfluity of publications now spread throughout every corner of the kingdom. In 1787, we find that Dalton, being then twenty-one, correctly solved thirteen out of fifteen mathematical questions in these Diaries, and in 1790 gained the highest prize for his 'masterly solution of the prize question.' He meddled a little also with the moral queries propounded in these works; and his answers, though somewhat formal and vapid, are at least as good as the questions deserve.

Dalton began his career of physical research while at Kendal, directing it chiefly to Meteorology—a subject which engaged much of his attention through life. The first entry in his Meteorological Journal is of March 24, 1787, and records a remarkable Aurora Borealis on the evening of that day. Perchance from this very cause the phenomenon of the aurora (even now imperfectly explained) continued ever after to be a favourite topic with him. He made in the beginning his own barometer and thermometer; and used as an hygrometer some six yards of whipcord, suspended from a nail and stretched by a weight, with a scale attached to it. This rudeness of his instruments was not limited to early life. Even in the experiments which led to his great discoveries, his apparatus was grievously deficient in all those refinements which chemistry now requires and has obtained; and his laboratory, which we once visited, might well, in its slovenly arrangements, provoke a smile from the modern adept in analysis. There was a sort of obstinacy in Dalton's mind on this subject; derived in part from the independence

pendence of his own early labours—in part also from an original pertinacity of his nature. But some compensation was found for this defect in his clear perception of the objects sought for, and in that patient repetition of experiments and observations which reconciles discordant results, and gives certainty to the conclusions obtained. The *Method of Averages*, even where not recognised as such, involves a principle prolific of truth; and Dalton largely availed himself of it in his scientific labours.

In May 1792 he first visited London, of which he says in a letter to his brother, 'It is a most surprising place, and well worth one's while to see once; but the most disagreeable place on earth for one of a contemplative turn to reside in constantly.' A longer knowledge might, perhaps, have told him that a man may be alone in a multitude; and that the greatest works of contemplation as well as of practical activity have emerged from amidst the din and bustle of this great metropolis. It is a characteristic trait of him, that he occupied himself while going to the Friends' Meeting House in counting the number of carriages he met on the road. 'This,' he says, 'I executed with tolerable precision, and the number was 104.' Dalton lived, in truth, in an atmosphere of numbers; and all his thoughts and observations took their colouring from this strong propensity of his nature.

In 1793 he first published his *Meteorological Observations and Essays*, in which he records his obligations to Mr. John Gough of Kendal; that singular man, who, becoming totally blind from small-pox when two years old, furnished a memorable instance of what the intellect can attain, unaided by this one great sense. Profoundly versed in mathematics, he became familiar also with every branch of natural philosophy; and had so cultivated his remaining senses, that he could tell by touch, smell, or taste, almost every plant within twenty miles of his native place. Dalton's friendship for him continued throughout the whole of Mr. Gough's long life.

It was in the same year, 1793, that Dalton made his second and final change of residence, by accepting the place of mathematical tutor at a College of Protestant Dissenters lately established in Manchester. Though his connexions with the College ceased after six years, he remained at Manchester during the rest of his life, and in the same house for the last thirty years of that time; making an income, which sufficed for his few and simple wants, by giving lessons to pupils, or occasional lectures, both at a very low rate of remuneration.

We suppose that few men of tolerable education have passed through life without putting together some lines, which either were poetry, or were believed by themselves to be such. Among
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the exceptions to the rule we should fully have expected Dalton to be one. But it was otherwise. His biographer gives us, as the best among other specimens, ten or twelve stanzas, addressed to an *Æolian lyre*; and written in 1796, at a time when his feelings seem to have been somewhat excited by the beauty and talents of a young Quaker lady, whose family he occasionally visited at Lancaster. In letters to his brother, from which extracts are given, he describes these qualities with more warmth and in greater detail than we should have expected; yet still with a certain philosophical method and a strong leaning to the '*tabular form*,' which delineates the man almost as well as the lady whom he admires. With regard to the verses, they surprise us from being very much in the Della Crusca style; and as poetry we can hardly commend them. Yet we give a stanza below, which will not be thought deficient either in harmony or feeling. In reading it we have a difficulty in recognising either the Quaker or the hard dry mathematician of the Kendal-school.*

Whatever was the state of Dalton's feelings at this time, result there was none. The same condition of life continued; one which probably made marriage impossible, even had he not been already wedded to those very different pursuits which gave happiness as well as honour to his life. It was about this year, 1796, that Chemistry first engaged his attention; and as a Member of the Manchester Literary and Philosophical Institution, of which he afterwards became President, he placed before them in successive years a series of papers of great value, in connexion with this and other branches of Natural Philosophy; evincing both the extent of his objects and the energetic and successful labour he bestowed upon them. We have not space to enumerate these different Memoirs; but may say generally that the most important of them relate to the weight, temperature, and moisture of the atmosphere, furnishing, with his researches on rain and evaporation, the basis of modern meteorology—to the various phenomena of heat and cold, as produced by or determining the state of other bodies—and to the constitution of mixed gases, and especially of those forming the atmosphere. Later observations and experiments, less rude than those which he employed, have tended to invalidate some of his conclusions. But many remain untouched—all have contributed to the advancement of science—and all give eminent proof of his sagacity and boldness of research.

* Again the slowly rising notes assail—

As if some tender maid, unseen, unknown,

Sigh'd for neglect—yet tuneful swell'd the gale,

To melt th' unfeeling heart with sorrow's plaintive moan.

We do not here follow the labours or writings of Dalton into the great discovery of his life, as we shall speak of this hereafter. Before it was sufficiently matured for publication, he was invited early in 1804 to give a course of Lectures on Natural Philosophy at the Royal Institution in London. With some kind and valuable aid from Davy, he appears to have gone through the course satisfactorily; and, from his own account, with a good deal of applause. We cannot but think, however, that he unconsciously overrated his success; and that what he considered such was in some part a courteous regard of his audience to the simplicity and peculiarities of the man. A few years later, when his discoveries were still only partially known, we heard him deliver a short course on this subject at Edinburgh to a scanty audience. It would be hard to conceive anything more uncouth or ineffective than his manner of dealing with the great physical truths that lay before him. His experiments, as made in public, frequently failed. His voice was harsh, indistinct, and unemphatical; and he was singularly wanting in the language and power of illustration, needful to a lecturer on these high matters of philosophy, and by which Davy and Faraday have given such lustre to their great discoveries. Among other instances of his odd appropriation of epithets, we recollect that in treating of oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen, &c.—those great elements which pervade all nature—he generally spoke of them as '*these articles*;' describing their qualities with far less earnestness than a London linendraper would show in commending the very different *articles* which lie on his shelves.

Dalton's doctrines therefore needed other advocacy than his own to bring them fairly before the world. Nor was this aid wanting. We shall have to mention before we conclude the names of those eminent Chemists who speedily recognised the value of the discovery, and sought by their labours to verify and extend it. His own life proceeded meanwhile in the same course of tranquil labour. He was now, however, less occupied with new objects than with the completion of his previous researches, and the removal of objections which had been raised to certain parts of them. With all his love of truth, in science as in other things, Dalton was strongly tenacious of conclusions once formed; and there were many opinions to which he clung, long after more exact experiments than his own had shown them to be doubtful or inadmissible. We may name as instances, his obstinate adherence to the atomic weights he first assigned, though proved to be incorrect—his reluctance to adopt the doctrine of volumes, received by all other chemists—and his long struggle against the recognition of chlorine as a chemical element.

Though always recluse in his habits, his reputation, now established both at home and abroad, inevitably enlarged his intercourse with the world. Manchester too, at least those in it who found leisure for anything beyond the labours and profits of the loom, began to feel pride in the fame of their fellow-townsmen. But his private life was little changed in its simplicity—his character not at all. While streets, factories, and steam-engines were growing up multitudinously around, he continued to reside in the same quiet house and family in which he finally closed his career. He seldom went into what is called society. His associates were chiefly those who had pursuits akin to his own, and a few intimate friends and pupils, with whom he sometimes unbent himself after the labours of the day. One of these friends describes him as exceedingly cheerful and facetious on such occasions. We can readily believe in his cheerfulness, but find it difficult to imagine in Dalton anything approaching to wit. Even in the fashion of his amusements there was the same order and method as in other things. Every Thursday afternoon he indulged in his favourite diversion of bowling; watching with a sort of scientific eagerness the motions of the bowls, and noting down minutely in a book all the losses or gains of the few pence for which the game was played. In every other habit of his life, as to hours, labour, and food, there was the same simplicity, order, and temperance.

Occasionally he visited London, or made excursions into the Lake scenery of his native county. A notable incident in a life thus tranquil was a visit to Paris in 1822, which we know to have afforded him singular pleasure. Six years before, he had been elected a Corresponding Member of the Academy of Sciences—a proof of the reputation he had already earned abroad. Mr. Dockray, his companion on this journey, graphically describes a dinner given to Dalton by Laplace at his country-seat at Arcueil, the beautiful grounds of which derive no less fame from having been the residence of this philosopher, than from the earlier destiny of the spot as the abode of the Emperor Julian, when Governor of Gaul. At this dinner Berthollet, Arago, Cuvier, Biot, and Fourier were among the guests—names all illustrious in the annals of science. Mr. Dockray pictures to us Dalton walking in the evening through the ruins which yet remain of Julian's residence, between Laplace and Berthollet—a remarkable group, and almost as much so in the diversity of the men as in the community of their fame. From our recollection of Laplace we feel how great must have been the contrast between him and Dalton—the latter what we have already described him—the former equally placid in demeanour, but with the air, habits, and courtesies of an old French nobleman. In estimating their
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relative genius we must needs rank Laplace far above the level of Dalton. Both of them mathematicians, they yet trod in mathematical paths so remote from each other, as almost to efface every vestige of this connexion. The very diversity here is the exponent of the scientific character of the two men. Dalton may be said to have worked in *straight lines*, both in mathematics and general physics; with definite objects placed clearly before his conceptions, which he pursued steadily by the simplest, or even rudest, methods to the attainment of the results desired. The genius of Laplace took for its sphere of action the wide domain of the universe: and while by the mighty power of his mathematical analysis he was removing anomalies, and reconciling even the secular perturbations of the planets to the one great law of gravitation, he applied the same power and the same methods of evidence to almost every part of human knowledge. He worked not in straight lines, but sweeping over a vast circle, and bringing each part into relation with the whole.

It is difficult to give any single definition of genius, having due regard to the endless varieties and anomalies which present themselves in the human intellect. In the higher acceptation of the term, Dalton could hardly be called a man of genius. He had not those wings with which some men soar over the ocean of undiscovered truth, discovering regions to be submitted hereafter to human intelligence and power. But he brought to his researches, as we have seen, the habits of a sagacious and intrepid thinker, swayed by no authority but that of facts, and sedulous in seeking for these by his own labours and methods. We believe this description to include all that is most peculiar in his character as a philosopher.

Dalton's connexion with the French Academy was not limited to his first honour in it. In 1830, on the death of Sir H. Davy, he was elected to fill his place as one of the eight Foreign Associates of the Academy; a distinction, from its rarity, fitly regarded as among the highest which science can bestow. It is remarkable that until 1822 he was not elected a Fellow of the Royal Society. The absence of all ambition or effort on his part must be received as the cause of this delay. In 1826 his high merits as a discoverer were fully recognised by the Society in the award to him of the first of the royal prizes given after their institution.

Honours indeed now began to fall more thickly upon him. The establishment of the British Association in 1831, the annual meetings of which Dalton repeatedly attended, was in some part concerned in this effect. Though his discoveries were at this time fully established and familiar to the scientific world,

the seclusion of his life had permitted few to know him personally; and the Quaker philosopher, now well advanced in years, stood among his brethren in science at these meetings, a new object of attention and interest. The simplicity of his demeanour, from which age had taken off its earlier uncouthness, won upon the feelings of all; and even at later meetings of the Association, when the novelty had worn off, Dalton was ever regarded with affectionate veneration.

In 1832, at the meeting of the Association at Oxford, the honorary degree of D.C.L. was conferred upon him, in conjunction with Faraday, Brewster, and Robert Brown. The same honour he received at Edinburgh two years later. In 1833, under Lord Grey's government, a pension of 150*l.* a-year was settled upon him, providing a happy release from the burden of elementary teaching. About the same time the people of Manchester subscribed 2000*l.* for the statue of a man who thus honoured their town; and its execution was fitly committed to Chantrey, whose genius rendered it a wonderful work. While Dalton was in London, sitting to this great sculptor, it was suggested by his friend, Mr. Babbage, that he should be presented at the king's levee. His own acquiescence being obtained, the preliminaries of his dress as an Oxford Doctor of Laws settled, and preparatory instructions given by enacting the levee in a private room, he was presented to William IV., who seems to have questioned him with the kind familiarity which belonged to that sovereign's nature. Mr. Babbage, the *dux* as well as *auctor* in this presentation, heard one court officer say to another, 'Who the d—l is that fellow whom the king keeps talking to so long?' This gentleman would have been still more surprised had he seen the Quaker garb concealed under the scarlet robe of the University of Oxford.

Dalton's life was continued ten years beyond this time, to the age of 78, but we have little more to record. The last few years formed a period of gradual but sensible decay in his faculties both of mind and body, consequent upon a paralytic seizure in 1837, followed in 1838 by a slighter attack of the same nature. He did not die until 1844; but the antecedents of the change were on him before, and, for some time at least, consciously so to himself. In 1840 he presented a paper to the Royal Society on the phosphates and arseniates; so obscure throughout, and the conclusions so erroneous, that the Council declined its publication in the Transactions. Dalton, much mortified, printed it separately, with the indignant comment annexed to it—'Cavendish, Davy, Wollaston, and Gilbert are no more.' Even after this, indeed, he published four short chemical

mical essays ; but these were probably the result of prior labours, since the last two contain the elements of a discovery of so much interest, that he himself says, 'It is the greatest discovery that I know of, next to the atomic theory.' We may briefly denote the subject, by stating that it was that curious research into the relative conditions of the water and solid parts of hydrated salts, which has since been so admirably prosecuted by Playfair and Joule ; verifying in the main, while modifying in parts, the remarkable results obtained by Dalton's sagacity. We do not find anything to tell us at what period the latter was engaged in this inquiry ; but doubtless some time before that impairment of his mental powers to which we have just alluded.

At Dalton's age a change of this nature, and evidently connected with cerebral disease, is insuperable by remedies, and sure to be augmented by time. Though appointed a vice-president at the meeting of the British Association at Manchester, 1842, it was merely as a tribute to his name. In May, 1844, another fit occurred ; and on the 27th of July he fell out of bed, and was found lifeless on the floor. A *post-mortem* examination showed no recent rupture of any blood-vessel, but great venous congestion ; and in one part of the brain distinct traces of the extravasation, which had probably produced the first paralytic attack. There was too much of ostentation in all that followed the event. His coffin, placed in public in the Town Hall, was visited by more than 40,000 spectators, and a procession of nearly 100 carriages followed it to the grave. This was scarcely in accordance with the life and character of the man.

The portrait of Dalton, prefixed to Dr. Henry's volume, and taken from Chantrey's bust, faithfully represents his countenance, and especially what we would venture to term the *austere gentleness* of his expression. His was a face which told the whole character at once—its earnestness, simplicity, and truth ; and even that power of patient, methodical labour, which marked and determined every step in his career.

We have very little clue to Dalton's religious opinions. He was scarcely ever heard to allude to the subject ; and though he attended twice every Sunday at the Friends' Meeting-House, he never took other than a silent part in their devotional exercises. When such was his reserve upon this point, even to those most intimate with him, we have no right to hazard suppositions of our own, which can never be verified, and which might perchance be widely removed from the truth.

After this short sketch of Dalton's life and personal character, we have still to speak of the discovery which gives the greatest lustre
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to his name, of its connexion with prior systems or theories, and of the influence it has had on the subsequent progress and direction of physical inquiry. Yet we feel the difficulty, if not impossibility, of giving a popular view of the atomical philosophy. Its relations to every branch of natural science have become so numerous, close, and complex, that no superficial glance could present more than a vague idea of the grandeur of the theme; while, if pursued into details, its illustration becomes equally obscure from their multiplicity, from the questions still existing upon matters of fact, and from controversies which yet hang over some of the conclusions of theory.

Nor does the difficulty end here. In discussing these questions of the atomic theory, we often touch on that debateable ground between mathematics and metaphysics, which D'Alembert has well named '*l'abîme des incertitudes*,' there being scarcely a step in the discussion which does not approach in some point or other to this boundary of human intelligence. While modern science is defining by strict numerical formulæ the proportions in which the molecular combinations of bodies take place—and often with such certainty that the chemist can foretell the results of an analysis before the labours of the laboratory have begun—the demonstration of facts thus obtained is at every step urging the mind towards those unseen properties and profound laws of the material world, where thought is forced to pause and further demonstration is lost in darkness. Some men, by a certain felicity of faculties, may penetrate into this obscurity beyond their fellows; but to all there is a limit, which such men also are best able to discover and define. There may be rashness indeed in marking it too absolutely, for the science of our own day has often swept over what seemed to be the final limits of our knowledge; and the subject before us is one where physical evidences still crowd upon us from so many separate and unexpected sources, that it is hard to curb the efforts of the mind to theorize upon the results already obtained.

This very multiplication of proofs is in itself a hindrance to a concise and popular view of the modern atomic doctrine. The physical evidence is not merely various in its sources, but presents peculiar modifications, adding much to its complexity. The recent discoveries in Isomorphism, Isomerism, and Allotropy (names in themselves formidable to the ear), indicating some of the various modes in which the molecules of matter, simple or compound, are related to, or act upon, one another,—all bear essentially on the question of the atomical constitution of bodies; and require an interpretation accordant at least, if not common, to all. An elementary view of the subject is further

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embarrassed by the anomalous or doubtful points which still remain for solution,—such as the case of a numerical series, perfect in its other parts, being stopped by an anomalous fraction, only to be removed by a better analysis which may bring the refractory element into the scale from which it seemingly departs; or by altering the first terms so as to convert the fraction into a simple number in the series.

The statement of these difficulties is not altogether without its use. It suggests, first, the demarcation, as far as such can be drawn, between the metaphysical and physical parts of the atomic philosophy—between that which is purely or chiefly speculative, and that which depends on experiment and is expressed by formulæ of numbers. And further, in regard to the latter class of researches, it indicates the purport and scope of the inquiry, as embracing all those relations of bodies which depend on the numerical proportions, arrangement, or mutual substitution of the atoms composing them.

Following then this suggestion as to order, the speculative part of the atomic philosophy first comes before us. In every age and community there are certain minds prone, from their very constitution, to an earnest scrutiny of the world around them. It is an instinctive and almost compulsory use of one of those powers committed to man by his Maker; the variety of which powers in different men seems as much the object of a wise design, as their original bestowal. The mere existence of Matter in its relation to Spirit, and the endless forms and changes which material bodies assume, whether subordinate to human will or not, irresistibly excite such minds to some form of speculation, however vague in method or conclusion. We may omit here all notice of those crude notions of earlier ages and ruder races on this subject, which have partially come down to us; but we must pause awhile amidst the riper speculations on the elementary qualities of matter, which the philosophers and poets of Greece and Rome have transmitted to later ages. To the Greeks more especially we owe those theories, at once subtle and bold, which, while they seize a portion of truth by a sort of intuitive perception, do yet neglect to fortify this by experiment or exact observation. It is hard to explain how a people, not merely subtle and inventive, but capable of high thoughts and philosophy, and keenly inquisitive into the secrets of nature, should never have been fairly imbued with the *principle* and methods of experimental research. The exceptional cases are rare, and rather augment than lessen our wonder at the fact. It is surprising that the success of particular experiments and inductions should not have led the way to other like researches, even had the principle
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of inquiry not been suggested by the phenomena of the world around.

However this may be, the absence of anything like analysis limited the Greek philosophy to purely speculative doctrines regarding matter, and the various concourse and combinations of atoms to which its forms and qualities are due. Of these theories, the volume of Professor Daubeny now before us—unpretending in form, but of great merit in execution—gives a clear and sufficient account. Dr. Daubeny brings indeed high qualifications to his work—a philosophical spirit, classical knowledge, and an intimate acquaintance with the doctrines and discoveries of modern Chemistry. All are required for the complete view of a subject of such wide compass and complexity.

The first great problem belonging to it—one which has engaged the attention of thinking men in all ages—is the origin and nature of Matter, as distinguished from Mind or Spirit, and also from that notion of the *void* in space which has ever entered into the inquiry. The genius of the Greek philosophy dealt with this question in its most abstruse forms; but not before such speculations had already found place in the philosophical, religious, or popular dogmas of yet earlier and more remote Oriental races, to whose mental temperament they seem to have been especially congenial. Stripping off the various dress and disguises of language, they are in fact the self-same questions which have descended to our own time; and which we are destined to transmit—still unresolved, though better defined—to our own philosophical posterity. Unaided human reason, indeed, under whatever form of words or logic it may shelter its weakness, must ever be baffled by such questions as,—whether matter has any existence apart from the perceptions of the intellectual being?—whether it is eternal in itself, and moulded only by the acts of creation, or actually brought into existence by the power which has thus moulded it?—whether, if eternal, its nature be not such as to limit and constrain this power, which has framed from it the order of things we see around us? * Wonderful we may well deem it, that man should be gifted with a spirit able to propound those and other like subtleties to itself. But true philosophy consists in setting a boundary between these vague impracticabilities, which belong not to our reason, and that great field of exact observation and experiment which the Creator has privi-

* Other speculators again, more purely Oriental in character, assign to matter an actual inherent *malignity* of nature, opposing itself to what is good in creation, and thence bringing evil into the world. In the words of Theophrastes, matter is *παλι το αυκ υπακειν, ουδε δεχομεν το ευ*. The doctrines of the Chaldeans, of Zoroaster, and of the Indian mythologies, are all based, more or less, on this conception.

leged man to work in, by giving him faculties fitted for this wiser and better labour.

All that can rightly be called atomic philosophy—the investigation of matter in its molecular parts, and under the different combinations and mutual actions of these—comes distinctly within this field of legitimate inquiry. Yet here, too, rash speculation had a long period of supremacy. We have already alluded to those hypotheses of the Greek philosophers, through which, unaided by experiment, they sought to explain the multiform shapes, combinations, and changes which matter assumes or undergoes. They saw, as it was easy to see, that for such an explanation it must be supposed divisible into parts of exquisite minuteness: since under no other conception than this are the phenomena of possible fulfilment. It was farther seen (and almost by the same necessity) that these minute parts, molecules, or atoms, must have definite relations, whether of attraction or repulsion, to one another. All nature, animate or inanimate, teems with evidence to this effect, and no experiment was needed to attest it. The conception of definite proportions in their molecular relations—now ripened into a great physical law—can hardly be said to occur in the ancient philosophy, though some few passages may vaguely express the idea. But another question, yet current in our own time, and which in some sort lies at the bottom of every atomic theory, engaged more distinctly the notice of these schools of antiquity—a question which neither reason nor experiment can ever do more than settle presumptively—viz., whether there are truly ultimate molecules or atoms of matter insusceptible of further division? or whether we must here, as elsewhere in nature, veil our reason before that metaphysical infinite which baffles alike definition and conception, and consider matter as divisible without limit or end?

The most rational of the Greek philosophers settled this abstruse question in the same way in which it has been presumptively determined by the sounder methods of modern science. The phrases employed (*αδιαίρετα μεγέθη—αδιαίρετα σώματα—αμερήτα ελαχίστα*, &c.) interpret to us their belief that there are portions of matter, inconceivably minute, which are absolute units in themselves, and admit of no division beyond. This doctrine is wholly distinct from the ancient theory of the four elements (the ‘four champions fierce’ of Milton), which served as a coarse formula for reason to work upon, before it had been shown by experiment how completely these elements are mutually convertible throughout every part of the material world.

Another point in the ancient atomic philosophy, anticipating modern inquiry though running beyond it, is the question as to the

the form or configuration of those indivisible atoms, which may be regarded as the true units of the material world. Here, again, all was mere speculation; and the mathematical forms assigned to different conditions of matter were generally based on the feeblest and most frivolous analogies. Whether modern science, with its more severe and scrupulous inquiry, can ever attain to more perfect proof, is yet hidden in the future. Certain paths, which we shall hereafter notice, seem opening in this direction, and have been zealously pursued. We live in an age of *new methods*, as well as new facts in science; and where the object is not in its nature insuperable by human reason, we may venture to aspire, if not to certain truth, at least to that degree of presumptive proof which is proximate to it.

In the foregoing outline of the earlier questions and opinions as to the atomic constitution of matter, we have refrained from naming those of the ancient philosophers, to whom we chiefly owe them, believing that we might thereby convey a clearer view of their purport and success. It will occur to others, as to ourselves, that the history of human knowledge is often more clouded than illustrated by the long array of names and shades of opinion, which are made to enter into it. In the personal narrative of these victories or vagaries of human thought, the reader loses sight of the questions which lie at the bottom of the whole, and fails of discerning what has really been done, or still left undone. We cannot, however, omit to name some of those who early laboured on the subject before us, seeing the eminent place they hold in the history of mankind.

It was impossible indeed that such men as Pythagoras, Plato, Aristotle, Democritus, Empedocles, and Epicurus—for these names stand on the list—should live in a world full of such strange and abstruse problems, without being attracted forcibly to them. The principle of numbers, as propounded by Pythagoras, though extravagant in its mystical applications, yet is in some sort an anticipation of what now rests on a close induction of facts. Leucippus has been somewhat vaguely recorded as the first who treated of the atomical composition of matter. Democritus and Epicurus are with more certainty reputed as the philosophers who gave higher form and consistency to the theory, including under it the various questions to which we have already adverted. We are far from adopting Bolingbroke's phrase of the 'lofty madness' of Plato (based, we believe, upon a very scanty knowledge of his works), but must nevertheless admit that his doctrines respecting matter are metaphysical without any distinct meaning. Aristotle brought to the subject a more practical understanding and a larger observation of nature,
yet

yet added little to our real knowledge. His *πρωτη ὕλη*, or primitive matter, is contrasted with the *νοῦς*, or intelligence, which brings it into form and action. He seeks, through the doctrine of the four elementary properties, to explain the various conditions which matter assumes; and, misguided by that notion to which the Greek philosophy ever leant—of opposite and neutralising qualities, he failed to perceive the simpler and truer induction, that heat and cold, dryness and moisture, are not conflicting elements, but different degrees of the same quality or state. He compromises the question as to the infinite divisibility of matter, by admitting that atoms may be actually indivisible, though not *potentially* so—a distinction of a scholastic kind, and aiding little towards the solution of the question.*

We pass over a long period to come at once to Lucretius, as the expounder in sublime verse of the doctrine in which Epicurus gave more perfect system to the atomic theory; extending and modifying the views of Democritus and others who had gone before. A few lines, however, must suffice us for the record of this system, which many of our readers may already know in part through the great work of the Roman poet.† It represents the space or void of the universe as penetrated and traversed in every direction by tides or currents of elementary indivisible atoms—infinitely minute, but possessing gravity—of various figure or shape, but these unchangeable for each—having an intrinsic power of motion, and unceasingly permeating every part of space with inconceivable swiftness. From the fortuitous concurrence, collision, and adaptation of these atoms, thus eternally in motion, the material world is formed, and the various compound bodies upon it are successively generated, changed, or renewed. The seeming attribution of creative power to the self-organising nature of the atoms themselves, and the negative condition assigned to the gods by Lucretius, have drawn down the reproach of atheism on this system. It may more justly perhaps be called an abandonment of the popular mythology of the age in which the poet lived.

This is the outline of the doctrine: the details, whether furnished by philosophy or poetry, we have little room to dwell upon. It has not been the fortune of any other philosophical hypothesis (unless we suppose an exception in the lost writings of Empedocles) to be thus 'married to immortal verse.' If it be alleged that the greatness of the poems of Lucretius was not so

* We quote the words of Aristotle, as characteristic of the style of this great writer: 'Εἰς τῷ συνίσχυι νοεῖται μὴν ἀπειρη ἡμεῖς, ἀλλ' οὐκ ἐντελεχίᾳ ἀλλὰ δυνάμει.'

† Those who may seek for the details of this doctrine will find them perspicuously stated by Dr. Good, in his 'Book of Nature.'

estimated by his contemporaries, we admit the fact; but attribute it chiefly to the nature of his subject, less congenial to the mind of Rome than to that of Greece, and which even Cicero scantily admits within the pale of his philosophy. Still we may confess our surprise to find in Ovid the only adequate acknowledgment of the grandeur of Lucretius as a poet; and that Quintilian, a consummate critic, should notice him in terms of such bald and languid commendation.

Quitting this sketch of the ancient atomic doctrines, and passing over, as almost null, all that the mediæval philosophy and even the Arabian chemistry produced, we proceed to the later opinions, sanctioned by the great names of Descartes, Newton, Leibnitz, and Boscovich. Newton, attributing to God the first creation of primitive units or particles of matter, describes their endowments in terms not unlike those which Lucretius applies to his self-acting atoms. Leibnitz, resting somewhat dogmatically upon his two laws of Continuity and Sufficient Reason, rejected this notion of solid primitive atoms; and arguing, as Descartes had done, that no body can be admitted as indivisible, sought to supply their place by an hypothesis of *monads*, or points without extension. The more celebrated dynamic theory of Boscovich is a modification of this view; in which, for the action of material particles, is substituted the idea of simple *centres of force*, that is, points of attraction and repulsion. Though this theory has gained some favour of late, we cannot find in it more than a new mode of expressing the limit of our knowledge; and the expression faulty in itself, inasmuch as the term *force* is only intelligible where there is *something* acting and being acted upon; attraction and repulsion are without meaning, unless there is something more than unextended points to be attracted or repelled. Boscovich vindicated his doctrine with much ingenuity; but we doubt whether it has rendered, or can ever render, any real aid towards the solution of this great physical problem.

We now come with satisfaction to those more recent researches, which, based on experiment, have given to this subject all the higher characters of an exact science. We have seen that the most complete of earlier systems scarcely went beyond the fortuitous concourse of atoms as the cause of all existing things. It is the pride of our time to have changed chance into certainty—to have submitted to numerical formulæ the various relations of material bodies—and to have framed a system of definite proportions, perfect enough to allow the prediction of the unknown from that which has been already discovered. In fine, it has belonged to the progress of this part of science—as, in truth, of every

every other—to put aside all accident from the creation of what we see around us; and to give proof and certainty of those great laws designed by a Creator, whose wisdom and power we alike recognise in all their wonderful results.

Experimental Chemistry is the portal through which access has been found to this new region of inquiry. A few considerations will make this clear to our readers; and it is important to the understanding of the subject that it should be so. Whatever reasons might be afforded by the obvious changes of material bodies for the atomic theory of their constitution, no absolute proof could be derived from them. It was a strong presumption of the existence of minute, perhaps indivisible, molecules; but did not go beyond this. The discovery of fixed multiple relations of weight or volume in all chemical combinations was the great fact which at once substituted a science for a mere probability; and converted an hypothesis, barren of results, into a system and law of nature, fertile beyond any other in its consequences and conclusions.

We would especially dwell on the effects produced by the admission of *weight*, as a principle and instrument in this research. The fate of Chemistry, as the science mainly concerned, may be said to have hung upon the balance. We are now so accustomed to the method of numbers and weights, that it is not easy to recognise the science as ever existing without it. Yet such in great measure was the fact. To Lavoisier, almost a contemporary, we mainly owe the introduction of this principle and its due application; at once subverting theories, like that of phlogiston, which had grown up without such correction, and laying the foundations of new and more certain knowledge. It is easy to discover in this change the basis of the doctrine of definite proportions. If in the relations of bodies to one another, as determined by chemical processes, we find the weight of those entering into combination, or separating from it, to be absolutely and invariably the same for each, the *principle* is already obtained, and prepared for extension to the innumerable cases which chemistry puts before us. We are the more earnest in pressing these general views, inasmuch as they help us to comprehend the whole history of this branch of science. It is obvious that the processes of an imperfect analysis could never substantiate doctrines which have the numerical proportions of weight for their foundation. It is the increasing exactness of analytical chemistry which has furnished facts and arguments for the new theory; and even at the time we write, corrections are still made and anomalies removed, by the careful repetition of old experiments, or by the substitution of others more certain in result.

Coming

Coming now more directly to the history of these discoveries, we find some questions of priority not altogether free from difficulty. This, it is well known, has occurred more or less in almost every similar case—the result sometimes of accident, in other cases the effect of a simultaneous direction of the labour and genius of many to objects already indicated by prior research. In the history of the greatest discoveries—even that of universal gravitation—we find the record of men who have seen the light before them, have approached near to it, but have missed the sole path by which the lamp could be seized. In astronomy the coincidences of discovery are frequent from the very nature of celestial observation. A new object in the heavens is simultaneously present to the telescopes of distant lands; while objects already familiar assume, in the endless cycle of their changes, positions which afford new phenomena to observers, far removed from each other. The more complex questions belonging to that signal triumph of astronomy, which brought the planet Neptune to sudden light, have been noticed in a late number of this Review. But the controversy which most bears on our present subject, is that which has of late been actively revived as to the discovery of the composition of water—the greatest single step ever made in chemical science. We do not enter on the question here; but merely cite it as a striking instance of that concatenation by which the labours of men of genius are blended together for the advancement of knowledge and the good of mankind.

The closest anticipations of Dalton's discovery are, doubtless, to be found in the researches of Wenzel and Richter, two German chemists, and of Mr. Higgins, of Dublin. Wenzel led the way, now nearly eighty years ago, by the execution of very exact analyses of neutral salts, which gave proof that when two such salts decompose one another, the compounds thence resulting are precisely neutral also. The two bases and two acids are exchanged in proportions exactly equivalent, and two new salts are formed, without either loss or addition in the act of change. A little consideration will show that this single fact, well attested, discloses the whole principle of definite proportions; and the possibility, by a simple calculation, of making a few analyses of such neutral salts the key to others yet unmade. Wenzel recognised this principle, which was taken up fifteen years later by Richter, who verified the facts, and gave a tabular form to the reciprocal proportions or equivalents thus obtained.

The researches of Mr. Higgins, first published in 1791, make a still closer approximation to those of Dalton, and may seem in part to justify the claim of priority—put forward by himself when the subject was yet fresh before the world, and since urged by others

others on his behalf. There can be no doubt that Mr. Higgins announced thus early, as the result of his inquiries, certain conclusions which tally closely with those obtained by Dalton,—as, for instance, that a molecule of water is composed of one particle of oxygen united to one of hydrogen—that the five chemical compounds of oxygen and nitrogen vary in the multiple proportions of oxygen added to the single particle of nitrogen—that sulphureous acid contains one particle of sulphur with one of oxygen, sulphuric acid two particles of the latter element. These conclusions, since verified, are doubtless very remarkable; the more so as they seem to have been derived from imperfect data, and without any clear conception of the great consequences they involve. But whatever rank Mr. Higgins may finally take as a discoverer, his researches fell at the time upon a heedless world. Dr. Henry gives conclusive evidence that Dalton was ignorant of them until long after he had matured his own doctrines. He read little—thought alone and for himself—and was too upright not to avow what he got from another. His very nature made it impossible for him to be a plagiarist.

We may further remark that even had the valuable labours of Mr. Higgins been known to him, he still must be accounted the discoverer of the general law of multiple proportions—of their connexion with the relative weights of combining atoms, and of many of the methods by which this great principle is verified and made the foundation of practical chemistry. These are the points upon which Dalton's fame will rest with posterity.

Dr. Henry has sought to mark the successive steps of thought and experiment by which he was led to their conception and development. If this part of the narrative be obscure, it is because Dalton himself has furnished no materials for such a history. We are told of Kepler that he tried eighteen hypotheses as to the orbit of Mars, before reaching the discovery of the true one. Dalton was led by the course and results of his earlier labours to conceive the power of subjecting to numerical forms the endless and seemingly capricious varieties of chemical phenomena. We know not precisely where the light first broke in upon him—where, perchance, it was again obscured for a time by the imperfection of the analyses upon which his doctrine depended—or where, finally, he saw before him the full day of the discovery. The main facts appear to be that he derived his earliest conception of the law of multiple proportions from his experiments on gases or matter in the aeriform state; that in a paper read to the Manchester Society, Nov. 12, 1802, he announces the first example of the law in the combinations of oxygen and nitrous gas; that the atomic view of chemical combinations occurred to him
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in direct sequel to, if not simultaneously with, the establishment of this law; that in October, 1803, he read another paper to the Society, in which, after stating that he believes the inquiry to be entirely new, he assigns the relative atomic weight of 21 bodies gaseous, fluid, and solid; and that in May, 1808, he published his '*New System of Chemical Philosophy*,' embodying these various results of the continuous labour of years. In a letter to his brother Jonathan, March, 1803, he describes himself as having 'got into a track that has not been much trod in before.' This was the track, and these the discoveries to which it led him.

In seeking to convey to our readers, not familiar with these subjects, a clear idea of them, we have recourse to the simplest illustrations as really the most instructive; such as will indicate the general laws, without complicating the description with those points which are subordinate, or which still remain questions of controversy. Two great steps of progress are especially to be noted in the discovery. The first in order of time as well as in order of thought and deduction, is the *Law of multiple proportions*, originally derived, as we have seen, from a certain class of compounds—the neutral salts—and afterwards extended so largely to others as to assume the character of a general law of chemical combination. The principle, to state it briefly, is, that when bodies, under whatever form, enter into such combination, or separate from it, they do so in the same fixed proportions—that these proportions are equal or multiples of one another, and that intermediate quantities or proportions are never found to exist. The earlier exceptions to this law have been gradually removed as chemical analysis acquired greater exactness—a striking evidence in itself of the truth and completeness of the discovery. Cogent, however, as were the facts upon which it rested, there was at first some hesitation among Chemists in adopting it. The eminent name of Berthollet had just given currency to the doctrine that the mere quantity of a combining ingredient, irrespectively of other proportions, was largely concerned in all chemical affinities and combinations; and this opinion was ably defended by certain chemical writers. The controversy, however, could not long be maintained in the face of evidence almost mathematical in kind, and all other views speedily merged in the one doctrine we have just stated.

Here, then, was a mighty gain effected not merely to Chemistry, but to physical science in its every part. By introducing the function of numbers in scrutinizing the wonderful changes which take place, invisibly to us, among the molecules of bodies in chemical action, we may be said to have gained nearer access to
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one of the great facts of creative intelligence. For if these elementary molecules are thus governed by numerical relations in every act of union or separation, it is obvious there must have been some primary conformation or adaptation which alone could fit them to fulfil this condition. And this conclusion is alike valid, whether we adopt the number of bodies which are regarded as elementary under our present knowledge, or admit the more probable belief that this number will be greatly reduced hereafter by new methods of analysis.

We have mentioned the neutral salts as first yielding the principle of multiple combining proportions. The combination and separation of gases by volumes afforded the same result, and by an inference still more simple and direct. Two gases, chemically uniting to form a compound, invariably combine in the same measured volumes of each, or in multiples of one on the other, if there be more than one product of this union. The same precise proportions are found in the separation of the compounds thus formed. There is a peculiar grandeur to those who look on nature aright, in the simplest forms of demonstration of a great natural law. We feel this when having before us the two glass tubes, receiving severally the streams of oxygen and hydrogen which arise from the decomposition of water—one *volume* by measure of the former to *two* of the latter—and these proportions so exquisitely exact, that the nicest graduation of the tubes can detect no deviation in the results. These results represent to us not merely the contents of the two tubes, but the relative volumes of those two airs enclosed in and forming, by their union, the total mass of waters over the globe.

Out of this great law of multiple proportions in all chemical compounds arose the further discovery, more especially due to Dalton, of the relative weight of the combining molecules or atoms—another vast step in the progress of natural science. The method of the discovery is as striking from its simplicity as the result from its grandeur. The reasoning of Dalton ran thus: if in the chemical union of any two simple bodies we suppose a single atom of each to form the combination, then if by analysis we obtain the precise relative weights of the two in the compound, we gain in effect the relative weight of the atoms thus combined. Take the case of water in illustration. The uniform and peculiar characters of this wonderful fluid suggested the inference which Dalton adopted, that it is formed by the union of a single particle of hydrogen to one of oxygen. Analysis proving the relative weight of the two elements in water to be as 1 to 8, the conclusion was immediate that the same ratio repre-

sented the weight of the atoms of hydrogen and oxygen respectively in this fluid.

But more was needed yet to justify the conclusion, and some third body required to be brought into the chain of evidence. Taking carbon as the instance, and examining carbonic oxide gas, the simplest form of its combination with oxygen, we find the relative weights of the two elements in this compound to be 6 of carbon to 8 of oxygen; whence it is inferred that an atom of each enters into the compound, and that the relative weights of these atoms are as the numbers given. Thus, then, we have obtained three proportions of weight: 1 for hydrogen, 6 for carbon, and 8 for oxygen. Now mark the beauty of the evidence. If these three numbers be correct, we ought to find them recurring, either in simple or multiple form, in the compounds of carbon and hydrogen, thus completing the circle of proof. Let us take the two simplest of such compounds, carburetted hydrogen and olefiant gas. In the former we find the proportions of 2 of hydrogen to 6 of carbon; in the latter 2 of hydrogen to 12 of carbon,—that is, in the one 2 atoms of hydrogen unite to 1 of carbon, in the other 2 of hydrogen to 2 of carbon. Or take another instance, somewhat more complex, but from this very cause still more illustrative. We have got the weights of hydrogen and oxygen; we want that of nitrogen. The chemical compounds of oxygen and nitrogen are five in number,—the analysis of which shows us that the difference depends upon the addition of a single proportion of oxygen, 8, to each successive compound in the series, beginning from the simplest (the protoxide of nitrogen), in which one atom is united to one. Thus, then, we obtain the relative weight of the two—oxygen 8, nitrogen 14. Now let us bring this number 14 into conjunction with hydrogen, denoted, as we have seen, by unity or one. Here ammonia, a compound of nitrogen and hydrogen, becomes the test of truth. The analysis of this substance yields the relation of 14 to 3; that is, 1 atomic equivalent of nitrogen to 3 of hydrogen. The circle of numerical proof is therefore completed, as in the example first given.*

Instances like these—*rationes quæ non persuadent sed cogunt*—might be multiplied without end; adding in each case to the completeness of the evidence, but not required, we may hope, in further illustration of the principle. This well understood, all the collateral points and consequences become easy of comprehension. By such mode of research Chemists have been enabled

* The most recent and complete table of this kind is that given in the Annual of Liebig and Kopp, the close examination of which indicates many curious relations and analogies, explicable only on the atomic theory.

to tabulate the atomic weights of all the bodies, nearly 60 in number, which rank as elementary in our present knowledge. Hydrogen being the unit, the numbers which express weight range upwards even as high as 213; each denoting the fixed and immutable proportions in which the particular body enters into chemical combination with others. We repeat the word *chemical*, because it is essential to keep in mind that the system of equivalent proportions, expressed by a scale of numbers, is that of chemical action, as distinguished from mere mechanical admixture, which may take place in any proportions. But this great principle, we have next to remark, governs the relations of compound bodies as completely as those of the elementary bodies just mentioned. The case of the mutual action of neutral salts, before alluded to, might furnish this inference, but it will be better given in a more simple form. Take the case of the sulphuric and nitric acids. The atomic weight of sulphur is 16, which united with 3 equivalents of oxygen ($3 \times 8 = 24$) gives 40 as the result for sulphuric acid—the actual proportion in which this acid combines with alkalis, metallic oxides, or any other substance. In nitric acid, we have nitrogen 14, and 5 equivalents of oxygen, 40—giving for the atomic or combining weight of the acid 54, the number which actually governs all its combinations. The application of this rule—and as expressing a great natural law we might expect it to be so—seems to have no other exceptions than those which depend on our own imperfect knowledge. The examples of it furnished by the analysis and synthesis of organic bodies are much more complex in kind, and therefore less fitted for illustration; but, as we shall presently see, they attest in a wonderful manner the truth and universality of the principle.

Stopping a moment here, let us see precisely how we are to define the knowledge thus far gained. One essential point will already be understood, viz., that in speaking of atomic weights, it is only the *relative weight* of the atoms, or smallest combining proportion, of different substances, which enters into the question. Of their *positive weight* in relation to any known quantities we are absolutely ignorant; nor has any path been disclosed through which such a result may hereafter be reached. We can hardly say that the value of the discovery is less from this abatement of its extent, since for all purposes of science the relative weights are always the object sought for, and carried into use.—Again, these discoveries teach nothing certain as to the *figure* or *absolute magnitude* of these primitive atoms. Dalton, indeed, was led by various considerations to regard them as spherical, and to de-

scribe and delineate them as such. But this, however possible, is still speculative to our knowledge; and the facts in isomorphism, which we shall speedily notice, might rather suggest various primitive forms than that of the spherical atom alone. As respects the question of magnitude, all that can be sought for with any hope is the *relative magnitude* of those elementary parts; and this inquiry, though far less simple and certain than that of *relative weights*, has been pursued with much zeal and some success both by English and German chemists, though under the form of comparison of atomic volumes rather than atomic diameters. The distinction here involved, and the general relation of volumes to other conditions of matter under the atomic theory, would have demanded further illustration had the limits and design of the article made it possible. We may briefly say, that the estimate by volumes, though never willingly acquiesced in by Dalton himself, fully confirms in every part the principles of the atomic theory; and as respects its particular application to the discovery of relative magnitudes, though the results are still neither certain nor complete, yet the numerical relations and analogies they already afford are very remarkable, and will probably conduct to new and higher proofs of the doctrine before us. In ascertaining the nearly identical atomic volume of certain groups of elementary bodies, closely allied in chemical properties and found generally in close association in nature, MM. Kopp and Schröder, to whom chiefly we owe these researches, are evidently on a path which leads beyond our present view and promises access to yet untrodden fields of science.

Another point remains to be noticed in our estimate of what was attained at this period of the inquiry. Hydrogen, as we have seen, is taken as the unit in the scale of atomic weights. What proof have we that it is really such? Or what proof that there may not be two atoms of hydrogen present in each atom of water, as we have two volumes by measure of hydrogen combining with one of oxygen to form this body? In admitting that the conclusion is not one of certainty, we must add that the doubt is less important than it may seem; for if the unit were so altered as to compel a change of number for other bodies in the scale, the relations of weight and the combining proportions would remain precisely as before. The numerical expression of the series is altered, but nothing besides. We may further notice here a remarkable fact (tending strongly to confirm an original view of Dr. Prout's), that out of Kopp's table of 54 elementary atomic weights, 22 are integral multiples of hydrogen; and several others almost exact multiples of $\cdot 5$, or half an equivalent

valent of this element. Facts of this nature, even while still of doubtful interpretation, are yet the exponents and indices of the general law which embraces all.

Reverting now to the history and progress of these great discoveries, it must be stated that Dalton's views, even thus ripe in proof, did not find instant adoption in the scientific world. We have already alluded to his uncouth and ineffective manner of propounding them, whether by lectures or writing. The very phraseology of *atoms* and *atomic weights* frightened timid reasoners away from the subject; and the boldness of the diagrams by which he depicted his groups of spherical atoms strengthened the belief that it was a rash recurrence to the tenets of an exploded philosophy.* But the husk, however thick it be, is always pierced through when truth lies within the kernel. A few eminent Chemists, among whom Thomson, Wollaston, Gay Lussac, and Berzelius may especially be named, speedily saw the value of the discovery, and applied their own labours to verify and extend it. Dr. Thomson's habitual zeal was quickened by personal communication and friendship with Dalton. Of Dr. Wollaston it was said that he would soon have made the discovery himself if Dalton had not done so; and the mathematical acuteness of his understanding, as well as the direction and method of his chemical researches, might justify this belief, were it not that a certain scepticism of mind perpetually checked and impeded the efforts of which his intellect was capable. His paper on super-acid and sub-acid salts furnished much collateral testimony to the truth of the doctrine, while his sliding-scale of chemical equivalents offered a very ingenious instrument for its application to practical chemistry. In determining by beautiful experiments the law of combination of volumes in equal or multiple proportions, Gay Lussac superadded fresh evidence, better appreciated by others than by Dalton himself: while Berzelius, in his Northern laboratory, executed those numerous and admirable analyses, which, fulfilling in their results every condition of the atomic theory, obtained for it the universal acquiescence of the scientific world. The tables he constructed of atomic weights have required little change but that of enlargement. The beautiful system of chemical formulæ which he devised, denoting

* It was Dalton's opinion that no conception of this kind could be clearly grasped by the understanding, without some embodiment to the sight. The best sanction to the justice of his views is the entire adoption of this manner of illustration by one of the most eminent chemists of the day, Dr. Hoffmann; who, in his admirable lectures on Organic Chemistry at the Royal Institution, designated the most complex organic compounds by coloured atomic symbols; so ingeniously disposed on a sliding frame, that every change, whether by addition or subtraction of atoms, could be shown with the utmost facility.

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these atomic relations, was speedily accepted by chemists and is now very generally employed.

The remaining history of the progress of this discovery, as it comes down to our own time, cannot so easily be made clear to our general readers. The labours of Chemists during this period have been not only vast and various, but more profound than heretofore in the objects and methods of inquiry. Deriving impulse from the atomic discoveries, they have carried these, as instruments, into parts of science hitherto inaccessible to research, fully attesting by their success the validity of the means so employed. The whole domain of Organic Chemistry may be said to be a recent conquest thus obtained. The laws of isomorphism, of isomerism, of atomic substitution, have all been determined during the same period by the genius and labours of Mitscherlich, Liebig, Dumas, and other foreign and British chemists. Though it is impossible, within our narrow space, to convey any true idea of these abstruse and difficult researches, we are bound to notice them so far as to show how completely they are interwoven with the atomic principle, and how thoroughly they illustrate all its various workings in the natural world.

No adequate conception of Organic Chemistry in its actual state can be given by a bare definition. It is, as we have said elsewhere, the chemistry of vital products—of matter organised under that mysterious power which we term the *vital principle*, in default of more exact understanding of this wonderful operation of Providence in the world. Including the analyses of the innumerable bodies thus formed, and the examination of the endless series of changes they undergo by mutual action and substitution, this branch of science attains yet higher synthetic results; reproducing artificially, by new combinations, some of those organic compounds, which were known to us before only through the occult chemistry of animal or vegetable life; and evolving from the same elements, under other conditions, new compounds, often of strange and potent quality, which are unknown but in this creation of the laboratory. Of the former class of products, urea, sugar, the oxalic, lactic, benzoic, succinic, and other acids, may be taken as examples: of the latter, we may name *Chloroform*, as one of the most remarkable.

In this vast circle of Organic Chemistry, we find four great elements—oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen, and carbon—so far preponderating in quantity and efficiency, that the 12 or 14 others combining with them in organic products may be considered subordinate, even if in some part necessary. In the compounds of these four elements, from the simplest to those of the greatest complexity, we find the most perfect and admirable illustrations
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of the atomic doctrine. Number is here not merely a denotation of facts, but an instrument in their discovery. Every condition and change may be defined by formulæ as rigidly exact as a sum in arithmetic or a geometrical demonstration; and in combinations which are so complex that each element entering into them is present under some multiple of its weight, it is found that the addition or abstraction of a single atom in the proportion of any one of them makes a notable, often a marvellous, difference in the nature of the compound. Some of these results are so startling as to be almost incredible, were the proof less certain than it is. There are cases where, the elements remaining the same, a slight numerical difference in the proportion of one or two of them will change an edible substance into a deadly poison. Atomic chemistry tells us what alteration of parts here takes place: but physiology is silent, or nearly so, as to the causes of this wonderful difference of effect on the animal economy. The analogy of fermentation, placed before us by Liebig, is a striking one; but, even if established, it little enlarges our positive amount of knowledge. The margin of the unknown is scarcely less wide than it was before.

While speaking of organic chemistry, we must briefly advert to the doctrine of *Compound Radicals*, as indicating another probable mode of atomic action in bodies. It may be readily conceived, and is fully attested by observation, that some combinations of atoms are much more stable and tenacious than others; and we have, in what is called a compound radical, the union of different atoms possessing sufficient stability to fulfil the part of a single atom, or combining equivalent; and thus entering as a base into various combinations without losing its identity. Cyanogen, composed of one atom of nitrogen and two of carbon, may be taken as the simplest example of such compounds. We cannot, indeed, class this doctrine with the more certain conclusions heretofore recorded, for the conditions of experiment are such that it is difficult to obtain absolute proof. But even were its assumptions not strictly verified, the research still throws new light on the atomic system, and makes the circle of evidence more complete.

The same may be said of those remarkable facts which have been classed under the names of Isomorphism and Isomerism—the discovery respectively of Mitscherlich and Berzelius—and which direct us to the atomic constitution of matter, as the sole means of explaining the phenomena. The term Isomorphism expresses virtually the fact, that identity of crystalline form depends greatly on similarity of atomic composition. Certain chemical elements admit of being grouped together, under such relations,

relations, that various combinations may be formed from among them, which crystallize in the same geometric forms; and with this further notable fact, that such isomorphous groups are closely and curiously analogous in other physical properties. While the law of Isomorphism thus expounds to us the dependence of like forms on corresponding numbers of component atoms, the law of Isomerism discovers to us the many cases where the same elements, combined in the same proportions, do nevertheless produce compounds having very different chemical properties. The several modifications of this phenomenon, interesting though they are, we have not room to notice; but the facts regarded generally involve this remarkable result, that a difference may, and frequently does exist, in the manner and results of the combination of atoms, absolutely *identical* in nature, number, and relative proportion.

What might at first seem a contradiction between these laws, is in fact an exposition of those many modes of molecular composition and change, to which, under modification by other agents, are due all the endless varieties of natural objects around us. Were we not limited to the most simple and elementary view of the subject, these discoveries and others closely associated with them (such as Dumas's Law of Substitution, Gerhardt's System of Homologues, and the recent researches in Allotropy) would require much more copious illustration and detail. Even in our slight notice of them, it will be seen that they are not merely confirmations of the atomic doctrine; but deep inroads, by secure and certain paths, into regions of physical science, which have scarcely been reached before by the boldest imagination or conjecture. We first contemplated these atomic elements as concerned in the various acts of chemical affinity—in determining the union or separation of all bodies in fixed numerical proportions of measure or weight. We now regard them in what can scarcely be called higher relations, because intimately connected with, and not more wonderful than the former; but still such as are less familiar to our knowledge. We have here before us the mutual actions of the molecules of matter, whether simple or compound, expressed not in common chemical relations, but under geometric forms, indicating probable differences in the primitive forms of the atoms themselves, and holding out through such researches some hope that the questions of magnitude and figure are not beyond our reach. Crystallization may almost be defined as the conversion of atomic numbers into a material form and configuration. In all that vast variety and beauty of crystals, giving splendour to our mineral cabinets, and which have been so admirably illustrated by the labours of Haüy, Mohr and Weiss,
Wollaston,

Wollaston, Brewster, Beudant, &c., we find proof of the primitive tendency of atoms to group themselves in certain definite figures—to build up, as it were, the crystalline fabric in mathematical lines and proportions. And to this general law Mitscherlich has added the curious fact, that many crystals undergo, from simple exposure to heat, an entire change in their interior structure, while the outward form and solidity remain unaltered; thus proving that intestine motions of atoms may occur, making the most important structural changes in the crystal, and affecting even its optical properties, without the slightest external manifestation. The same fact, of definite motions of particles *within a solid*, has now been observed under so many modifications, that it may be received as one of the most striking proofs of the atomic constitution of bodies; and of the tendency of all matter, through its atoms, to assume those definite forms, of which crystals form the most perfect type and illustration.

A few words we must still add regarding Allotropy. There has been some ambiguity in the use of this word, in relation to Isomerism, Dimorphism, and other terms recently adopted, to meet the various cases of atomic combination. But we refer to it here, as the exponent of certain changes which may be effected in the physical and chemical properties of various simple bodies, without the slightest alteration of their substance by addition or subtraction, and independently of crystallization, yet doubtless under some new arrangement—and probably in each case a determinate one—of their component atoms. Phosphorus and sulphur both furnish examples of these allotropic conditions; but a much more striking one, admitting it to be fully attested, is the conversion of oxygen into Ozone through the medium of electricity. Seeing the proportion of oxygen we continually breathe—its relation to organic life in every form—and the electrical actions and changes ever pervading the atmosphere around us, it is easy to understand the importance of this fact in its future relation to physiology as to every other part of natural science. We would fain invite attention to this allotropic inquiry in general, as a branch of physics less explored than it ought to be. The mutual action and affinities of different atoms form the subject and science of all Chemistry—those of like atoms have been little examined, and are chiefly known to us under the simple form of cohesion of parts. This cohesion itself is liable to incessant change from heat, electricity, and other external agents. Every atom in the iron tube of the Britannia bridge undergoes some alteration of place, when this vast fabric expands from heat, or contracts from cold. Every message of battle or diplomacy, of truth or of falsehood, which trem-
bles

bles over Europe along the electric chord, puts into motion and change each successive particle of the wire through which it travels with such inconceivable velocity. What the nature of these changes may be, not even the boldest speculator can affirm. The principle of Polarity, now so largely proved and applied in every part of physics, may reasonably be brought in to aid our conceptions, especially where electricity is assumed as the active power. And to this great principle, guided and governed as it is by mathematical laws, we may rightly look for the solution of many of the problems which still lie before us in the material world.*

The foregoing remarks bring us to a subject which, were we writing a treatise upon the Atomic Theory, we could not forbear to notice in detail. This subject, one of the most abstruse and difficult in all physical science, is the connexion between the conditions and changes of atoms, whether in chemical or other combinations, and the influence of those great imponderable agents, electricity, heat, and light—and probably gravitation—which we know to be concerned, in one mode or another, in all these wonderful phenomena. In this research we lose that aid of numbers and proportions which gives validity to other parts of the atomic doctrine; and are cast upon a sea of speculation, where no line has ever yet touched the ground. Nevertheless, the certainty that such a connexion exists; that it is operative in every part of the material world; and that the discovery of its nature would throwlight upon the darkest questions of physical science, has led some of the most eminent philosophers of our time to frame hypotheses as to this relation between matter in its atomic conditions, and the elementary powers or forces denoted above. Our ignorance of the true nature of the latter (even whether strictly material, or influences which we cannot define as such) perplexes the inquiry in the very outset—while it is further obscured by the doubt whether heat, light, and electricity are really distinct elements, or modified forms of some common principle of power. Electricity, on several accounts, has been generally taken as the foundation of the problem; and the genius of Davy, Berzelius, Ampère, De la Rive, &c., applied to its solution in this form. Such efforts, though failing of present success, require to be recorded, as illustrative of the

* The late Dr. Prout made some advances towards this inquiry as to the mutual relations of *like atoms*. It has been taken up more recently by Mr. Brodie: who will continue, we trust, to apply his eminent ability as an experimentalist to its further prosecution. It is one of the researches which gives fairest promise of reducing the list of simple substances, by proving that some are only allotropic conditions of others—a manner of *transmutation* which may reasonably be expected from the science of our day.

methods by which modern science seeks to attain its ends, even when proceeding upon hypothesis only.

It is strange and mortifying—yet nevertheless in accordance with the light and shade of all human things—that while true science is thus embracing in its progress every part of the material world—establishing facts, disclosing laws, and scrutinizing by mathematical methods even those actions and relations of matter which are inapproachable by the senses—there should exist simultaneously a series of delusions, in which error, credulity, and imposture are closely interwoven; yet usurping the form and phraseology of real science, and thus misleading many whose intellect in other matters is acute and discriminative. We would fain indulge the hope, recently expressed by one of our most eminent philosophers, that education may in the end provide a remedy against these aberrations; but we still fear that as long as credulity remains a part of human character and temperament, there will never be wanting the agents and materials to work upon it. Our best guarantee lies in the knowledge that follies and impostures are in their nature ephemeral; while no fact of genuine science can ever disappear, except by merging in some higher and more general truth.

ART. III.—*Pictures of Life and Character.* By John Leech.
London. 1854.

WE, who can recall the consulship of Plancus, and quite respectable old-fogeyfied times, remember amongst other amusements which we had as children the pictures at which we were permitted to look. There was Boydell's Shakspeare, black and ghastly gallery of murky Opies, glum Northcotes, straddling Fuselis! there were Lear, Oberon, Hamlet, with starting muscles, rolling eyeballs, and long pointing quivering fingers; there was little Prince Arthur (Northcote) crying, in white satin, and bidding good Hubert not put out his eyes; there was Hubert crying; there was little Rutland being run through the poor little body by bloody Clifford; there was Cardinal Beaufort (Reynolds) gnashing his teeth, and grinning and howling demoniacally on his deathbed (a picture frightful to the present day); there was Lady Hamilton (Romney) waving a torch, and dancing before a black background,—a melancholy museum indeed. Smirke's delightful Seven Ages only fitfully relieved its general gloom. We did not like to inspect it unless the elders were present, and plenty of lights and company were in the room.

Cheerful relatives used to treat us to Miss Linwood's. Let the

the children of the present generation thank their stars *that* tragedy is put out of their way. Miss Linwood's was worsted work. Your grandmother or grand-aunts took you there, and said the pictures were admirable. You saw 'the Woodman' in worsted, with his axe and dog, trampling through the snow; the snow bitter cold to look at, the woodman's pipe wonderful; a gloomy piece, that made you shudder. There were large dingy pictures of woollen martyrs, and scowling warriors with limbs strongly knitted; there was especially, at the end of a black passage, a den of lions, that would frighten any boy not born in Africa, or Exeter Change, and accustomed to them.

Another exhibition used to be West's Gallery, where the pleasing figures of Lazarus in his grave-clothes, and Death on the pale horse, used to impress us children. The tombs of Westminster Abbey, the vaults at St. Paul's, the men in armour at the Tower, frowning ferociously out of their helmets, and wielding their dreadful swords; that superhuman Queen Elizabeth at the end of the room, a livid sovereign with glass eyes, a ruff, and a dirty satin petticoat, riding a horse covered with steel: who does not remember these sights in London in the consulship of Plancus? and the waxwork in Fleet Street, not like that of Madame Tussaud's, whose chamber of death is gay and brilliant, but a nice old gloomy waxwork, full of murderers; and as a chief attraction, the dead baby and the Princess Charlotte lying in state.

Our story-books had no pictures in them for the most part. Frank (dear old Frank!) had none; nor the Parent's Assistant; nor the Evenings at Home; nor our copy of the *Ami des Enfants*: there were a few just at the end of the Spelling Book; besides the allegory at the beginning, of Education leading up Youth to the temple of Industry, where Dr. Dilworth and Professor Walkinghame stood with crowns of laurel; there were, we say, just a few pictures at the end of the Spelling Book, little oval grey woodcuts of Bewick's, mostly of the Wolf and the Lamb, the Dog and the Shadow, and Brown, Jones, and Robinson with long ringlets and little tights; but for pictures, so to speak, what had we? The rough old woodblocks in the old harlequin-backed fairy-books had served hundreds of years; before *our* Plancus, in the time of Priscus Plancus—in Queen Anne's time, who knows? We were flogged at school; we were fifty boys in our boarding-house, and had to wash in a leaden trough, under a cistern, with lumps of fat yellow soap floating about in the ice and water. Are *our* sons ever flogged? Have they not dressing-rooms, hair-oil, hip-baths, and Baden towels? And what picture-books the young villains have! What have these

these children done that they should be so much happier than we were?

We had the Arabian Nights and Walter Scott, to be sure. Smirke's illustrations to the former are very fine. We did not know how good they were then; but we doubt whether we did not prefer the little old Miniature Library Nights with frontispieces by Uwins; for *these* books the pictures don't count. Every boy of imagination does his own pictures to Scott and the Arabian Nights best.

Of funny pictures there were none especially intended for us children. There was Rowlandson's Dr. Syntax: Doctor Syntax, in a fuzz-wig, on a horse with legs like sausages, riding races, making love, frolicking with rosy exuberant damsels. Those pictures were very funny, and that aquatinting and the gay-coloured plates very pleasant to witness; but if we could not read the poem in those days, could we digest it in this? Nevertheless, apart from the text which we could not master, we remember Dr. Syntax pleasantly, like those cheerful painted hieroglyphics in the Nineveh Court at Sydenham. What matter for the arrow-head, illegible stuff? give us the placid grinning kings, twanging their jolly bows over their rident horses, wounding those good-humoured enemies, who tumble gaily off the towers, or drown, smiling in the dimpling waters, amidst the anerithmon gelasma of the fish.

After Doctor Syntax, the apparition of Corinthian Tom, Jerry Hawthorne, and the facetious Bob Logic must be recorded—a wondrous history indeed theirs was! When the future student of our manners comes to look over the pictures and the writing of these queer volumes, what will he think of our society, customs, and language in the consulship of Plancus? We have still in our mind's eye some of the pictures of that sportive gallery: the white coat, Prussian-blue pantaloons, Hessian boots, and hooked nose of Corinthian Tom; Jerry's green cut-away and leather gaiters; Bob Logic's green spectacles, and high-waisted surtout. 'Corinthian,' it appears, was the phrase applied to men of fashion and *ton* in Plancus's time: they were the brilliant predecessors of the 'swell' of the present period—brilliant, but somewhat barbarous, it must be confessed. The Corinthians were in the habit of drinking a great deal too much in Tom Cribb's parlour: they used to go and see 'life' in the ginshops; of nights, walking home (as well as they could), they used to knock down 'Charleys,' poor harmless old watchmen with lanterns, guardians of the streets of Rome, Planco Consule. They perpetrated a vast deal of boxing; they put on the 'mufflers' in Jackson's rooms; they 'sported their prads' in the Ring in the Park;

Park; they attended cock-fights, and were enlightened patrons of dogs and destroyers of rats. Besides these sports, the *dé-lassements* of gentlemen mixing with the people, our patricians, of course, occasionally enjoyed the society of their own class. What a wonderful picture that used to be of Corinthian Tom dancing with Corinthian Kate at Almack's! What a prodigious dress Kate wore! With what graceful *abandon* the pair flung their arms about as they swept through the mazy quadrille, with all the noblemen standing round in their stars and uniforms! You may still, doubtless, see the pictures at the British Museum, or find the volumes in the corner of some old country-house library. You are led to suppose that the English aristocracy of 1820 *did* dance and caper in that way, and box and drink at Tom Cribb's, and knock down watchmen; and the children of to-day, turning to their elders, may say, 'Grandmamma, did you wear such a dress as that when you danced at Almack's? There was very little of it, grandmamma. Did grandpapa kill many watchmen when he was a young man, and frequent thieves, gin-shops, cock-fights, and the ring before you married him? Did he use to talk the extraordinary slang and jargon which is printed in this book? He is very much changed. He seems a gentlemanly old boy enough now.'

In the above-named consulate, when *we* had grandfathers alive, there would be in the old gentleman's library in the country two or three old mottled portfolios, or great swollen scrap-books of blue paper, full of the comic prints of grandpapa's time, ere Plancus ever had the fasces borne before him. These prints were signed Gillray, Bunbury, Rowlandson, Woodward, and some actually George Cruikshank—for George is a veteran now, and he took the etching needle in hand as a child. He caricatured 'Boney,' borrowing not a little from Gillray in his first puerile efforts. He drew Louis XVIII. trying on Boney's boots. Before the century was actually in its teens we believe that George Cruikshank was amusing the public.

In those great coloured prints in our grandfather's portfolios in the library, and in some other apartments of the house, where the caricatures used to be pasted in those days, we found things quite beyond our comprehension. Boney was represented as a fierce dwarf, with goggle eyes, a huge laced hat, and tricoloured plume, a crooked sabre, reeking with blood; a little demon revelling in lust, murder, massacre. John Bull was shown kicking him a good deal: indeed he was prodigiously kicked all through that series of pictures; by Sidney Smith and our brave allies the gallant Turks; by the excellent and patriotic Spaniards; by the amiable and indignant Russians,—all nations had boots

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at the service of poor Master Boney. How Pitt used to defy him! How good old George, King of Brobdignag, laughed at Gulliver-Boney, sailing about in his tank to make sport for their majesties! This little fiend, this beggar's brat, cowardly, murderous, and atheistic as he was (we remember in those old portfolios, pictures representing Boney and his family in rags, gnawing raw bones in a Corsican hut; Boney murdering the sick at Jaffa; Boney with a hookah and a large turban, having adopted the Turkish religion, &c.)—this Corsican monster, nevertheless, had some devoted friends in England, according to the Gillray chronicle,—a set of villains who loved atheism, tyranny, plunder, and wickedness, in general, like their French friend. In the pictures these men were all represented as dwarfs, like their ally. The miscreants got into power at one time, and, if we remember right, were called the Broad-backed Administration. One with shaggy eyebrows and a bristly beard, the hirsute ringleader of the rascals, was, it appears, called Charles James Fox; another miscreant, with a blotched countenance, was a certain Sheridan; other imps were hight Erskine, Norfolk (Jockey of), Moira, Henry Petty. As in our childish innocence we used to look at these demons, now sprawling and tipsy in their cups; now scaling heaven, from which the angelic Pitt hurled them down; now cursing the light (their atrocious ringleader Fox was represented with hairy cloven feet, and a tail and horns); now kissing Boney's boot, but inevitably discomfited by Pitt and the other good angels, we hated these vicious wretches, as good children should; we were on the side of Virtue and Pitt and Grandpapa. But if our sisters wanted to look at the portfolios, the good old grandfather used to hesitate. There were some prints among them very odd indeed; some that girls could not understand; some that boys, indeed, had best not see. We swiftly turn over those prohibited pages. How many of them there were in the wild, coarse, reckless, ribald, generous book of old English humour!

How savage the satire was—how fierce the assault—what garbage hurled at opponents—what foul blows were hit—what language of Billingsgate flung! Fancy a party in a country house now looking over Woodward's facetiæ or some of the Gillray comicalities, or the slatternly Saturnalia of Rowlandson! Whilst we live we must laugh, and have folks to make us laugh. We cannot afford to lose Satyr with his pipe and dances and gambols. But we have washed, combed, clothed, and taught the rogue good manners; or rather, let us say, he has learned them himself; for he is of nature soft and kindly, and he has put aside his mad pranks and tipsy habits; and, frolicsome always,
has

has become gentle and harmless, smitten into shame by the pure presence of our women and the sweet confiding smiles of our children. Among the veterans, the old pictorial satirists, we have mentioned the famous name of one humorous designer who is still alive and at work. Did we not see, by his own hand, his own portrait of his own famous face, and whiskers, in the *Illustrated London News* the other day? There was a print in that paper of an assemblage of Teatollers in Sadler's Wells Theatre, and we straightway recognized the old Roman hand—the old Roman's of the time of Plancus—George Cruikshank's. There were the old bonnets and droll faces and shoes, and short trousers, and figures of 1820 sure enough. And there was George (who has taken to the water-doctrine, as all the world knows) handing some teatollers over a plank to the table where the pledge was being administered. How often has George drawn that picture of Cruikshank! Where haven't we seen it? How fine it was, facing the effigy of Mr. Ainsworth in 'Ainsworth's Magazine' when George illustrated that periodical! How grand and severe he stands in that design in G. C.'s 'Omnibus,' where he represents himself tongued like St. Dunstan, and tweaking a wretch of a publisher by the nose! The collectors of George's etchings—O the charming etchings! O the dear old German popular tales!—the capital 'Points of Humour'—the delightful Phrenology and scrap-books, of the good time, *our* time—Plancus's in fact!—the collectors of the Georgian etchings, we say, have at least a hundred pictures of the artist. Why, we remember him in his favourite Hessian boots in 'Tom and Jerry' itself; and in woodcuts as far back as the Queen's trial. He has rather deserted satire and comedy of late years, having turned his attention to the serious, and warlike, and sublime. Having confessed our age and prejudices, we prefer the comic and fanciful to the historic, romantic, and at present didactic George. May respect, and length of days, and comfortable repose attend the brave, honest, kindly, pure-minded artist, humorist, moralist! It was he first who brought English pictorial humour and children acquainted. Our young people and their fathers and mothers owe him many a pleasant hour and harmless laugh. Is there no way in which the country could acknowledge the long services and brave career of such a friend and benefactor?

Since George's time humour has been converted. Comus and his wicked satyrs and leering fauns have disappeared, and fled into the lowest haunts; and Comus's lady (if she had a taste for humour, which may be doubted) might take up our funny picture-books without the slightest precautionary squeamishness.

What

What can be purer than the charming fancies of Richard Doyle? In all Mr. Punch's huge galleries can't we walk as safely as through Miss Pinkerton's school-rooms? And as we look at Mr. Punch's pictures, at the Illustrated News pictures, at all the pictures in the book-shop windows at this Christmas season, as oldsters, we feel a certain pang of envy against the youngsters—they are too well off. Why hadn't *we* picture-books? Why were we flogged so? A plague on the lictors and their rods in the time of Plancus!

And now, after this rambling preface, we are arrived at the subject in hand—Mr. John Leech and his 'Pictures of Life and Character,' in the collection of Mr. Punch. This book is better than plum-cake at Christmas. It is an enduring plum-cake, which you may eat and which you may slice and deliver to your friends; and to which, having cut it, you may come again and welcome, from year's end to year's end. In the frontispiece you see Mr. Punch examining the pictures in his gallery—a portly, well-dressed, middle-aged, respectable gentleman, in a white neckcloth, and a polite evening costume—smiling in a very bland and agreeable manner upon one of his pleasant drawings, taken out of one of his handsome portfolios. Mr. Punch has very good reason to smile at the work and be satisfied with the artist. Mr. Leech, his chief contributor, and some kindred humorists, with pencil and pen have served Mr. Punch admirably. Time was, if we remember Mr. P.'s history rightly, that he did not wear silk stockings nor well-made clothes (the little dorsal irregularity in his figure is almost an ornament now, so excellent a tailor has he). He was of humble beginnings. It is said he kept a ragged little booth, which he put up at corners of streets; associated with beadles, policemen, his own ugly wife (whom he treated most scandalously), and persons in a low station of life; earning a precarious livelihood by the cracking of wild jokes, the singing of ribald songs, and halfpence extorted from passers by. He is the Satyric genius we spoke of anon: he cracks his jokes still, for satire must live; but he is combed, washed, neatly clothed, and perfectly presentable. He goes into the very best company; he keeps a stud at Melton; he has a moor in Scotland; he rides in the Park; has his stall at the Opera; is constantly dining out at clubs and in private society; and goes every night in the season to balls and parties, where you see the most beautiful women possible. He is welcomed amongst his new friends the great; though, like the good old English gentleman of the song, he does not forget the small. He pats the heads of street boys and girls; relishes the jokes of Jack the costermonger and Bob the dustman; good-naturedly

spies out Molly the cook flirting with policeman X, or Mary the nursemaid as she listens to the fascinating guardsman. He used rather to laugh at guardsmen, 'plungers,' and other military men; and was until latter days very contemptuous in his behaviour towards Frenchmen. He has a natural antipathy to pomp, and swagger, and fierce demeanour. But now that the guardsmen are gone to war, and the dandies of 'The Rag'—dandies no more—are battling like heroes at Balaklava and Inkermann by the side of their heroic allies, Mr. Punch's laughter is changed to hearty respect and enthusiasm. It is not against courage and honour he wars: but this great moralist—must it be owned?—has some popular British prejudices, and these led him in peacetime to laugh at soldiers and Frenchmen. If those hulking footmen who accompanied the carriages to the opening of Parliament the other day, would form a plush brigade, wear only gunpowder in their hair, and strike with their great canes on the enemy, Mr. Punch would leave off laughing at Jeames, who meanwhile remains among us, to all outward appearance regardless of satire, and calmly consuming his five meals per diem. Against lawyers, beadles, bishops and clergy, and authorities, Mr. Punch is still rather bitter. At the time of the Papal aggression he was prodigiously angry; and one of the chief misfortunes which happened to him at that period was that, through the violent opinions which he expressed regarding the Roman Catholic hierarchy, he lost the invaluable services, the graceful pencil, the harmless wit, the charming fancy of Mr. Doyle. Another member of Mr. Punch's cabinet, the biographer of Jeames, the author of the Snob Papers, resigned his functions on account of Mr. Punch's assaults upon the present Emperor of the French nation, whose anger Jeames thought it was unpatriotic to arouse. Mr. Punch parted with these contributors: he filled their places with others as good. The boys at the railroad stations cried Punch just as cheerily, and sold just as many numbers, after these events as before.

There is no blinking the fact that in Mr. Punch's cabinet John Leech is the right-hand man. Fancy a number of Punch without Leech's pictures! What would you give for it? The learned gentlemen who write the work must feel that, without him, it were as well left alone. Look at the rivals whom the popularity of Punch has brought into the field; the direct imitators of Mr. Leech's manner—the artists with a manner of their own—how inferior their pencils are to his in humour, in depicting the public manners, in arresting, amusing the nation. The truth, the strength, the free vigour, the kind humour, the John Bull pluck and spirit of that hand are approached by no competitor.

competitor. With what dexterity he draws a horse, a woman, a child! He feels them all, so to speak, like a man. What plump young beauties those are with which Mr. Punch's chief contributor supplies the old gentleman's pictorial harem! What famous thews and sinews Mr. Punch's horses have, and how Briggs, on the back of them, scampers across country! You see youth, strength, enjoyment, manliness in those drawings, and in none more so, to our thinking, than in the hundred pictures of children which this artist loves to design. Like a brave, hearty, good-natured Briton, he becomes quite soft and tender with the little creatures, pats gently their little golden heads, and watches with unfailing pleasure their ways, their sports, their jokes, laughter, caresses. *Enfants terribles* come home from Eton; young Miss practising her first flirtation; poor little ragged Polly making dirt pies in the gutter, or staggering under the weight of Jacky, her nurse-child, who is as big as herself—all these little ones, patrician and plebeian, meet with kindness from this kind heart, and are watched with curious nicety by this amiable observer.

We remember, in one of those ancient Gillray portfolios, a print which used to cause a sort of terror in us youthful spectators, and in which the Prince of Wales (His Royal Highness was a Foxite then) was represented as sitting alone in a magnificent hall after a voluptuous meal, and using a great steel fork in the guise of a toothpick. Fancy the first young gentleman living employing such a weapon in such a way! The most elegant Prince of Europe engaged with a two-pronged iron fork—the heir of Britannia with a *bident*! The man of genius who drew that picture saw little of the society which he satirised and amused. Gillray watched public characters as they walked by the shop in St. James's Street, or passed through the lobby of the House of Commons. His studio was a garret, or little better; his place of amusement, a tavern-parlour where his club held its nightly sittings over their pipes and sanded floor. You could not have society represented by men to whom it was not familiar. When Gavarni came to England a few years since—one of the wittiest of men, one of the most brilliant and dexterous of draughtsmen—he published a book of *Les Anglais*, and his *Anglais* were all Frenchmen. The eye, so keen and so long practised to observe Parisian life, could not perceive English character. A social painter must be of the world which he depicts, and native to the manners which he portrays.

Now, any one who looks over Mr. Leech's portfolio must see that the social pictures which he gives us are authentic. What comfortable little drawing-rooms and dining-rooms, what snug libraries we enter; what fine young-gentlemanly wags they

are, those beautiful little dandies who wake up gouty old grand-papa to ring the bell; who decline aunt's pudding and custards, saying that they will reserve themselves for an anchovy toast with the claret; who talk together in ball-room doors, where Fred whispers Charley—pointing to a dear little partner seven years old—'My dear Charley, she has very much gone off; you should have seen that girl last season!' Look well at everything appertaining to the economy of the famous Mr. Briggs: how snug, quiet, appropriate all the appointments are! What a comfortable, neat, clean, middle-class house Briggs's is (in the Bayswater suburb of London, we should guess, from the sketches of the surrounding scenery)! What a good stable he has, with a loose box for those celebrated hunters which he rides! How pleasant, clean, and warm his breakfast-table looks! What a trim little maid brings in the top-boots which horrify Mrs. B.! What a snug dressing-room he has, complete in all its appointments, and in which he appears trying on the delightful hunting-cap which Mrs. Briggs flings into the fire! How cosey all the Briggs party seem in their dining-room, Briggs reading a Treatise on Dog-breaking by a lamp; Mamma and Grannie with their respective needleworks; the children clustering round a great book of prints—a great book of prints such as this before us, which, at this season, must make thousands of children happy by as many firesides! The inner life of all these people is represented: Leech draws them as naturally as Teniers depicts Dutch boors, or Morland pigs and stables. It is your house and mine: we are looking at everybody's family circle. Our boys coming from school give themselves such airs, the young scapegraces! our girls, going to parties, are so tricked out by fond mammas—a social history of London in the middle of the nineteenth century. As such future students—lucky they to have a book so pleasant—will regard these pages: even the mutations of fashion they may follow here if they be so inclined. Mr. Leech has as fine an eye for tailory and millinery as for horse-flesh. How they change those cloaks and bonnets! How we have to pay milliners' bills from year to year! Where are those prodigious châtelaines of 1850 which no lady could be without? Where those charming waistcoats, those 'stunning' waistcoats, which our young girls used to wear a few brief seasons back, and which cause 'Gus, in the sweet little sketch of 'La Mode,' to ask Ellen for her tailor's address! 'Gus is a young warrior by this time, very likely facing the enemy at Inkermann; and pretty Ellen, and that love of a sister of hers, are married and happy let us hope, superintending one of those delightful nursery scenes which our artist depicts with such tender humour.

Fortunate

Fortunate artist, indeed! You see he must have been bred at a good public school; that he has ridden many a good horse in his day; paid, no doubt, out of his own purse for the originals of some of those lovely caps and bonnets; and watched paternally the ways, smiles, frolics, and slumbers of his favourite little people.

As you look at the drawings, secrets come out of them,—private jokes, as it were, imparted to you by the author for your special delectation. How remarkably, for instance, has Mr. Leech observed the hair-dressers of the present age! Look at 'Mr. Tongs,' whom that hideous old bald woman, who ties on her bonnet at the glass, informs that 'she has used the whole bottle of Balm of California, but her hair comes off yet.' You can see the bear's grease not only on Tongs' head but on his hands, which he is clapping clamorously together. Remark him who is telling his client 'there is cholera in the hair;' and that lucky rogue whom the young lady bids to cut off 'a long thick piece'—for somebody, doubtless. All these men are different, and delightfully natural and absurd. Why should hair-dressing be an absurd profession?

The amateur will remark what an excellent part hands play in Mr. Leech's pieces: his admirable actors use them with perfect naturalness. Look at Betty, putting the urn down; at cook, laying her hands on the kitchen table, whilst her policeman grumbles at the cold meat. They are cook's and housemaid's hands without mistake, and not without a certain beauty too. The bald old lady, who is tying her bonnet at Tong's, has hands which you see are trembling. Watch the fingers of the two old harridans who are talking scandal: for what long years past they have pointed out holes in their neighbours' dresses and mud on their flounces. 'Here's a go! I've lost my diamond ring.' As the dustman utters this pathetic cry, and looks at his hand, you burst out laughing. These are among the little points of humour. One could indicate hundreds of such as one turns over the pleasant pages.

There is a little snob or gent, whom we all of us know, who wears little tufts on his little chin, outrageous pins and pantaloons, smokes cigars on tobacconists' counters, sucks his cane in the streets, struts about with Mrs. Snob and the baby (the latter an immense woman, whom Snob nevertheless bullies), who is a favourite abomination of Leech, and pursued by that savage humourist into a thousand of his haunts. There he is, choosing waistcoats at the tailor's—such waistcoats! Yonder he is giving a shilling to the sweeper who calls him 'captain;' now he is offering a paletot to a huge giant who is going out in the rain.

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They don't know their own pictures, very likely; if they did, they would have a meeting, and thirty or forty of them would be deputed to thrash Mr. Leech. One feels a pity for the poor little bucks. In a minute or two, when we close this discourse and walk the streets, we shall see a dozen such.

Ere we shut the desk up, just one word to point out to the unwary specially to note the backgrounds of landscapes in Leech's drawings—homely drawings of moor and wood, and sea-shore and London street—the scenes of his little dramas. They are as excellently true to nature as the actors themselves; our respect for the genius and humour which invented both increases as we look and look again at the designs. May we have more of them; more pleasant Christmas volumes, over which we and our children can laugh together. Can we have too much of truth, and fun, and beauty, and kindness?

ART. IV.—*Psychological Inquiries: in a series of Essays, intended to illustrate the mutual relations of the Physical Organization and the Mental Faculties.* London, 1854.

WHEN such a man as Sir Benjamin Brodie is disposed to communicate his experiences—no range of query, less extensive than that which Sir Humphry Davy proposes to the unknown personage of his 'Consolations in Travel,' will satisfy him who hungers and thirsts after that most coveted of all knowledges—the knowledge of self;—'Tell us what you *know*, or what you *believe*, or what others *imagine* they know.' The charm of works like the volume before us, consists in the intimate revelations of the mind of the author. Thoughts, conjectures, and sentiments, hazarded without reserve, are offered to the reader as to a friend, who does not expect that any of the various themes handled should be exhausted. It is sufficient that we have the authority of a gifted mind for the reasonableness of many of our beliefs.

The subject which Sir Benjamin has chosen includes in it almost everything relating to man: the structure of his frame, in so far as that may elucidate the inter-dependence of mind and body, is described; the various phenomena, occurring in the sentient principle, with relation to the world within and the world without, are developed; the influences of education and of habit are traced; the scope of instinct glanced at; and many a pregnant fact or suggestion is brought to bear on the mysteries of dreams, madness, and death. The form in which these
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multifarious topics are treated is that of dialogue, presenting, it is true, none of the nicer touches of character in the speakers, in which the great masters of this style delighted, but offering instead, the subject matter itself under varying aspects; the physiologist unfolding, with unrivalled clearness, the intricacies of our organization; the metaphysician presenting us with the clear-obscure of mental operations, while the man of the world, by wise and timely comments, sifts the facts, for the purpose of bringing out their bearing on the currents of our daily life.

One or two questions relating to the working of the mind are discussed *in limine*, such as the source of mental fatigue, and the influence of mental inaction on health—

‘Where volition is exercised,’ says our author, ‘there is fatigue. There is none otherwise. The muscle of the heart acts sixty or seventy times in a minute, and the muscles of respiration act eighteen or twenty times in a minute for seventy or eighty, and, even in some rare instances, for a hundred successive years—but there is no feeling of fatigue. The same amount of muscular exertion, under the influence of volition, induces fatigue in a few hours. I am refreshed by a few hours’ sleep, for in dreamless sleep there is a suspension of volition.’—p. 10.

No doubt this view of the source of mental fatigue is true, when mental exertion is unassailed by the thousand cares and anxieties which beset us in the pursuits of life. Few of us can hope, however, for such a vista. Weariness of heart will overtake us; disappointments must occur. The conflict of existence cannot fail to call forth and rouse feelings, which singly, or in their totality, will prostrate the finest and firmest mental powers in utter lassitude. What a train of prosperous circumstances—what a calm and regulated mind—what a keen relish of life is implied, when, at the close of a long career, one can say that the sole source of mental fatigue is in volition!

The limit to mental work varies not only in various individuals, but according to the nature of the work itself. Johnson assigns eight hours a day as sufficient for study; Sir Walter Scott worked four or five. Mathematicians, and those who do not tax the imagination much, may, and do safely study ten or twelve hours daily. As a general proposition, it may be stated, that those studies which excite the feelings are those which can be least borne. On the other hand, the tranquil labours of the mind have a marked tendency to prolong life. ‘*On meurt de Bêtise*’ is perfectly true; the unemployed brain, like the unused muscle, decays and perishes quite as quickly as the overwrought organ. Berard, in his ‘*Treatise on the Influence*

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of Civilisation on Longevity,' shows the effect of brain-labour of an unexciting kind in those who are protected by an assured income from the inroads of care. He took at random the ages of 152 individuals, one-half of whom were members of the Academy of Sciences, the other half of the Academy of Inscriptions, and found that the average longevity of these mathematicians and antiquaries was 69 years! Sir Humphry Davy seems to have had in view those only who have 'battled' with life, when he states 'that there are few instances in this country of very eminent men reaching to old age. They usually fail, droop, and die, before they attain the period naturally marked for the end of human existence; the lives of our statesmen, warriors, poets, and even philosophers, offer abundant proofs of the truth of this opinion,—whatever burns, consumes—ashes remain.'—*Consolations in Travel*, p. 171. No one who had the happiness of knowing this extraordinary man will doubt an instant whence these suggestions sprang, and to whom they most eminently applied. Scott always asserted that Davy would have been a great poet had he not chosen to be a great philosopher. The excitement, and its consequent effect on the frame, must have been excessive in one of such impassioned imagination as Davy, at the moment when the truths, which have laid the foundations of modern chemistry, were dawning on him. Even the calm and tranquil intellect of Newton could not bear the blaze of light of his own approaching discoveries, as prostrated by its effulgence he gave over his calculations to a friendly hand to finish.

The symptoms betokening the approaching destruction of nervous power require to be early noticed, in order that the victim of an over-wrought brain may be snatched from a most miserable end. Among the first of these symptoms are vivid dreams, reproducing at night the labours of the past day, so that sleep affords no repose. The transition from the activities of a dreaming brain to a wakeful one is rapid; then follow restlessness and exhaustion, inducing a state wholly incompatible with the exertions required for the daily and pressing necessities of life. The mind, torn by conflicting feelings, becomes irritable, unstable, and melancholy: the tempered delights of a home cannot move—affection has no power to soothe—and the playful sunshine of childhood cannot warm the heart wasting and withering in decay, or the mind incapable alike of enjoyment or of labour. At this stage morbid fancies and dislikes cloud the feelings, or hallucinations disturb the brain; and then it is indeed a happy consummation to mental decay and reposeless anguish when the reduced and wasted frame, too feeble to withstand the ordinary vicissitudes

vicissitudes of the elements, succumbs to the inroads of some acute disease.

The robustest intellects have obscure intimations from internal and inscrutable sources of the necessity of repose, and it is precisely such minds which are disposed to disregard them. In others the same sensations are fancied, without so just a foundation, and the physician is called on to sanction the retirement of his patient from a successful public career, or from some engrossing pursuit or profession. The solution of the problem is not of slight difficulty, and a right judgment will only be attained by him who unites with technical knowledge some insight into character and some knowledge of the world. If the applicant should, by a happy hazard, have kept in hand during his career some favourite occupation or pursuit besides his profession, it is probable he may know his own mind, and his superfluous activities may find healthful occupation in their concentration on this bye-subject. If the peculiar cause whether bullocks or bucolics do not absorb and divert the mind—if the least trace of hankering after old haunts and habits is discovered—the pathic had better relinquish for the present all thoughts of ‘retiring to Westmoreland,’ under penalty of discovering, when too late, that he is perishing of a false definition of happiness.

But what is this essence which we call mind, which is so dependent on matter as to vary with the varying conditions of the brain? Every sound physiologist must admit that the ‘*commercium*’ of soul and body is so intimate, that probably no change can take place in the latter which is not felt in the former; also that no mental state exists without influencing the corporeal tissues. Granting this to the materialist, he is bound to prove that this connexion cannot subsist except under the category of substance and accident, in which mind is but a property of matter. Against such a doctrine our author raises his hand and voice, and bases his confutation of it on the following considerations:—Every one feels himself to be an indivisible percipient and thinking being—a primary truth which, like our belief in the external world, does not rest on nor admit of argument—which we cannot get rid of, and which, according to Father Buffier and Reid, constitutes the foundation of human knowledge. The author further states his inability to conceive the slightest resemblance between the known properties of matter and mental operations; the former existing in space, with which the latter have nothing to do. Further he agrees with Berkeley, that our knowledge of mind is of a much more positive kind than our knowledge of matter—we are sure of our mental existence—and we can conceive the existence of mind without matter; hence there

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is no absurdity in believing that they are not necessarily conjoined. Lastly the belief of mankind in the independent existence of spirit and in a future state is so universal, as to assume the aspect of an instinct. If this belief be instinctive, then the analogy of all other instincts would lead to the conclusion that this, like the rest, is directed to the attainment of some real end and object.

By most these arguments will need no further support; but we confess that they do not grapple with the real difficulties of the vexed question of materialism. The astonishing advances of physical science are such as to threaten to absorb all other sciences into its vortex. The chemist now can reproduce in the laboratory some of the products of the vital force, and many are ready in this class to look on life but as the result of chemical forces. Locke, when he says it might please God to make mind an attribute of matter, saw no absurdity in this correlation. Sir Isaac Newton surmises that thought may be a 'vibration.' Agreeing with Sir Humphry Davy when he characterises this dictum of Sir Isaac Newton as an 'idea which I would never embrace or give authority to,' still here are indubitable instances of the ablest men finding no difficulty in placing physical and mental phenomena under the common laws of matter; nor indeed is there, for the question of immortality is a pure question of Divine power.

It is not what we can conceive, but what is, is the point in this important subject; and we cannot but recommend our author, in revising his work in a future edition, to support his theme from that store of facts which no one possesses more abundantly than himself. In the interim we will lay before the reader the most recent discoveries of physiologists as to the structure and powers of the nervous system; and should it be found, from such a survey, that even the pantheist and the materialist is unable to trace a necessary connexion between the brain and the mind, some presumption, at least, on *positive* and not on speculative grounds of their separate existence, will be derived from the investigation.

The nervous system in man, and in animals allied in structure to man, consists of three parts—a brain, spinal marrow, and nerves. In the brain, the nervous matter is heaped up in convex masses; in the spine, it is gathered in a cylindrical shape; and from these so-called 'nervous centres,' the nerves, composed of an aggregation of very minute fibrils, as a skein is of threads, branch off, to be distributed to the various organs and structures of the body.

All nervous matter, however shaped, amassed or distributed, is found to consist only of two elementary substances—a white,
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or medullary, and a grey, or cineritious. The former is arranged in lines, and makes up the bulk of the nervous system; the latter, appearing as 'vesicles,' is sparingly scattered in the body, but nevertheless is *supposed* by modern physiologists to be the more important element, as originating all the active functions of nervous power. Under the microscope, the grey matter is found to be composed of nerve-cells, each cell containing within it several granules and one transparent nucleus. The cell and nucleus is of extraordinary significance in the doctrine of animated forms (morphology). The primordia of man is such a vesicle where all his faculties lie enclosed in the space of 1-200th part of an inch. From the external surface of the cell one to six threads sprout (Wagner says only and always four), giving to each an irregularly stellated appearance, and to the general mass of the cineritious substance the aspect of nerve-cells, immeshed in a fine reticulated tissue.

The medullary fibril is found to be a tube consisting of an external transparent sheath, an internal fluid in the centre of which a solid thread runs longitudinally. This 'nerve-axis' seems to be of essential importance, since in some fibrils the fluid disappears or is replaced by granules, while the axis is always retained.

There is much uncertainty as to the mode of union between the grey and the white nervous elements. The general belief is, that the nerve-axis of the medullary fibril joins the nervous threads of the vesicle. Neither do we know with accuracy anything as to the peripheral terminations of the nerves. Kölliker, deservedly the highest authority on this point, acknowledges the impossibility of tracing a nerve from the surface to the centre—from the skin, for example, to the brain—an admission scarcely to be wondered at, if the extreme tenuity of the nerve-fibril be considered. Hartig finds 38,400 such fibrils in the sciatic nerve alone; and Rosenthal and Purkinje assign to each of three small nerves of the eye, 18,000, 2500, and 1200, respectively. One set of physiologists believe that each fibril is isolated, never joining another, and running from point to point in a line. Another set are of opinion that, as they do find the extremities of nerves looped, so the type of the nervous system is best represented by a curve, like that of the vascular. The free or linear termination has, it is said, been positively demonstrated as existing in the skin and muscles of the frog, in the muscles of some fish, and in the electric organs of the torpedo. In man and in mammals no such anatomical arrangement, however, is discoverable.

Our knowledge of the chemical composition of nervous matter
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is nearly nil. Men of the highest mark have hitherto failed to trace chemical differences in the different nerves of the body. Some of the acids and other constituents of fat, together with a large amount of the combinations of phosphorus, are all the results which are given by the ablest chemists from the analysis of the brain. And even here they confess their entire ignorance of the relation of these substances to each other.

We stumble, therefore, in our laborious groping for knowledge, on a most unexpected conclusion—that all the various functions of man as a sentient and intellectual being, and all the other phenomena of his body depending on nervous influence, are not founded on any essential differences discoverable either in the anatomical structure or chemical composition of the nervous matter. The nerve regulating a secretion is similar to the nerve subservient to vision. Like the wires of a telegraph, the material elements may be the same, the element pervading them may be similar in all, but the arrangement is *designed* by a power which uses and governs the one and the other.

It is in the varying arrangements of the same nervous matter that we do find something like a clue to the conditions of varying function. But here we are again lost in conjecture. For, though such arrangements are obtruded on us in some of the nerves of the special senses, as on those of the eye and ear, yet no anatomist or chemist has found any peculiarity, except in size, distinguishing a nerve subservient to feeling from the nerve originating motion, or both, from the fibrils of the brain, the instruments of intellectual and moral manifestations.

As the mere form and composition of nervous matter will not account for its different properties, perhaps the study of these properties or functions may throw some light as to their nature and origin. This at least appears certain, from the above investigations, that the nervous centres and the nerve-fibrils are very composite structures; and the general conclusion which modern physiology has attained to, is, that separate tracts of nervous matter have separate powers; so distinct are they, that, in spite of anatomical similarity, the powers inherent to one tract cannot be assumed by another. It is, however, only of the lower faculties of man—namely, those pertaining to sensation and motion—that we have positive knowledge; of the place and material seat of his higher endowments we know nothing.

The various nerves of the body subserving to animal or soul life (we designedly omit all consideration of the nerves of organic or vegetative life) are classified under the heads—1. Of nerves of special sense; 2. Nerves of general sensation; 3. Nerves of motion.

motion. They have this property in common, that they all proceed from limited centres of power, either in the brain or in the spinal marrow, which centres being destroyed, the function pertaining to them instantly ceases. Little need be said at present as to the miracles of the special senses. Man is connected with myriads of worlds, infinitely distant, by a tract of nervous matter not four inches long. A still less mass of nervous substance receives the vibrations of another fluid, by means of which the subtlest of existences intercommunicate in the commerce of soul with soul. The finer properties of matter dependent on liquidity are appreciated by the tongue; those impalpable and invisible emanations which escape the other senses reveal their existence to the olfactory nerves; while the sense of touch gives us the certainty of body and substance, of nearness and contact, without which existence might be but a dream.

It is to Sir Charles Bell that we owe the greatest of modern discoveries on the nervous system, the discovery of the very paths by which sensation and volition travel. The nerves of sensation spring from the two posterior columns of the spinal marrow, while the nerves of motion arise out of the two anterior columns. The two sets of fibres or roots remain separate in the immediate vicinity of the spine, but soon are packed into one common sheath to be distributed to their respective organs. If the roots of the nerves inserted in the anterior columns of the spine are cut, no pain is felt, but all power of moving the limb receiving these nerves is gone; that part of the body is, in short, palsied—sensation, however, remaining perfect. If the roots arising from the posterior columns be divided, intense pain is felt for an instant, followed by perfect loss of sensation in the parts supplied by the nerve, the power of motion remaining entire. If the sheath containing within it both kinds of nervous fibril be cut, sensation and motion are both lost. The current exciting sensation flows from the circumference to the centre, *i. e.* from the skin to the brain and spine; the current originating motion flows in the reverse order. Though the seat of these wonderful agencies is chiefly in the spine, and is there most readily demonstrable, still there are many spots in the brain which seem to possess these respective properties; it is supposed, therefore, that the nerve-fibrils of the spine, administering to motion and sensation, terminate in the brain.

Dr. Marshall Hall discovered another property of the spinal marrow. He remarked that if the foot of a decapitated frog was pinched, the animal withdrew the limb. Here, where there was no brain either to feel the pain or to will the motion, it was surmised

surmised that the current in the nerve of sensation was carried to the spine, and that that organ 'reflected' the excitement on the nerve of motion rooted in it; hence these phenomena obtained the name of 'reflex functions' of the spine. Coughing, sneezing, the laughter occasioned by tickling, are instances of 'reflex action,' where the irritation of a nerve of sense compels a large class of muscles to involuntary movement.

In the instance of a brainless infant, which lived a short time and suckled, as described by Mr. Lawrence, is another example of reflex function: the spine, receiving from the nerves of the stomach the impulses of appetite, and transmitting the impression to the nerves of the muscles, co-ordinated for the purposes of suckling. It is found that the merest fraction of the spinal marrow connecting the nerve of sensation with the nerve of motion is sufficient for the production of the effects just noticed.

A correct theory of the phenomena of reflex action is still a desideratum; for we know not only that the excitement of a nerve of sensation is propagated to a nerve of motion, but that that of a sensitive nerve will pass to a sensitive, and of a motor nerve to a motor. The material organs by which these actions are combined, are still undiscovered.

Within the last eighteen months Auerbach and Pflüger have attempted to prove that the spine is possessed of 'consciousness;' their experiments tending to show that nothing short of such [a wild] assumption will account for the very methodical way in which decapitated animals avoid injury. The learned and judicious Valentin, though he abjures the above-mentioned theory, thinks nevertheless that the spine may be the material seat of instinctive action.

In our previous investigation we were unable to trace the varying functions of the nervous system to any anatomical or chemical arrangement or peculiarity. In our present analysis of the discovery of Bell and Marshall Hall, we find that the *size* or *mass* of nervous matter bears no direct proportion to its power, a very minute portion of the spinal substance sufficing to generate the phenomena of reflex function. This holds good as to the brain. If a spot only one-twelfth of an inch in breadth, situated at the point of the 'calamus scriptorius,' be injured, death is instantaneous. A little on one side of this 'life knot' Bernard inserted a needle in a rabbit's brain without interfering with respiration or any other important vital function; but the animal eliminated sugar from its system so long as the irritation was kept up by the needle, and no longer. Within a few lines of these two points is a third, giving origin to the *nervus vagus*, to which if an electric current be applied, the heart ceases to beat.

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Here we have three distinct centres of power, originating in very minute portions of nervous matter: injury to the first destroying life with the rapidity of lightning; injury to the second as rapidly changing the complicated elaborations of vital chemistry; while irritation of the third centre brings the never-ceasing action of the most enduring muscle of the body, the heart, to a standstill. The inferences from facts like these are fatal to phrenology; size and power are no longer necessarily connected. When the phrenologist assumes that a certain mass of the brain is the seat of some single faculty, as that of Ideality, is he quite sure that the simple organ is not after all a compound one, containing many granules originating different powers? What ratio is there between the faculties of the bee or ant and their nervous mass? If the objection be met as the phrenologist does meet it, by the statement that not the size only but the energy of the so-called cerebral organ is to be taken into consideration, he at once destroys the practical value of his system, for who shall estimate the amount of energy in the brain by an examination of the skull? We must not, however, linger over this most baseless and unscientific of systems, to which not a single anatomist of note has ever given his adhesion. Sir Benjamin has detected two fatal flaws in the anatomical foundations of this pseudo-science, which, as they are fundamental errors, we must quote—

‘Now, there are two simple anatomical facts which the founders of this system have overlooked, or with which they were probably unacquainted, and which of themselves afford a sufficient contradiction of it.

‘1st. They refer the mere animal propensities chiefly to the posterior lobes, and the intellectual faculties to the anterior lobes of the cerebrum. But the truth is that the posterior lobes exist only in the human brain, and in that of some of the tribe of monkeys, and are absolutely wanting in quadrupeds. Of this there is no more doubt than there is of any other of the best-established facts in anatomy; so that, if phrenology be true, the most marked distinction between man, on the one hand, and a cat, or a horse, or a sheep, on the other, ought to be, that the former has the animal propensities developed to their fullest extent, and that these are deficient in the latter.

‘2ndly. Birds have various propensities and faculties in common with us, and in the writings of phrenologists many of their illustrations are derived from this class of vertebral animals. But the structure of the bird’s brain is essentially different, not only from that of the human brain, but from that of the brain of all other mammalia. In order that I may make this plain, you must excuse me if I repeat what I said on the subject formerly. In the mammalia, the name of *corpus striatum* has been given to each of two organs of a small size compared with that of the entire brain, distinguished by a peculiar disposition of the

the grey, and the fibrous, or medullary substance, of which they are compose, and placed under the entire mass of the hemispheres of the cerebrum. In the bird's brain, what appears to a superficial observer to correspond to these hemispheres is found, on a more minute examination, to be apparently the *corpora striata* developed to an enormous size; that which really corresponds to the cerebral hemispheres being merely a thin layer expanded over their upper surface, and presenting no appearance of convolutions. It is plain, then, that there can be no phrenological organs in the bird's brain corresponding to those which are said to exist in the human brain, or in that of other *mammalia*. Yet birds are as pugnacious and destructive; as much attached to the localities in which they reside, and as careful of their offspring, as any individual among us; and I suppose that no one will deny, that if there be special organs of tune or of imitation in man, such organs ought not to be wanting in the bullfinch and parrot.'—pp. 223-225.

The principle of Bell, that certain tracts of nervous matter have certain functions, has induced the physiologist to endeavour to trace the seats of the higher powers of the soul to definite parts of the brain. The methods adopted by him have the advantage of being positive, and they may be reduced to three:—

1st. *Vivi-section*, or the removal of portions of a living brain in animals with a view of ascertaining what psychical faculties disappeared as a consequence of such abstraction.

2ndly. By observing the connexion of local disease of the brain, and the loss of certain mental faculties.

3dly. By comparing the faculties of animals with the development of the brain in the various classes of the animal kingdom. Of this last method Volkman, a most competent authority, thus speaks:—

'In descending from the higher and more perfect cerebral organization to the lower, in the animal kingdom, we find portion after portion of the brain disappear, without our being able to trace as a consequence the loss of a single mental faculty. Thus, in *mammalia*, the convolutions of the brain and the posterior hemispheric lobes gradually vanish; in birds, the Pons, and the Corpus Callosum; in *amphibia*, the Fornix—without our being able to find that "the soul" has lost any one of its faculties.'—*v. Wagner's Wörterb., art. Gehirn.*

With regard to the second method, or the deductions arising from the observations of disease of the brain, the conclusions are equally unsatisfactory and uncertain; for local disease is rarely so limited as not to excite neighbouring parts; and there are no marks by which we can distinguish one organ from another in the substance of the brain. The innumerable dissections of the brain of lunatics bring out in a most salient form the conclusion that there is no constant connexion between mania and disease
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of the brain. Whenever any portion of that organ has been pointed out by the theorist as the especial seat of madness, a hundred cases are soon collected proving that mania does not occur with destruction of the specified part, and does occur when that part is in its full integrity. More than two-thirds of the cases of madness are, as Romberg states, the result of alteration in the blood.

With regard to the method of excision, or *vivi-section*, it may be said that the conclusion must be uncertain, when we consider our inability to limit the injury inflicted to the portion of brain excised: the nervous shock, the loss of blood, the cooling and exposure of the brain, complicate the experiment and vitiate therefore the deduction.

Nevertheless, the hunt after the seat of the soul has been most pertinaciously pursued; and, as Ludwig has summed up the general result for each part of the brain, we shall quote his conclusions in preference to our own.

1. *The Cerebral Lobes.*—All three methods make it highly probable that there is a relation between the development of the higher intellectual faculties and that of the cerebral lobes, for excision of these parts in birds, their deficiency in monsters, or their deterioration from innutrition, is followed by stupefaction. Opposed to these facts, however, are others, where large masses of the cerebral lobes of man were lost or were diseased, or failed congenitally, without entailing the slightest deficiency of intellect. If the connexion between the 'soul' and the cerebral lobes were necessary and essential, such a result would manifestly be impossible. To say that the residuary portions of the brain assumed the functions of the lost or diseased parts, is simply to hazard a vague assertion. The contradictory facts might be reconciled by supposing that a certain part only of the cerebral lobes was the seat of the soul; and this has been claimed by one set of observers for the posterior lobes, while others have fixed on the anterior. The opposing claims and facts neutralize each other, and destroy both hypotheses.

2. *The Commissures and the Corpus Callosum.*—Death generally takes place rapidly after injury to these parts. Sometimes however this is not the case, especially when these parts are merely diseased. The corpus callosum has in several instances been wanting, without entailing any deficiency in the faculties of consciousness, sensation, and motion. The 'reason' was generally disturbed after injury to these parts, but not always; and as the power of thought is equally affected by lesion of other parts of the brain, so that faculty cannot be said to be dependent on

the integrity of those portions of the brain under present consideration.

3. The Cerebellum.—To this organ has been assigned, 1. the power of sensation; 2. that of co-ordinating muscles, so as to regulate the movements of the body; 3. that of being the seat of the animal passions. All these hypotheses have been swept away by the fact that the functions so ascribed to the cerebellum have remained intact and entire, after innumerable authenticated injuries of this organ; and, in a remarkable instance, after its congenital deficiency.

4. The Pons.—After the removal of the cerebral hemispheres some animals are frightened by noise, or shut their eyes to excessive light, and others cry when a sensitive nerve is pinched (the 5th). Hence Louget believes that the seat of sensation is below these parts and in the pons. If this were certain, the inference would point at once to the composite nature of the soul, sensation being in one portion of the brain and intellect in another. But all our experience of man thoroughly refutes this assumption of Louget; for how often does extravasation of blood, in parts above the pons, cause loss of sensation, although the paralyzed nerve remains in direct connexion with this uninjured (supposed) seat of the sensitive faculty?

Among all the uncertainties of these facts this one conclusion stands firm, that none of the organs we have enumerated generate the functions of the soul, in the same sense as a muscle may be said to cause the movement of one bone on another.—*Ludwig, Physiologie der Menschen*, p. 454.

So then, after a perfectly endless number of cruel operations on the brains of the lower animals—after innumerable dissections of diseases of that organ in man—after a large view of animated nature as to the connexion between organization and thought—we have the authority of a profound physiologist, armed with all the weapons of modern investigation, wielded, if report be true, without any scruples on religious grounds, for asserting that neither anatomist, microscopist, pathologist, nor the comparative anatomist, can unearth the soul from its pulp. We are once again thrown from the domain of positive knowledge on the wide sea of conjecture, to steer by the poor light of philosophy to what haven we may. Thrice happy they who have no need of its miserable shimmer, and can look to that loadstar for the purer and more certain ray, which never misdirects, and is never obscured.

Let us premise, before we plunge into the mare-magnum of metaphysics, this one ‘caveat’ for the reader’s sake, viz., a great deal

deal more may always be said on what we do not know, than on what we do. Truth is a grain, error a mass; but the mass often encloses the precious particle, which is discovered only by him who will patiently sift it, throwing nothing aside until he is satisfied of its worthlessness.

Seeing the difficulty, nay, the impossibility of finding the local habitation of the most wonderful of created essences, philosophers of all ages and creeds have been induced to view the soul as an 'emanation,' 'a gift,' 'an insufflation,' from an independent self-subsisting source; and this source was either the ever-living God of the theist, or the eternal nature of the pantheist. In both creeds the brain was but the instrument and seat of the soul, just as the iron is the medium of magnetic influences, and amber that of electric manifestations. The schoolmen, knowing that everything must be 'somewhere,' classified existence in space under the general term of the Ubieties, of which there were three—the ubiety repletive, the ubiety definitive, and the ubiety circumscriptive. The first pertained to the Deity, filling all space with his providential power—to spiritual natures, including the soul, was allotted definite space for their operations, the exact or exclusive spots of such operative influence being indeterminable. Matter, so far as it is embodied and capable of being *circumscribed* by points, came under the third head of 'Ubiety circumscriptive.' No one among the refined pantheistic materialists of our day dreams of ranging the soul under the category of embodied matter. Our emotions do not describe eccentric curves, our sensations are not cubic; the chain of a compact argument does not consist of elliptic or circular links, nor its weight of some fraction of the pound troy, except indeed to the inmates of Bedlam. It is not in such absurdities that the modern pantheist takes refuge, nor does he acknowledge even that the connexion between thought and brain is on a level with that between bile and liver; he does not believe that Milton from the glands of his brain secreted the *Paradise Lost*. The range of the pantheistic argument tends to show how certain substances, throwing off the attributes of common matter as weight and form, appear in the universe as 'forces' endowed with such wonderful laws and properties, that the addition of thought and consciousness seems to be within their nature, and only awaiting an *experimentum crucis* to demonstrate their existence as attributes.

The theist and pantheist meet therefore only on one point, viz. in considering the soul as an efflux or manifestation of a power existing out of, though operating through the brain. Victor Cousin, in his analysis of 'Reason,' considers that faculty

as revealed to man by Deity—‘the light that enlightens every man coming into the world.’ We are passive in its reception—we can no more help being convinced than we can help seeing with the open eye. No effort of our will can make a thing more or less true or reasonable. The truth flashes on us, and we must perforce receive it. The laws of reason are the laws of God made manifest in the universe, regulating the development of the species not less than that of the individual, governing alike the movements of bodies and the march of nations, seen no less conspicuously in physical order than in historic development. The reason, continues Cousin, is impersonal—it is no more my reason or my truth than it is yours—the person, the Ego, the ‘self,’ is the will; every act of will being so inseparable from the person, that an impersonal volition is a contradiction in terms. It is ever MY will—my free will—the will is the only foundation of the moral law, giving to man the freedom of choice between good and evil, and the power of acting in conformity with or against the immutable laws of reason. There are some noble passages strewed among the leaves of Sir Humphry Davy’s *Consolations in Travel*, in which intimations, not dissimilar to the views of Cousin, are stated with great eloquence and feeling.

The basis of modern pantheism is founded on the astonishing discoveries of physics. The investigations as to the properties of heat, light, electricity, and galvanism, soon proved that these agents were unlike common matter, as being without appreciable form or weight, and, in a certain sense, as taking no room. When their affinities were traced, a gigantic hypothesis was put forth, that all of these supposed substances might, after all, be but vibrations of an unknown ætherial fluid filling the universe. The absolute necessity of some of the imponderable agents for the development of life, afforded a sufficient ground for surmising analogies in the nature of the vital force with that of the ætherial substance. From an imponderable unconscious force to the manifestations of life in all its gradations, from the vital force to the awakening first of irritability, and from that to consciousness, appeared to be to Oken and Schelling but links in a series which they in their works have certainly endeavoured to trace with profound talent. The doctrine spread largely and penetrated deeply into the feelings of society through the medium of the delicious poetry of Goethe. The animal magnetist thought he found a scientific basis for his miracles in this ætherial substance, which being the common bond of all natures, uniting all with all, accounted for distant influences and wonderful manifestations, by peculiar and hazy generalisations. The foundations of some of the many forms of socialism are also laid in these

these ideas of naturalism. Humanity (which must not be confounded with benevolence) is a force in constant development; men are but the leaves which perish and are renewed, but humanity is the tree which ever flourishes and perfects itself: as the tree cannot retrograde to the germ, neither can the various forms of the past state of man be reproduced. Progression to perfection is the watchword, destruction of the lingering monuments of the past the means.

Society, therefore, and not the individual, is the progressive force, and as its powers are manifested in the masses, so the masses and not the few are the real objects of vital importance. Civilisation has only compressed the life of the masses—civilisation in all its forms must be abolished, that the many may attain to their fullest development. The astonishing revolution of 1848 revealed the extent and depth of faith in these doctrines, by showing to prostrate Europe that almost every one of her thrones of power were in one hundred days in the grasp of socialistic leaders.

The expansion of these ideas exists in a vast literature put forth by a host of talented minds—by Thierry, Michelet, George Sand, Eugène Sue, Proudhon in France; by the disciples of Hegel in Germany. Socialism has furnished its historians, novelists, statisticians, and economists, requiring such men as Dupin, Bastiat, and Thiers to combat their arguments, and Napoleon III. to silence them. M. Comte, a profound mathematician, and Littré, one of the most learned Hellenists of the day, have carried the doctrine of the *être concrète*, or humanity, to its highest point of absurdity by the publication of a calendar, in which certain days are set apart for the worship of Hume, Cuvier, Mozart, Homer, Wheatstone, and some 365 saints, in their characters of 'intense incarnations' of the human *force*.

However, let us descend from these to the drivelling materialist of physiology, who seeks to prove that nervous power is some modification of electricity.

This question, which has long been hanging over us, is now likely to be solved. There is not the slightest doubt that the shock of the torpedo, and some other fish, is due to the discharge of the electric fluid. Electricity is used, therefore, by the nervous power in these animals.

It is a general law, demonstrated by Faraday, that no chemical change can take place without the disengagement of the electric fluid; and as the functions of secretion, nutrition, and reparation are all instances of vital chemistry, it follows that a vast amount of electricity must be set free in the living body. What becomes
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of it? Matteucci has traced a constant current of electricity from the muscles to the skin, which is independent of the nerve. It was reserved for Dubois Reymond, of Berlin, to demonstrate that there is such a current in the nerve, so essential to it, that whatever interferes with its existence interferes with the functions of that nerve. Helmholtz has measured moreover the velocity of the electric current in the nerve, and estimates it at 61·5 metres, or about 193 feet per second in the higher animals. This excessive retardation of the known velocity of electricity (422 millions of metres per second) is ascribed to its indirect transmission through the resistant tissues. We give the general results of Dubois Reymond's discovery, so far as they bear on the question of the identity of the nervous and electric forces:—

1. The source of the electricity in the nerve is in the chemical changes induced whenever the nerve is excited (such is Ludwig's opinion).

2. The negative pole of the current is in the longitudinal ; the positive in the transverse direction of the nerve.

3. The electric current may be propagated with equal facility in the same nerve, either from the nervous centres to the circumference, or the reverse ; so that every nerve transmits the electric fluid in both directions.

4. Whatever be the function of the nerve, the electric current is the same in all ; no difference of electric effect being discernible between the nerve of sensation and the nerve of motion, nor between the white medullary and the grey vesicular substance. (Eckhard, p. 42, *Nervous System*.)

5. The electric constitution of the muscular fibre is very similar, if not identical, with that of the nerve. (Ludwig, p. 35-2, and Eckhard.)

If the above general conclusions and facts be weighed, the notion of the identity of the nervous power with the electric must be abandoned. Electricity, like almost every other force of nature, is largely used in the economy of organisation. In the torpedo and gymnotus it becomes a most formidable weapon of defence, placed under the nervous power, to be wielded at will. The apparatus generating the electric fluid in some of these animals may be excited by heat or pressure for some time after it has been severed from the body of the creatures. We find that not only every class of nerves has the same electric constitution, but that the constitution of the muscle and the nerve are in this respect identical. Moreover, we detect electric currents in tissues where there can be no question of nervous power. Something more than the part of a nerve-excitor played by the electric fluid

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is requisite to account for the phenomena of even the lower faculties of the soul, namely, sensation, as the following admirable analysis of Ludwig abundantly proves:—

‘Nerve excitation (by chemical, mechanical, or electric irritants) and sensation are not the same things:

‘1. Because all nerves are excitable, though only a few are capable of inducing sensation.

‘2. Even these will not produce sensation if any point of their course is injured between their ending in the external parts of the body and their real or virtual termination in the inner parts of the brain, viz., in the thalami and middle lobes. We know that though under these circumstances no sensation is possible, yet excitation goes on so as to allow the production of all the phenomena of reflex function.

‘3. Even if there be no injury to a nerve of sense, yet no sensation is produced unless the attention, *i. e.* something that attends, is roused. The eye and ear are hourly plied with a thousand waves of air and light, which remain unnoticed and unfelt till the *mind* attends. It follows that another element than a nerve-excitor must be added to eke out a sensation.

‘4. A fourth element arises during the production of a sensation, which cannot by any process be resolved into a nerve-excitor, namely, an *idea*. All our sensations are accompanied by the idea of “outness,” or externality. The excitement must be conveyed to the thalami and middle lobes of the innermost portions of the brain to be *felt*. Yet we refer all our sensations to some part out of and beyond those cerebral portions, on the integrity of which these sensations depend.

‘5. When the organs of sense are closed to their natural stimuli in sleep, the whole play of life is re-acted in our dreams, making the inference certain that the nerves excite the mind—but are not the mind—just as mechanical stimuli excite the nerve, and are not the nervous power.’—Ludwig, *Physiol.*, p. 440.

These views had long ago been anticipated by Davy:—

‘Now that the progress of science (says he) has opened new and extraordinary views in electricity, these views are not unnaturally applied by speculative reasoners to solve some of the mysterious and recondite phenomena of organized beings; but the analogy is too remote and incorrect. The sources of life cannot be grasped by such machinery. To look for them in the powers of electro-chemistry is seeking the living among the dead. That which touches, will not be felt; that which sees, will not be visible; that which commands sensation, will not be their subject.’—*Consol. in Travel*, p. 202.

In this branch of natural philosophy—rightly named ‘nerve-physics’ by the laborious, conscientious, and profound physiologists of Germany—as in every other, proceed where we will, unravel what we may, we approach at last the confines of an unknown sphere whose influence is felt, but felt to defy intrusion. Therein is the birth and the dwelling-place of those mysterious powers

powers which appear among us, enveloping and penetrating the universe with their wonderful and restless activities. The great of all ages have approached them with all the holy fervour of truth; but their subtle essences have eluded the outstretched arm, the prying eye, and the longing heart pining to intercommunicate. What are they—whence come they—whither do they go? If elementary, then are they simple; if simple, then perhaps immortal; for human experience sees dissolution only in compound substances. Of the laws and conditions of simple substance, the mind may glean something; but of its end and origin poor human reason knows nothing.

We may fairly conclude, and that on positive (not speculative) grounds unknown to the metaphysicians of past times, that the organisation is but the platform and instrument of mental powers which inhere in it; that while we know mind not to be matter, we are ignorant altogether as to its intimate nature. The psychologist must be content to study its laws, which are much elucidated by the facts which modern science has evolved as to the *mechanism* of sensation and perception.

We are told that the brain is a congeries of organs, which is true; but in addition we are informed that every separate faculty of the mind—imagination, memory, reasoning—has each its organ, which is yet to be proved. What, then, is an organ? With regard to the perception of external objects, three things are requisite: there must be an apparatus for receiving the impress of matter, a channel (the nerve) for transmitting the impression, and thirdly a spot within the brain in which it is perceived. Any one of these three portions of the material organ being destroyed, the function allotted to such organ instantly and for ever ceases. Thus vision is gone equally, whether the eyeball be destroyed or the nerve be injured, the eyeball remaining sound, or if the brain be diseased at that point where the optic nerve terminates, the eyeball and nerve remaining healthy.

The first law of sensation is that the same excitant is not capable of inducing the same sensation in every part of the same organ.

If light be applied to the trunk of the optic nerve instead of to the retina, no vision takes place. Helmholtz, who has invented an eye speculum enabling him to see the minute structure of the living eye, observed that when an image was cast on the small spot where the optic nerve penetrates the eye-ball, nothing but a confused sense of light was perceived. The celebrated Marriotte had proved by a very simple experiment that there was a blind spot in the eye termed the *macula nigra*, and he ascertained the relation of that spot to the axis of vision.

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His calculations being adopted by anatomists, it was discovered that the blind spot corresponded with the entrance of the optic nerve in the eye-ball. The modern investigations of Kölliker afford a further corroboration of the hypothesis that the nerve-fibril is merely a conductor of impression between the receiving and the perceiving parts of an organ. The film of nervous matter smeared over the inner concavity of the eye-ball, called the retina, is found to consist of no less than five different layers, the fibrils of the optic nerve being one of them. These fibrils fail in one spot of the retina, being arranged round and in contact with its edges only. This spot, however, the *macula aurea* of anatomists, where such absence takes place, is the most sensitive portion of the retina, and conveys to the mind the distinctest visual images. As we are blind in that part of the retina, the *macula nigra*, which is made up of the fibrils of the optic nerve alone—and, on the other hand, as we see acutely by the instrumentality of the *macula aurea*, where the nerve-cells and other elements of the retina, with the exception of the optic fibrils, do exist—it is conjectured that form, colour, and other properties of objective vision, are received by different and distinct portions of the retina. What is true of the eye is true of all the organs of special sense. If the tongue be burnt and its papillæ be destroyed, taste is lost in spite of the trunks of the gustatory nerves remaining entire. The various kinds of flavour seem to be appreciated, not by the same, but by different nerves. Destruction of the skin is followed by loss of touch; injury to the nostril involves the loss of smell. It is the business of the physiologist to trace our sensations to their material organs, not ours; we can only say, that in future no one has any right to discuss a metaphysical question as to the nature of the intellectual powers who neglects to master the results of modern physiology.

The second law of sensation is that, while the receiving and perceiving portions of an organ appear to analyse matter, the uniting medium seems capable of transmitting but one kind of sensation under every variety of stimuli. Thus, whether the optic nerve be cut or pinched, subjected to chemical or to electric irritants, the sensation is not that of pain, but of a sea of light quenched in black darkness. The trunks of the nerves of sensation ramifying on the skin, if similarly injured, transmit only the sense of pain, while their peripheral extremities give us intimations of every grade of contact, by touch, as well as every grade of temperature from 10° to 47° Cent., above or below which the sensation is simply *painful*. It follows, therefore,

therefore, that the analyses made in the receiving portion of an organ, the retina for example, are transmitted through the optic nerve, undetected and apparently undetectible in their transit. We know something obscurely of the duties of the external organ—a little, very little, of the communicating nerve channel—and absolutely nothing of the percipient brain spot in connexion with the said channel.

A third law of sensation is, that the impression remains for some time in a nerve, and that the brain is capable of perceiving only a certain number of impressions in a given time.

Valentin received 640 distinct sensations of contact in a minute by the revolution of a wheel armed with blunt teeth; a greater velocity of rotation inducing the feelings of a smooth surface. The same law holds good of the eye—the German toy of the jumping figure in a rotatory card is an instance.

A fourth law of sensation, and perhaps the most important one in a psychological sense, is that already alluded to under the term of law of externality. One would think that we ought to refer our sensations to the spot in the brain, where we are sure they alone are elaborated. But this we never do, always assigning the objects which we see, the sounds which we hear, and the odours we perceive, to some portion of space out of the brain. The sensations of touch even are invariably referred to some external part of the body. If the flowing hair of the Indian, extending to the heel, be but skimmed with the finger, the sensation is referred to the very point of the hair itself, where there is no nerve to feel it. If the trunk of the ulnar nerve be pressed at the elbow, the well-known tingling is not there, but at the fingers' ends.

After amputation the stump often heals badly and becomes a source of excruciating 'tic;' but by virtue of this law of externality, the affections of the trunk of the nerve are referred to a part of space beyond, and it is gravely asserted that many an old and mutilated veteran thus tormented can only sleep when the ghost of the lost foot is warmed at the extremity of the bed.

Modern surgery has revived the Taliacotian operation immortalised in *Hudibras*. The lost nose is now supplied by the skin of the forehead of the pathic himself: a triangular portion is cut down to the bridge of the nose, and then twisted and engrafted on incisions in each cheek; after a time the junction being completed, the twisted spot at the bridge of the nose is divided, and the new organ takes its place for the first time as an independent member. Before this, and during the process of engrafting, when the flap was still a portion of the skin of the forehead,

forehead, the pain of the half-assimilated nose is referred not to the sore of the cheek, but to the forehead, with the nerves of which it still communicates.

By the law of externality, together with that of the persistence of impressions for a time in a nerve, the psychologist explains the phenomena of hallucinations. The following observations and instances will require no recommendation from us to the reader:—

‘A friend of mine, on awaking in the morning, saw standing at the foot of his bed a figure in a sort of Persian dress. It was as plainly to be seen, and as distinct, as the chairs and tables in the room, so that my friend was on the point of going up to it, that he might ascertain what, or rather who, it was. Looking, however, steadfastly at it, he observed that, although the figure was as plain as possible, the door behind it was plainly to be seen also, and presently the figure disappeared. Considering the matter afterwards, he recollected that he had had a dream, in which the Persian figure played a conspicuous part; and thus the whole was satisfactorily explained, it being evident that the dream, as far as this part of it was concerned, had continued after he was awake, and so that the perception of the imaginary object had existed simultaneously with that of the real ones. The same thing occurred to the same person on another occasion, and similar histories have been related to me by others. It is probable that this is the history of many startling and mysterious tales of ghosts and spirits.

‘But phantoms similar to those which belong to dreams, and which, like them, do not vanish by an effort of the will, may, under certain circumstances, present themselves to those who are actually awake. They may be the result of some actual organic disease of the brain. A gentleman, eighty years of age, had been for some time labouring under hypochondriasis, attended with other indications of cerebral disease. On a cold day in winter, while at church, he had a fit, which was considered to be apoplectic. He was taken home and bled, and recovered his consciousness, not being paralytic afterwards. He died, however, in a few days after the attack. During this interval, though having the perfect use of his mental faculties, he was haunted by the appearance of men and women, sometimes in one dress, sometimes in another, coming into and loitering in the room. These figures were so distinct that, at first, he always mistook them for realities, and wondered that his family should have allowed such persons to intrude themselves upon him. But he soon by a process of reasoning corrected this error, and then talked of them as he would have talked of the illusions of another person. You have probably read the history of Nicolai, the bookseller of Berlin, who was haunted by visions of persons coming into his apartment, sitting down, and even conversing with him and with each other, and this during a period of several months. He also was at first taken by surprise, believing the phantoms to be real objects, but was soon enabled to convince himself that they were not so. His recovery was attributed to an improved state of his bodily health.

health. I would not weary you by referring to other instances of the same kind. The late Dr. Alderson, in an essay which he published nearly fifty years ago, gave an account of several which had occurred under his own observation, in individuals of perfectly sane minds, and others have been since then recorded by other authors.

‘Examples of deceptive appearances analogous to these, but less remarkable, are not very uncommon. A gentleman of my acquaintance, of a very sensitive and imaginative turn of mind, informed me that not unfrequently, when he had had his thoughts intensely fixed for a considerable time on an absent or imaginary object, he had at last seen it projected on the opposite wall, though only for a brief space of time, with all the brightness and distinctness of reality.

‘*Crites.* If such a person had the misfortune to lose one of his family or a dear friend by death, how easy would it be for him to believe that he had been visited by his apparition afterwards! It is probable that when Swedenborg supposed that he met Moses or Elias in the street, some such object was really presented to his mind; and that even Joanna Southcote, and others who have been regarded as a low order of impostors, were not altogether impostors, but in part the victims of their own imaginations. The subject is one which may well excite our curiosity, and I should be glad to obtain some further insight into it. Under what circumstances do these visions, so like those of our dreams, present themselves to the waking person? where do they really exist, and what is their origin?

‘*Ergates.* I have already stated that in the instance which I quoted on my own authority, the existence of actual disease of the brain was indicated by other symptoms. I have also mentioned that in that of the bookseller of Berlin there was a deranged state of the general health, and that he recovered under a course of medical treatment. In all the instances recorded by Dr. Alderson, the appearances were connected with actual bodily disease, which in two of them was of such a nature as especially to affect the nervous system. We may suppose the part actually affected to be the expansion of the nerve of sight in the retina of the eye; but it is more probable that it is that part of the brain itself which belongs to vision. In confirmation of this opinion, I may refer to a case recorded by Esquirol. A Jewess, who had been for a long time blind, became insane. Her illusions were of the sight, and she was constantly haunted by strange visions. After her death it was ascertained that the two optic nerves, from the part at which they are united within the head (which anatomists call their commissure), to their termination in the retinae, were shrunk and wasted, so that they must have been wholly incapable of performing their functions. I may also refer to another case which came under my own observation. A man met with an injury of the head, which, as the event proved, occasioned an extensive fracture in the basis of the skull, with such a displacement of bone as to press on the optic nerves, and render them wholly incapable of transmitting impressions to the brain. He was totally blind: otherwise he was not insensible, though he was slow in giving answers, and peevish when disturbed. On the second day after
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the accident, there were manifest symptoms of inflammation of the brain. He was in a state of great excitement, delirious, believing that he saw objects which did not exist, and he continued in this state until within a short period of his death.

Crites. You have spoken of deceptions of the sight. Does nothing like this happen as to the other senses?

Ergates. Certainly it does. The phantoms by which Nicolai was haunted are said to have conversed sometimes with him, sometimes with each other. I know a person, who amid the din of London streets occasionally has the perception of his being called by his name, so that he involuntarily turns round to see who calls him. Sir Henry Holland has given an account of a much more remarkable case. A gentleman had symptoms of an affection of the brain, which was attributed to an accidental blow on the head. On the following day he had pretty well recovered. Two days afterwards he was well enough to drive out in his carriage. But now, "for the first time after the accident, there came on the singular *lusus* of two voices, seemingly close to his ear, in rapid dialogue, unconnected with any present occurrence, and almost without meaning." It is not uncommon to find persons, who, when their attention is not otherwise occupied, are distressed by the sounds of bells ringing. A gentleman, having what is commonly called a highly nervous temperament, had some teeth drawn while under the influence of chloroform. From that time, whenever his mind was not otherwise engaged, he was tormented by sounds as if a number of persons were yelling and hooting him. I have been told of a great musical genius, who, from the earliest period of his life, has never been without the sounds of music of the most harmonious kind. Then as to the other senses. I remember a man who had a severe blow on the head, occasioning the symptoms which surgeons attribute to a concussion of the brain. He recovered from the other consequences of the injury; but for a long time afterwards everything that he ate had a bitter taste. The case of another person who had a constant sensation as if a burning coal had been applied to his arm belongs to the same category.

Crites. But are not all such cases as those which you have described, to be considered as examples of mental derangement, though not in its worst and most aggravated form? and does not this correspond with the view of the subject taken by Locke, who regards this disease as affecting the imagination only, and not at all the reasoning faculty?

Ergates. Certainly not; for with the exception of Swedenborg, no one of the individuals whom I have just now mentioned mistook the deceptions as being connected with real objects. It is true, that some of those who are the subjects of mental derangement may see phantoms and hear strange voices; but they believe them to be realities, and cannot be persuaded that they are otherwise. Besides, as I am led to believe, it is not by this class of illusions that they are most liable to be tormented. As a morbid condition of the brain may produce the impression of visible objects, or of voices, which have no real existence, so

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it may also produce notions of a more complex and abstract character, and these may be constantly obtruded on the mind, so that the individual is unable to withdraw his attention from them, being, as it would seem, as much beyond the influence of volition as the muscles of a paralytic limb. Thus, one person believes himself to be ruined as to his worldly affairs, and that he and his family, though really in affluence, are reduced to extreme poverty; while another is persuaded that he is in possession of unbounded wealth, the consequence being that he is in danger of being ruined by extravagance; and a third is under the apprehension of his being accused of some dreadful crime, and perhaps seeks a refuge from his fears in self-destruction. It is more difficult to escape from the latter than from the former class of illusions, as the appeal lies not from one sense to another, but to a more refined process of thought and reflection, and the examination of evidence.'—pp. 79-89.

What a small barrier separates sanity from insanity! Not only an ill-nurtured reasoning faculty, but a lazy mind which will not take the trouble to analyse sensations, runs the hazard of madness. It is a very doubtful compliment to say that a man has his senses about him; he may have nothing else, and become the dupe to every kind of imposture from animal magnetism to table-turning. Not that these *exuviae* of the mind have not their use in rousing the apathy of scientific pride or prejudice, and thus to compel fuller investigation; and when this is candidly made, as it at last is sure to be, the particle of truth that floated with the bubble is garnered and lodged in the temple of science. It is but the other day that M. de Boutigny gave us the scientific explanation of the undoubted instances of the ordeal by fire—those miracles of the middle ages—and so enabled any gentleman to wash his hands in molten lead, or, if he prefer it, to see it done for a shilling in the Polytechnic.

The law of externality has also a very important bearing on some of the most vexed questions in metaphysics—that one, for example, of Locke, and especially of Condillac, that all our ideas are derived from sensation, and that the mind is a *tabula rasa*. The physiologist proves beyond all cavil that the so-called transformations of our sensations into ideas do not exist. On the contrary, he shows that as soon as the organs of sense begin to be acted on, there is already a mind to *attend* to the nerve excitation, to receive and to perceive it, and to add to it the *idea* of space by giving that sensation a local habitation; without these mental acts no sensation is possible. A *tabula rasa*, *i.e.* a mind divested of all its attributes, is as little conceivable as matter which has neither length, breadth, thickness, nor resistance. The readers of Leibnitz and Kant will need no further development of 'cognate ideas.'

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If this were the place, we could readily show how largely mind enters, as a separate thing, into the nerve excitation of our sensations—a task rendered easy by the great light which the investigations of the brothers Weber have thrown on the subject. But our space compels us to pass on. The sphere of sensation is as yet unknown in its totality. The mind receives intimations of many conditions of the body by means of which we are entirely ignorant. Thus the condition of our muscular tissues is intimated by feelings of languor or of vigour. The seats of all our emotions are still a mystery. Equally so are those of instinct. What guides the bird with unerring certainty to his distant and unknown resting-place? Are all the aspirations of man for repose and peace beyond the grave mere logical entities, vain ideas, which a sneer can crush? Has hope, that most abiding of passions, no organic seat? and its blessed light no source in the very substance of our frame? Was Cuvier wrong in surmising that the extraordinary development of the Arab mind, in the direction of mysticism and religion, was connected with his cerebral organisation? The dominant forms of religion—Judaism, Mahomedanism, and Christianity—have all emanated from Arab tribes, and been maintained with a tenacity unknown to Egypt, Greece, and Rome.

Our author has come to the conclusion that there is an organ of speech and also an organ of memory. The instances of each faculty, adduced in support of his theory, are too remarkable not to be quoted. The term organ is used by Sir Benjamin as indicating a portion of the brain only—neither its locality nor its structure being defined. Whether the same conditions and organisation are required for the transmission of the perceptions and notions of the understanding as are essential for the apprehensions of sense, it would be idle to discuss: we know nothing of mental organs, not the place even of a single faculty of the higher order.

‘There are, however, cases of incapability of articulate speech which cannot be referred to either of these categories. There are individuals who, having suffered from disease of the brain, are unable to express their thoughts by speech, although their faculties being little or not at all impaired otherwise, they have a perfect comprehension of what others say, and of what they wish to say themselves. Some of them can utter a few words, others none at all, and others again, when intending to say one word, use another. But there are other cases still more remarkable, the facts of which may well lead us to believe that the organ of speech, if not originally and congenitally wanting, has been at any rate from the beginning so imperfect as to be useless. Two examples of what I have now mentioned have come under my own observation. Several years ago, I saw a little boy, then about
five

five years old, whose faculty of speech was limited to the use of the word *papa*. This, it may be observed, is so simple a sound, that dolls are made, by some very simple mechanism, to produce it very distinctly. I soon ascertained that the sense of hearing was perfect, and that there was nothing peculiar in the formation of the soft palate, mouth, and lips. There was no want of inclination to speak, but the attempt to do so produced sounds which were wholly inarticulate. So far was the child from being deficient as to his powers of apprehension, that he seemed to be even beyond what children of the same age generally are in this respect. Although he could not speak himself, he understood perfectly what was said to him by others, and expressed his answers by signs and gestures, spelling with counters monosyllabic words which he was incapable of uttering. I should add, that the external senses and powers of locomotion were perfect, and that all the animal functions were properly performed. The only other sign of disease or imperfection of the nervous system was that, for two or three years before I saw him, the child had been subject to fits or nervous attacks, attended with convulsions, but which (as I was informed) his medical attendant in the country regarded as having the character of hysteria rather than that of epilepsy.

‘I have had no other opportunity of making my own observations on the case; but eight years afterwards I was informed, on good authority, that he was still unable to speak, though he had made much progress otherwise; and that, among other acquisitions, he wrote beautifully, and was very clever in arithmetic.

‘The other case to which I have referred was that of a girl, who, at the time of my seeing her, was eleven years of age. She had no faculty of speech, uttering merely some inarticulate sounds, which her parents in some degree understood, but which were wholly unintelligible to others. It was easily ascertained that her sense of hearing was perfect, and that there was no defect in the formation of the external organs. After a careful examination, I was satisfied that the parents were correct in saying that she comprehended all that was said to her. She was perfectly tractable and obedient, and did not differ, either in her appearance or as to her general behaviour, from other intelligent children. Being in an humble sphere of life, it seemed that very little trouble had been taken with her education; still, when I placed before her a book which she had never seen before, and desired her to point out different letters, she did so with readiness and accuracy, making no mistakes. She had never suffered from fits of any kind, nor were there any indications of cerebral disease or other physical imperfection. Her parents said that from her earliest age she had been as she was when I saw her, equally intelligent, but incapable of speech.’—pp. 47-51.

We know of no other examples in the annals of medicine similar to these—of man being reduced to the condition of an animal in so far as speech is concerned. The following points elucidate our author's views as to the organisation of memory:—

‘Notwithstanding

* Notwithstanding these points of difference, it is plain that memory is closely allied to sensation, and the resemblance between the two orders of phenomena is so great as to justify the suspicion that the nervous system is instrumental in producing the one as well as the other; while a multitude of facts show that the suspicion is well founded. A blow on the head may destroy the memory altogether, or (which is more usual) it may destroy it partially, or it may interrupt its exercise for a certain time, after which it may be gradually, or even suddenly, restored. After fever, also, and some other bodily ailments, the memory is not unfrequently impaired or lost. A gentleman found that he had lost the power of vision in one eye. Then he regained it partially in that eye, but lost it in the other. Afterwards he partially regained it in the eye last affected. He could now see objects when placed in certain positions, so that the image might fall on particular parts of the retina, while he was still unable to see them in other positions. These facts sufficiently prove the existence of some actual disease. But observe what happened besides; his memory was affected as well as his sense of sight. Although in looking at a book he recognised the letters of the alphabet, he forgot what they spelled, and was under the necessity of learning again to read. Nevertheless, he knew his family and friends; and his judgment, when the facts were clear in his mind, was perfect.

‘ In another case, a gentleman who had two years previously suffered from a stroke of apoplexy (but recovered from it afterwards) was suddenly deprived of sensation on one side of his body.’ At the same time he lost the power, not only of expressing himself in intelligible language, but also that of comprehending what was said to him by others. He spoke what might be called *gibberish*, and it seemed to him that his friends spoke *gibberish* in return. But while his memory as to oral language was thus affected, as to written language it was not affected at all. If a letter was read to him, it conveyed no ideas to his mind; but when he had it in his own hand, and read it himself, he understood it perfectly. After some time he recovered of this attack, as he had done of that of apoplexy formerly. He had another similar attack afterwards.

‘ A blow on the head which causes insensibility generally affects the memory so far that when the patient has recovered from the state of insensibility he has no knowledge of the accident. But in some instances the effect of a blow on the head is merely to disturb the memory, the other functions being unimpaired. A groom in the service of the Prince Regent was cleaning one of some horses sent as a present to his Royal Highness by the Shah of Persia. It was a vicious animal, and he kicked the groom on the head. He did not fall, nor was he at all stunned or insensible; but he entirely forgot what he had been doing at the moment when the blow was inflicted. There was an interval of time, as it were, blotted out of his recollection. Not being able to account for it, he supposed that he had been asleep, and said so to his fellow-servants, observing at the same time “that he must set to work

to clean the horse, which he had neglected to clean in consequence of his having fallen asleep."

'In other cases the effect of a blow on the head has been not only to ~~erase~~ from the memory the events which immediately preceded the accident, but also to prevent it retaining the impression of those which occurred immediately afterwards. A young man was thrown from his horse in hunting. He was stunned, but only for a few minutes; then recovered, and rode home in company with his friends, twelve or thirteen miles, talking with them as usual. On the following day he had forgotten not only the accident itself, but all that happened afterwards.'—pp. 53-57.

Sir Benjamin regards the impressions made on the organs of sense as producing some actual change in the minute organisation of the brain, which he considers essential to memory. There is this additional fact noticed by him to eke out his theory of an organ of memory, namely, that we remember nothing to which we do not *attend*. The same act of the mind, viz. attention, which we have seen is required to realise a sensation, is also requisite for remembering.

We must not close the volume before us without briefly advert-
 ing to the author's opinions on insanity, which he appears to refer in all its forms to corporeal disease. It certainly is easier to believe that discords depend on a flaw in the instrument rather than on the inaptitude of the player using it. The contrary view does not, however, want its advocates. It is, as we have before remarked, impossible to connect mania with any given disease of the brain. The instances of sudden recovery after years of mental malady are numerous and authentic. Is it probable that an organic change, the supposed cause of madness, could be so quickly removed? The whole theory of education and of morals hinges on the postulate that the mind itself can be and is changed. The development of our faculties, the perversion of our will, the slavery of a dominant passion, are wrought by methods and motives, and not by medicine and mandragora. We find, too, that the largest amount of cures effected among the insane results from moral means. Indeed, in most, if not all establishments for lunatics, the practice is almost exclusively directed to soothe and divert the mind by occupation, and to substitute for the habits of disordered mental association a wholesome current of thought and feeling—the physical treatment being little more than the corporeal supervision which most are wont to exercise over themselves in daily life. Lastly, of the causes of madness, the most potent are moral. Our passions, of all poisons, are the deadliest, and the most penetrating, for they kill both body and soul. We quote, from one
 of

of our highest authorities on the diseases of the mind, Dr. Thomas Mayo, a passage not less profound than it is eloquent :—

‘ That there should be a disease of the mind in the abstract, that such disease should work changes in us, is neither unnatural nor inconceivable. A parasitical growth—if, for want of a proper term, I may borrow this epithet, from physical speculation—may take place under such disease, itself possessing vital functions and energies, but, having no other relation to matter than the obvious one on which the tenure of our present life is based, viz. that we have an immaterial and a material being, indissolubly bound together for the duration of that life; while, for anything we know, the immaterial element may be just as subject to its proper affections, as the material one is.’—*Medical Testimony and Evidence in cases of Lunacy*, p. 24.

Of late, a form of madness has been described under the term of moral insanity, which has completely removed all the barriers which separate vice and insanity, and thrown the whole subject of madness into the direst confusion. The individual is supposed to have all his wits entire, and to be under no delusion or illusion; but he is the subject of an impulse which compels him to perform some extravagance injurious to himself or others. Granting the impulse, the question remains—Was it irresistible? Are such persons, says Sir Benjamin, so incapable of the fear of punishment, and so absolutely without the power of self-restraint, as they are represented to be? Can a gouty person, continues our author, plead, as an excuse for his peevishness or violence, that there was lithic acid in his blood, as Dr. Garrod proves? The jury acquitted Oxford, for attempting the life of the Queen, on the plea of moral insanity: admitting the impulse to have been at the moment of attack irresistible, still the question remains—whether, when the notion first haunted him, it might not have been controlled. Oxford himself seems to have thought that others would have been restrained from repeating the attempt, had he been hanged. Sir Benjamin goes still further, and will not allow that any illusion even can be pleaded in excuse for responsibility, alleging that in many instances these illusions have not such hold on the morally insane biped as have some of the instincts of animals (that of a dog to kill sheep, for example), which are overruled by the proper discipline.

Dr. Mayo, whose attention has been directed with much success to this class of inquiries, has arrived at similar conclusions to our author, as the following analysis by Sir B. Brodie proves :—

‘ He has shown that many of the cases described as belonging to this category were neither more nor less than examples of insanity, according to the strict and ordinary interpretation of that term. He has

shown that others, in which the plea of "moral insanity" was set up as an excuse for crime, deserved no better appellation than that of "brutal recklessness;" and that to acquit criminals of this class on the ground of irresponsibility, is only to induce others to follow in the same course, who might otherwise be restrained by a wholesome fear of punishment.

Even with regard to those who are actually insane, he is of opinion that there is a defect "in the nature of our criminal code, which recognises no punishment for offences committed by the insane; and forces the Courts either to visit them with the same penal inflictions as would apply to the same acts committed by the sane, their derangements being ignored, or to let them pass unpunished, however partially responsible they may appear."

'Dr. Mayo has treated the whole subject, including that of mere unsoundness of mind, in the most able and lucid manner; and his observations on it are the more valuable, and will have the greater weight, as they come from one who combines just theoretical views with the practical knowledge of an experienced physician.'—pp. 250, 251.

We wish it were in our power to allay the fears of those who have intimated anonymously to our author, their alarm as to his favourable treatment of the *anima brutorum*. We venture to offer for their consideration and comfort the following observations of Sydney Smith:—

'I confess I treat on this subject with some degree of apprehension and reluctance, because I should be very sorry to do injustice to the poor brutes, who have no professors to revenge their cause, by lecturing on our faculties; and, at the same time, I know there is a very strong anthropical party who view all eulogiums on the brute creation with a very considerable degree of suspicion, and look on every compliment which is paid to the ape as high treason to the dignity of man. There may, perhaps, be more of rashness and of ill-fated security in my opinion, than of magnanimity or of liberality; but I confess I feel myself so much at my ease about the superiority of mankind—I have such a marked and decided contempt for the understanding of every baboon I have ever seen—I feel so sure that the blue ape without a tail will never rival us in poetry, painting, and music, that I see no reason whatever that justice may not be done to the few fragments of soul and tatters of understanding which they may really possess. I have sometimes perhaps felt a little uneasy at Exeter Change from contrasting the monkeys with the 'prentice boys who are teasing them, but a few pages of Locke, or a few lines of Milton, have always restored me to tranquillity, and convinced me that the superiority of man had nothing to fear. . . . What have the shadow and mockery of faculties given to beasts to do with the immortality of the soul? Have beasts any general fear of annihilation? Have they any love of posthumous fame? Have they any knowledge of God? Have they ever reached in their conceptions the slightest trace of an hereafter?

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Can they form the notion of duty and accountability? Is it any violation of any one of the moral attributes of the Deity to suppose that they go back to their dust, and that we do not? It is no reason to say, that because they partake in the slightest degree of our nature, that they are entitled to *all* the privileges of our nature; because, upon that principle, if we partook of the nature of any higher order of spirits, we ought to be them and not ourselves, and they ought to be some higher order still, and so on. And if it be inconsistent to suppose a difference in duration, then also it is to suppose a difference in degree of mind, and then every human being has a right to complain he is not a Newton. As facts are fairly stated, and boldly brought forward, the more all investigation goes to establish the ancient opinion of man, before it was confirmed by revealed religion, that brutes are of this world *only*; that man is imprisoned here only for a season to take a better or a worse hereafter as he deserves it. This old truth is the fountain of all goodness and of justice and kindness among men; may we all feel it intimately, obey it perpetually, and profit by it eternally.'—*Elementary Sketches of Moral Philosophy*, p. 238 and 272.

Numberless subjects for thought and discussion remain compressed in the little volume which we now abandon to the reader, with the conviction that he will derive no less delight and instruction than we have done in communing with so full and wise a mind as that of the author of 'Psychological Inquiries.'

ART. V.—1. *Clerical Economics*. By a Clergyman of the Old School. Edinburgh. 1842.

2. *The Manse-Garden*. Glasgow, n. d.

HAD Dominie Samson lived in our own days, he might have 'wagged his pow in a pulpit' after all. Such is the multiplication of guides to the Divinity student, and of aids to help stickit ministers over the theological stile. Certainly when once fairly master of his manse and stipend, he would have found, not among his ancient folios, but in such modern duodecimos as are now before us, counsel enough to shape even his awkward ideas into seemliness, and all proper conduct prescribed him for the management of his heritors and his garden, his ox and his horse, his man-servant and his maid-servant, and if not for the management, at least for the selection, of the minister's wife.

The admirable 'Manse-Garden' of the Rev. Dr. Paterson had already worked wonders in that part of the island more celebrated for its gardeners than its gardening, and converted many a minister's slovenly kailyard into a patch of comparative Eden; when following in the track, as a most useful and judicious
supplement,

supplement, or rather complement of the whole matter, comes the 'Clerical Economics' of the Rev. Dr. Aiton. We have ventured to assign the names and callings of the authors to two originally anonymous title-pages, regardless of the thunders of the presbyteries that rule over Glasgow and Dolphinton. But with our brethren of the North, one step of the minister over the manse threshold into the common field of literature has too long been held a mortal sin. It is time for such mistaken asceticism to have passed away. At least into his garden and his glebe he has a right, at common sense, to wander; nor does it tell well for public opinion that a clergyman should deem it necessary to apologise for a work on the Manse-garden as a thing nowise contrary to clerical duty, and to forestall the expected inference that 'surely a man can be no faithful labourer in the Lord's vineyard, seeing he must possess such leaning towards his own.*

Into the Manse itself and its appurtenances these two little books give us a very clear insight, and present a view of life characteristic and primitive, and very little known to our Southern readers. The writers are excellent examples of that shrewd sense, and that wholesome mixture of simplicity and caninness, so distinctive of the Scotch type of the dove-and-serpent Christian.

The points of likeness and difference between the Scotch Kirk and the English Church afford many curious and important materials, which it would be well for both at the present day calmly to consider. Into their forms of government, much less into their dogmatic teaching, we do not now attempt to enter. The relative social position of the clergy, and the bearing of that position on the laity, are what the volume of Dr. Aiton rather suggests to us, and it is but a glance that we can afford at those subjects more or less interwoven with it—the amount and manner of payment, connection with the State, synodical action, and educational superintendence, rocks already indicated by breakers ahead to the steady and safe sailing of at least the English ark.

The thralldom, if it so be, of the Scotch Kirk is in reality much greater than our own. Having a free synodical action, and being on the whole further removed from parliamentary interference, it is generally deemed far more independent of

* Dr. Aiton's wanderings have indeed not been so confined. He is one of the few of his brethren who have been able to accomplish the early desire of his heart—a journey into the Bible-lands of the East; and among the many volumes of Oriental travel, which have now a deeper interest for all, there are few more instructive and characteristic than the Scotch minister's impressions of '*The Lands of the Messiah, Mahomet, and the Pope*;'—so quaintly runs the title-page of Dr. Aiton's recent work.

State control; but in truth that 'working in chains,' which in the English Church so chafed the sensibilities of Newman and his followers, has much more real existence in the Kirk. If we are to believe Dr. Aiton, Teind Courts and heritors may be set down for their share in the Free Kirk movement as much as the particular question of patronage involved in the Auchterarder Case. Nevertheless we must add that the long list of clerical grievances with which Dr. Aiton's book opens and closes, make us suspect the reality of many of them; a few no doubt have a substantial existence; but we fear that such of them as are not innate in human nature, are inseparable from their form of Church government, and past the power of King, Lords, and Commons to cure. To an English churchman, for instance, the late great secession is only intelligible from his perceiving the inherent defect of the Presbyterian scheme, by which the spiritual follows the temporal act—ordination succeeding to nomination—an arrangement which must of necessity sooner or later bring the civil and spiritual powers into collision. The Church of England, by acknowledging the priest as apart from the pastor—and herein in truth lies the distinctive principle of the two churches—escapes this calamity.

Before entering into the minister's grievances here is Dr. Aiton's more cheery view of his domestic comfort:—

'The Manse has something about it altogether *sui generis*. Even a foreigner, after seeing one or two manses in Scotland, could point out almost every one, amid all the other houses in any parish, from Maidenkirk to John O'Groats; and nobody can say whether it manifests these distinctive marks from what it has, or from what it wants. Upon the whole it is, or may be, one of the snuggest houses in Europe; but sometimes with an ugly number of windows when the tax comes a-paying. It is occasionally splendid and generally genteel; but here and there it is not quite handsome enough. A country manse is not a mansion-house, a jointure-house, or a farm-house, far less is it a cottage or a castle; yet it has something more or less of each and all of these strangely blended. In a word it must out and in be described by itself.'

There is then no mistaking the Manse. The greater uniformity of stipend than with us and the supervision of heritors reduces it to a standing type. It has little of the cottage ornée style which sets off many a humble English vicarage as long as the bark yet clings to the verandah posts, and the pebbles in the porch are firm, but which by the time the boys are going to school, and the mother has other than vegetable creepers and climbers to look after, has arrived at a state of shabby gentility in keeping with the father's coat. The
Scotch

Scotch Manse is a plain, substantial, and commodious dwelling, built on Bacon's rule, 'to live in, not to look at,' somewhat austere and precise, but therefore the more in character with its office,— 'a model,' says Dr. Paterson, 'of the golden mean, as if Providence had chosen to illustrate by his servants in the ministry the wisdom of the prayer, "Give me neither poverty nor riches!"' Within a stone's throw of the cold grey church, whose flat roof and roundheaded windows shock the nerves of the ecclesiologist, and within bucket-draught of the burn, whose course you may track under the hill-side by the wavy fringe of birches and bushes, rises this 'modest mansion,' in as pleasant a *stance* as the village has to offer. 'Such felicity of site,' Dr. Paterson with equal felicity remarks, 'has often led to the sarcastic observation that the Church is too wise not to have the best things to herself. But so far as the accusation of a selfish wisdom is limited to a predilection for the murmuring stream and the shade of trees, without implying the guilt of aggrandisement, it may be easily borne. But even this, if the charge were grave, might be answered by the fact, that the sweet attractions of the river have first moved the flocks to feed on its green pastures, and that thither the shepherds have but followed them.' The equally distributed sash-windows of the Manse, and the central door with its *fawn*-light, suggest the dim-lighted lobby with its room on each side to match. These are perhaps the dining and the drawing rooms, whose well-polished furniture will be saved much wear and tear, and lack somewhat of comfort and airing, if there be in nearer connection with the kitchen a parlour behind, which in fact serves as the common living-room of the family; or more frequently still, the front apartments are the dining-room and the parlour; the first also serving for the minister's book-room, while the choicer furniture of the drawing-room reposes in the dignity of the first-floor. A stable, a barn, a byre, with a brew-house, a 'milk-house,' and a 'cart-shade,' make up the respectable complement of offices—while universally conspicuous in its naked ugliness is the square garden wall of its statutable dimensions of 'five feet high, exclusive of coping.' If the paddock lie between the house and the road, the degree of care bestowed on the state of the approach will give no unfair indication of the well doing, or otherwise, of the minister and his family, perhaps of the Parish also.

The repair of the manse does not fall, as in the English parsonage, on the minister for the time being, under the supervision of the rural dean and archdeacon; but is the duty of the heritors, and herein occasionally lie grievous sources of misunderstanding and estrangement. The teinds or tithes in Scotland at the Reformation

formation adjustment were not left in the anomalous condition which still holds in England; they were assigned universally to the landowners, subject to the payment of 'an honest provision' for the minister, and for the sustentation of the manse and glebe.

'The manner,' says Dr. Aiton, 'in which the stipend is paid is not only extremely troublesome, but also mean and degrading to the clerical character. Part is paid in money, part in meal, part in barley; and a proportion of each of these is allocated on the lands of every heritor within the parish. The heritors sometimes, again, apportion their respective shares of money, meal, and barley, on all their tenants, conform to their rents. So that the minister is obliged to collect his stipend in meal, money, and barley, from almost every possessor [holder?] of land within the parish: it may be from forty to four hundred in number; and the most trifling quantities, as firloths, pecks, and lippies of meal and barley, and shillings, pence, and farthings of money. The scheme of division or locality of a single minister, for the small sum, it may be, of 151*l.*, is frequently longer than the rent-rolls of a peer of the realm. A large portion of time is occupied in calculating fiar prices [that is, the average market price of grain struck by the sheriff], granting discharges, taking the grain to market, and recovering the money. There is often a loss too from the minister not being a judge of the qualities of the meal and barley. And if he be sharp-sighted, there is sometimes unavoidable wrangling between him and his parishioners. Take the following, as well known in the district where it happened within these ten or twelve years:—"William, you must bring me better grain; I can't sell it, it is so bad." "It is just what the land produces, sir, and I have naething else to gie." "But then you are a bad farmer, William. You must farm better." "Tut, sir, tut, sir, that's no civil. I'll no tak that aff your hawn. I attend your kirk, and ye gie us yoursel' just what the land produces, and I dinna fin' faut. I dinna tell you that you are a bad preacher, altho' ye tell me I am a bad farmer." "But aiblins, gif I was to stap in to the Burger-house I might get baith bigger measure and the grain better dighted." "If ye'll caw the weak corn and cauf out o' your sermons, I'll put my corn ance mair through the fanners." Often did the respectable clergyman tell this with great glee.'—*Cler. Econ.*, p. 25.

The account is amusing, but the case of a Scotch minister receiving his stipend in kind is so rare and exceptional, that if the statement had not proceeded from a beneficed clergyman, who illustrates, perhaps, in his own person, the evils of which he complains, we should have doubted its correctness.

When the means of the minister are below the average, he is a perfect exemplar of clerical economy. Frugal, managing, paying his way, denying himself for the sake of his family, he shows to his neighbours the value he sets on education by the sacrifices he makes to obtain it for his children. Dr. Aiton dedicates his book 'to a father, who, on an income which never exceeded a hundred pounds

pounds yearly, educated, out of a family of twelve children, four sons to the liberal professions; and who has often sent his last shilling to each of them in their turn when they were at college.' We doubt if the French Institute's 'reward of virtue' was ever given to a worthier case. The simple statement is more touching than a hundred volumes of pathetic novels; and, to the honour of Scotland, it belongs not to an individual, but to a class. The red-cloth college-gown, descending through three or four academical generations of lads, may be seen in the streets of Glasgow nobly reproving our Southern collegiate foppery—that gown too perhaps the very same in which the father attended the humanity-class, where he picked up the little Latin that has enabled him to prepare his sons in their turn to wear it. The minister is no scholar, nor pretends to be. Deeper read in his Bible than in Divinity, he admits the excellence of Anglican theology without caring to study it. A friend to order, and with no priestly pretensions, he is for maintaining the 'establishment' as it is, barring the heritors and the court of teinds. Having made up his mind upon prelacy as an undoubted invention of the enemy, he looks upon Episcopalianism as genteel Romanism—Popery-and-water. Liturgies he considers babes' food. Church history before John Knox is nought to him; but the written word is his study. What the cross was to early Christians, a text is to him; and he has a word for all occasions, in season and out of season. With his pocket Bible, he is 'the Christian armed,' and exhorts and 'improves' largely by the aid of the book. When Sabbath morning comes, he has no old bureau-drawer to go to from which to take the two uppermost sermons; unless he is gifted with powers of preaching 'extempore' in fact as well as appearance, he has all the week been 'committing' his discourses, and his prayers to boot. Thus his thoughts run upon his work through the week, though, like those of his congregation, too much centred on the sermon. His church consequently is a mere auditorium. He has no theory of Holy Places. The Lord has His Day in Scotland, but not His House. It is man's house of preaching, not God's house of prayer. Yet its neatness and cleanliness often puts to shame the loftier theory of the South. The pulpit, the highest means of grace, has a pre-eminence that would satisfy Mr. Ruskin himself, except for its too evident symbolism. The regret of a stranger on visiting a kirk is, that it gives another evidence of the dislike of the people to recognise any accessories to naked truth. They have good reason to be jealous of meretricious clothing; but in our present fallen state, there is surely a decency of apparel as Scriptural as it is convenient.

The

The manse garden makes no pretensions to compete with its Southern representative; and the rules laid down by Dr. Pater-son, though thoroughly useful for the exposed sites and culinary purposes of Scotch horticulture, give few hints for the gayer par-terres of England. 'The pretty pattens stepping off the vege-table grounds' on to the new-laid gravel come in for more chiding than they need with us; and there is no flower described with half the heart that is shown in his notice of the holly—that pet of all gardeners in prose and verse, from Evelyn and Herrick downwards.

'Of all the trees of the forest, the native holly is the most interesting and beautiful. Whether young as a shrub in a garden, or old as a lonely tree of the mountain, its glowing fruit and glossy leaves, gleaming in the winter sun, prove the delight of all eyes. It allures, to its own hurt, the mischievous schoolboy; it is the laurel of Burns, and the sanctuary of singing-birds. Shielding its songsters from the hawk, it shelters them in the storm, and feeds them with its fruit when other trees are bare. It does one's heart good to see the humble blackbird picking a red berry amidst the falling snow.'—*M. G.*, p. 11.

The English parsonage, as we have remarked, admits of more variety than the manse, not only from incomes varying from 2000*l.* to 20*l.* a year, but because there are no heritors to interfere with individual taste; yet that must be an unob-servant eye that in passing through a village does not detect the quiet vicarage or the more ambitious rectory at the first glance. Of late years, indeed, they have often assumed a very undue pre-tension, and in towns run the brewer and the banker hard in red brick, while, in the country, the gables and mullions, as many as can be got for the money, label the modern parsonage for the stranger's eye. The older parsonage has not much architectural beauty to boast of. It has not sprung in all its full proportions from some young architect's brain, but, like the neighbouring church, has grown by gradual accretion, as the family or the pretensions of its successive occupants have demanded. An old-fashioned air of comfort seems to reign within, though often with some faint suspicion of damp and earwigs. The offices are especially irregular and anomalous, and are ill-concealed by the ivy and pyracanthus that have outgrown their first intention. The shrubs, too high and too closely set, and, in spite of the timid clipping of their lower branches, overlapping the weather-washed gravel path, have all but destroyed the stringy and interrupted remnants of the box-edging, once so trim, but now recalcitrant at the clippers, and asserting a shrubby existence of its own. The lilacs, the laburnums, and the syringas, with an ivy-covered apple tree peeping out amongst them, so choice in the days when they

they were planted, seem to have suffered from an ultra-conservative system of protection and to have outlived their time, and now await the reforming hand of some junior fellow, who has already, on his visit to his old tutor, mentally laid out geometrical patterns of verbenas and petunias on the site of the ragged shrubbery and its exhausted herbaceous border. It was an act of virtuous self-denial if he has not also plotted a new bow window to the drawing-room and furnished it with a youthful figure, in lively contrast to the old lady who is now nodding her turban over the comforter she is knitting for her old man, whom she, too, in her day, had lured from the independence of college rooms to the cares and the comforts that beset a country parsonage and a married life.

Latterly many of our benefices have been much overhoused, a very serious evil to any one, but doubly so to the clergy, whom it may tempt to live, if not beyond their fortune, yet above their station. A moderately sized house, however, is never a detriment to the poorest living, and as good a house may be provided for a living of 100*l.* a year as for one of 500*l.*; but houses that compel a greater expenditure than the latter sum are often burdensome, however large the amount of the benefice may be. The Ecclesiastical Commissioners, in stereotyping a parsonage plan for 900*l.*, did right in requiring three sitting-rooms, of which one was, of course, the study (it is not every one who, like Richard Hooker, can rock the cradle and write his sermons at the same time); but to adopt an uniform skeleton, which was to be cased in Italian or Gothic stucco, as the taste of the incumbent might incline, was indeed a miserable makeshift in the present march of architectural knowledge. A greater mistake was making the parsonage a squire's house in miniature; whereas it requires special arrangements of its own. A small room wherein to see the parishioners, in connection with the back door, has been considered to meet all pastoral requirement, and fifty years ago it was a great step in advance. It may be hoped that we have now got beyond this, and that the parson would wish to see more of his parishioners than is implied by such an arrangement. His relation to his flock would be far better marked by a large high hall, where he might collect his parishioners on a variety of occasions,—for smaller missionary meetings, for auditing club accounts and receiving the monies, for catechizing candidates for confirmation, for practising the choristers.* Here might be kept the lending library; its walls might exhibit maps and pictures and objects of interest too choice for the school; evening lectures

* A paper, read by the Rev. A. Baker before the Bucks Architectural Society, suggests many other excellent hints for the builders of parsonage houses.

on secular subjects might be given, which the electrifying machine, and galvanic battery, and magic lantern might help to enliven. Here, too, at festivals might the poor be feasted, or an adult or temporary school be held with greater convenience to the clergyman than in the school-room. Nor would it be without its domestic use; it might serve for the dining-room of the family; and if there were no oratory in the house, which it would be well for every larger parsonage to contain, it would by a moveable prayer-desk be made a more suitable place for household prayer than the breakfast-room.

Without affecting Gothic ornament, the parsonage may well aim at an ancient type in preference to the civic sash-window style. Horizontal windows, and plenty of them, put in where they are wanted, for inside use, not outside show, best suit the low rooms with which the parson must generally content himself. Open windows in summer, through which the garden breezes will come sweetly wafted, and Arnott's ventilators for the fire-season, which includes three-fourths of England's year, will keep the lowest rooms fresh and healthy. A few moulded bricks, judiciously placed in the chimneys and cornices, or some coloured bricks on the surface, will give all the outside beauty needed beyond good proportion, and would cost but a few additional pounds. It is a miserable shift to try to hide the offices of a house, which, if well arranged and brought into view, give character to the dwelling and insure the better conduct of the domestics. Where old walls require external plastering, let it be the old-fashioned pargetting instead of rough cast, or modern-scored stucco. The recovery of old parget patterns and the invention of new, is a field of architectural study hitherto most undeservedly neglected.

On the garden there is more temptation, but less occasion to dwell. We have spoken of it at length and in relation to the clergy long ago.* Certainly the English parson is not generally behind his neighbours in this department. But even here he may exemplify the combined principles of conservancy and progress more than he has hitherto done. The small space which he can consistently devote to flowers (for in clerical economics a great garden is a great evil) must so necessarily be under his own easy and immediate control, that he may concentrate on a small spot many principles which are dissipated by his wealthier neighbours. The acknowledged theory of the best ornamentation, which requires strips of white between brilliant colours, may be exemplified

* 'The Flower-Garden,' Q. R. vol. lxx. p. 241, and since separately published in Murray's 'Railway Library.'

in a little border ten yards square, more than we have ever yet seen it done in the most elaborated paradise; and there are discarded white flowers which our grandmothers loved that would assist in realising this result. Different shades of green in the shrubberies offer another scarcely tried experiment, and the revival of short clipped hedges of evergreen would be peculiarly appropriate. Let there be a broad lawn or an adjoining paddock in hand for the school children's games, and, above all, let not high trees keep off the sun that gives life to the perfume and brightness to the colours of the flowers. We have not the faith and forethought of our avenue-planting ancestors. We can neither wait nor look forward. Trees and shrubs are now placed where they will produce the best immediate effect; this is probably acquired within the first six years, and yet the plants are allowed to go on growing and growing till nothing but the thorough clearance by a stranger's hand can restore them to their just limits. The line of demarcation between the flower and the fruit garden need be very slight, and with very little extra care the vegetables also may be admitted to the society of their betters. Archdeacon Sandford's garden at Dunchurch was a pattern in this respect. By invariably raking over the ground wherever a stalk of celery was dug up or a lettuce pulled, and by keeping the cabbages as free from weeds as were the roses, the whole garden, judiciously arranged with broad walks of gravel or grass leading to every part, trebled the pleasure to the possessor, and was a show to the neighbourhood; and certainly in this case the care bestowed on the natural led to no neglect of the spiritual vineyard. It is a mistake embracing the churchyard within the garden. The boundary here should be distinctly defined not only by fence, but by character. Let the paths be straight and trim, the turf short, and no other gardening will be required than a few appropriate shrubs and trees, as the cypress yew, the Irish and common yew, the Lebanon or the Deodar cedar. Flowerbeds on graves have more of sentiment than religion, and when the time comes, as come it must in human course, that they are neglected and the flowers grow wild, the sadness is too oppressive to be instructive, and thoughts arise more of the vanities of this world than of the hopes and blossomings of a better one. While speaking thus of the danger of over-dressing which is becoming common in our English churchyards, no words can describe the horror with which we have witnessed many kirkyards in Scotland. It is almost incredible the apathy with which a religious people permit the bitterest Eastern curse to be habitually and unrepented fulfilled on their fathers' graves.

The Scotch minister is on the whole better domiciled than the English. The old law of the thirteenth century assigned a
thousand

thousand pounds Scots (83*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.*) for the erection of a manse; now the Court allows about 1000*l.* sterling—sometimes less and sometimes more—an average which exceeds by 100*l.* the sum assigned by the Church Commissioners for new parsonages in England. ‘Moderation in dimensions, simplicity in ornament,’ are the very proper principles laid down for building. And the minister can reckon with certainty on a substantial house awaiting his arrival; whereas the new vicar may find—what never happens in Scotland—no house at all. In good old times a London advertising-agent would puff off an advowson as ‘without a house.’ It allowed non-residence, and was a better bargain. Now, on a vacancy, the Bishop has the power of enforcing the incomer to build,—one of the most salutary of recent Church reforms. The sources, however, of the English clergyman’s income have more frequently perhaps than with the Scotch minister the safeness of multiplicity: if one fails, another is likely to hold true. He has something of his own, something of his wife’s; so, dilapidations agreed upon, the new incumbent throws out a bow, furnishes his drawing-room, and settles for life. Since Waterloo—unless Sebastopol turn the tables—the black coat has had the pick of the matrimonial market—the great test of the social position of a class or an individual. Clerical matches in England are invariably, in some or other of the matrimonial eligibilities, in the gentleman’s favour. And hence probably, from the wife’s side, the too ambitious aim in ‘society’ in which the clergy are wont to indulge. Their high social position, in its right sense, is beneficial to themselves and their flock, but in its worldly, fashionable meaning it is quite out of place, and positively harmful, for their official claims are thence over-looked. In those counties where squire-parsons and large family livings abound, the influence is simply secular, and the poor vicar and temporary curate gain little hold. In the hardworked, underpaid manufacturing districts the office has the highest honour. It is as the clergyman that he is there noticed and respected both by rich and poor; and though often of humble birth, he holds his rank irrespective of his own or neighbour’s income, though probably not without some reflected gentility and influence from his richer brethren elsewhere.

In rural districts, while all things have advanced, nothing has advanced so rapidly as the social position of the clergyman. Think, without Mr. Macaulay’s exaggerations, of what the village parson was a hundred years ago. Compare Dr. Primrose and your own rector. The new-married curate of these days starts with more silver-plate than would have sufficed to furnish the whole

whole house of his father,—seldom now leaving a vacancy for the testimonial teapot. The ladies claim equal rank with the squire's wife and daughters; they admit no condescension from the Hall—the vicar's bride, perhaps, having just quitted an equally aristocratic home. If they have good connections and a second horse, they expect to visit the county families. Seldom are the upper farmers and lower professionals hanging on the skirts of gentility, frankly welcomed and visited. Where there is but a limited circle of the better class of residents the intercourse is confined to the neighbouring clergy, and a series of crowded, ill-dressed, ill-afforded dinners is continually interchanged.

We are far from wishing to decry neighbourly intercourse; we would extend and improve it. Hospitality is a Christian virtue, and the Almighty expects from us a cheerful countenance as well as a strong heart. But is this really the spirit—and we put it to the whole of the middle classes as well as to the clergy—of the ordinary dinner-party, without which no respectable gentility is supposed to be maintained? It is a mere thralldom of tyrant custom, now waxing past endurance, oppressive alike to host and guest. Poor Theodore Hook's satires have not abated the nuisance, but only increased the preparatory mysteries. There is a more serious aspect: the amount of concealment and reserve in the mistress of the establishment necessary to pass off, in a three-servanted house, a regular set dinner as an easy matter-of-course thing—(and without this feeling what pleasure is there in a feast?)—is, as our reverend instructor in 'Clerical Economics' would say, 'simply awful;' and who really enjoys the hot-peppered soup, the cold-napkined fish, with thick mutton-chops and stewed celery for side-dishes? Æsthetically, dinner-giving is a work of high art, and should no more be looked for or coveted in the parsonage than a Raphael or a Murillo. From the liveried stable-boy to the rhubarb-champagne the whole is a sham. The plague, as we have intimated, affects the whole middle classes, but from the smallness of their means relatively to their social position, the clergy are the greatest sufferers, and their office calls upon them to be the first to break the trammels. We are not calling upon the Englishman to give up his dinner, any more than his trial by jury or his habeas corpus. Let 'pot-luck' and the family party by all means still continue; but let not rational men, or at least Christian ministers, persist in making themselves and their neighbours miserable by dragging them through miles of winter snow, or by marring the better half of a summer evening, to coop fourteen people in a room of as many feet square to eat a costly and indifferent dinner. We are not a gay people, but we are supposed to have common sense, and ought to understand

stand by this time that hospitality is not, as sometimes averred, extinguished, but modified by civilization. The same measure of kindness which in the desert would offer a stranger half a tent would in England guide him to the best hotel. So the hospitality of the parsonage must be developed, in the spirit of the age, and in its proper sphere. The village pastor may now dispense alike with the 'long-remembered beggar,' the farmer's pipe and ale, and the squire's dinner-party; and there is opened to him a sphere of true Christian hospitality in school feasts and church anniversaries which it warms the very heart to think of. Here is the true solution of the question of National Holidays, so well and amiably brought forward by Lord John Manners. No doubt the last half-century was miserably deficient in public sports and pastimes. All joy was darkened, the mirth of the land was gone. Royal proclamations had failed to revive Whitsun-ales and May-games and Morris-dancers. People will not be merry by rule. The time of commercial Fairs had passed, and the pleasure-day had sunk into senseless debauchery. Zoological gardens are now taking the place of locomotive menageries; and giants and dwarfs are being narrowed to their true dimensions. The attempt to revive the mediævalisms of tournament and May-pole was well meant, but it was tying leaves on a dead tree. Then sprung to light the happy thought of school-festivals. It combined all that was needed. It was natural, novel, it embraced rich and poor, young and old, promoted the educational movement, debarred excess, was easy, inexpensive, and real. Religion, intellect, and mirth were in graceful combination, and the honour done to little children conciliated all minds but the most churlish. It is one of those silent changes that has so insensibly crept into our common life, that many will hardly believe school-feasts to be a custom of scarcely thirty years' standing.

There is no amount of variety and development to which these feasts may not be extended; and if England is ever to be merry England again, this is beginning at the right end. You cannot thump into a clodhopper of thirty to 'be funny' or to play at cricket; but give your schoolboys bats and footballs, and there is no fear but that clubs and matches and cheers and laughter will all follow in due time. It is the simplest and truest restoration of 'the good old time'—perhaps indeed the first real embodiment of that mythic period—

'When all the village train from labour free
Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree,
While many a pastime circled in the shade,
The young contending as the old surveyed;

And many a gambol frolicked o'er the ground,
And sleights of art and feats of strength went round.'

At such times all debasing tricks, however time-honoured, should be eschewed. Grinning through a horse-collar, dipping the head into treacle or flour, greased poles and pig-tails, have lost their wit; and the people of Huddersfield were right in principle, though ridiculous in the inflation of the protest they drew up against such mockeries.

School-holidays, like juvenile parties, are always a capital excuse for the animal spirits of the oldest and most formal. It is astonishing on such occasions how the coldest and stiffest personages come out, who at another time would be horrified at being natural and putting aside their company manners. And then lords and ladies can really enjoy a race with wheelbarrows, or on hobby-horses, or in sacks, as heartily as the villagers themselves, and farmers' wives make such good tea, and the poor and children are so easily pleased with great people looking on, and the school-teachers become of such importance, and everybody gets so mixed up with everybody, that while people are sighing for some visionary revival or importation of national mirth, they forget that they have already got the substance among them, without any of the licence that we well know accompanied the merry-makings of old.

Let advantage be taken of the anniversary of a church consecration or restoration, of a school-opening, or the occasion of an important marriage or birth in the parish, to connect it with some event that may call forth faith, loyalty, or kind feelings, get a few poles, ropes and swings, kites, a trap-bat and a ball, hide some eggs in the bushes, send up some fire-balloons and finish with a red light, and a whole village may be made happy and the influence of the parson be enhanced without losing his position. A mere ring of children linked together and moving round, will keep up fun for half an hour; and we have seen a whole school rest from its sports, riveted for a like period by a good story told in solemn and *Æsopian* style. There must needs be music and flags, and consequently a procession; and the good parson will not fail to begin the day with prayer. Let no one sneer at this English way of getting to the heart through the play-ground or the stomach; for it is mainly through the heart that the soul is reached, and this end would justify the means; but in truth, it is the kindness of the bidding, not the costliness of the supper, that wins the guest.

These entertainments, however, are hardly suited either to the means or the temperament of the *Manse*. Yet there the ceremonial
dinner

dinner is equally oppressive as in the South. Our worthy minister groans over the grievance.

'Whilst there is nothing more pleasant than to dine with a friend, there is nothing absolutely more painful than to sit down to a board with the slightest feeling that there is before your eyes more than your friend ought in prudence to produce. Upon the whole, these large parties should be managed with caution; not because they give a world of trouble and intense anxiety, or even because they are very expensive, but because they are not very creditable to clergymen to happen very often. Make ceremonial dinners, on the whole, seldom and somewhat select. Keep, of course, the more distant visitors for the night; and break up your friends into sections, and have more family parties. Let an old friend or two remain to take, at an earlier hour next day, another slice of the round of beef, *alias* "the Cold Moderator" as it is called. Indeed, the dinner on the second day is generally the best of the two.'

The Scotch minister's hospitality bears a much greater proportion to his income than does his Southern brother's. The saying goes, that the farther North a man travels, he finds the churches grow smaller and the manse larger. Certainly an Englishman would shrink from courting many guests, although he was possessed of twice the means with which a Scotchman welcomes you to his heart and hearth. This, however, necessitates a thrift to which we are strangers. Though the time is past, it is but just past, when, even in royal burghs, the public crier proclaimed through the street, to the sound of his bell, or the tuck of his drum, that the flesher was prepared to kill a sheep—that the minister, the provost, and the town-clerk were each to have a leg of it, but that unless some other body appeared to bargain for the remaining quarter, the sheep would be 'sent back to the burrow roods.' But our clerical economist even now recommends four neighbouring ministers to purchase 'in the back end of the year, a mart to be quartered among them;' and so, in due season, with the calves and sheep; a lamb he allows to a single manse, on condition of there being such a safe as shall keep meat for three or four weeks. The barrel of salt Orkney beef at 4*d.* a pound, and a firkin of Lochfine herrings, with a couple of pigs, and the barndoor fowls and eggs, are to keep the pot boiling for the rest of the year; but when the pig is killed, and the spareribs are eliminated, 'don't forget to send one to your friend in town, who gives dinners at the time of the General Assembly.'

Pay for all, cash in hand—'grip for grip.' The retail dealers find little favour with our friend. A box of tea may be had, with the assistance of a friend at Leith, for something under 20*l.*,

and at about 4s. 4d. per pound. Here the copartnery may again come in, as also in your half pipe of port wine; soap and candles should be had from the manufacturers; of the latter, those made in the spring months are the best. Let the soap be cut into convenient pieces when it comes home, and left to dry till used. This hardens it, and makes it go farther. A good store of sago should be always kept for making porridge, scones, or bread mixed with meal or flour, or taken by itself.

Tea sosses are not to be endured in the manse kitchen, but porridge is to be the order of the day; cupboard lovers are to be guarded against, but others, treated with a kindly consideration for human infirmity, are spoken of in phrase that calls up to mind the o'er-word of many an old Scotch ballad. Our minister puts no trust in locks and bars, except, contrary to the burglar's advice to Walter Scott, patent ones at fifteen shillings. 'Locks on the doors of a manse are, practically speaking, of no earthly value, unless to keep out cats and honest folk.' The man-servant is to be married, or you need expect no work from the two maids during his hours of breakfast and dinner; and perhaps even shortcommons of butter and cream for the parlour. A *wiselike* and substantial house may be built for him for 20l. at the corner of the glebe.

'Let it be the general rule in the kitchen that there be neither wasting nor wanting. Where there is plenty of everything, let there be no want of *thrift*; let there be both planning and plenty. And remember, that dinners made on a shift of bread and cheese and the like, are always the most expensive, and the least satisfactory. They are unavoidable at times, but the seldomer the better. Let always a small store of everything be left in the care of the servants, and the main supply under the lock and key of the lady. Let the lady when in the kitchen *never seem to be ignorant of anything* [a large draught this on the assurance of Southern curates' wives,] and let her learn as fast as she can.'

Some excellent rules are given for the treatment of servants, with due warning not to allow them to get the upper hand. There is the old complaint, as old as *Adam*, of the disappearance of 'the constant service of the antique world,' but it lingers in many a manse and parsonage yet, and where wanting, tells generally as much against the master as the servant. Nowhere are domestics more faithful than in Scotland, and nowhere more masterful and domineering—perhaps from the general smallness of the establishments; for servile tyranny wanes with the increase of the household, though the many-headed establishment, in a thousand torturing ways, more than counterbalances the bearable despotism of a single paternally ruling servant. The 'minister's man,' both
North

North and South, is a person of no small importance, holding the character of half the parish in the breath of his mouth.

'Like Sampson Carrasco, he must be sound of body, strong of limb, a silent sufferer of heat and cold, hunger and thirst, and endowed with more than those qualifications which are requisite in the squire of a knight-errant. He must have a good temper, and be patient of reproof. He must combine in his own person the offices of steward, ploughman, carter, cattle-keeper, gardener, and, it is said, in some parishes of bellman, gravedigger, and precentor. He must be able to sow, and put up stacks, to thatch on an occasion, and to build up dikes any day in the year when they happen to tumble down.'

Groom, gardener, shepherd, crier, sexton, and parish-clerk are not seldom combined in a Southern pluralist; but we fear we could hardly find, as in the North, dairymaid, cook, and cattle-maid all in one; or 'house, table, and nursery maid' in another, though the 'bit laddie' who undertakes the offices of 'herd and stable-boy, boots, waiter, and runner to the post-office,' may be found in the genteel English rectory designated by his mistress with the name of 'Page,' and by the profane, 'Buttons.'

But what of the minister's horse? More necessary in the North, where the wide-scattered parishes, the calls of the presbytery, and the absence of handy railroad stations, make it an indispensable adjunct of the manse; according to Lord Meadowbank, 'one of the *essentialia* of the minister's position.' He must be a perfect paragon, combining four horses at least in one. 'He must be a saddle-horse, gig-horse, cart-horse, plough-horse, all combined, thus uniting gentility, agility, docility, and strength.' 'He must have something of stature and symmetry, with a good cargo of bones compactly put together. He must be hardy, sharp-sighted in the dark, &c.—he must not kick, bite, or eat saddles when standing in the same stall with a neighbour;' and not only must he carry the whole family in the *shandry*, but by a strange necessity—more custom than law—he must be ready to turn out of his warm stable at any moment, to convey to the next parish any passing pauper. The history of the transmission of a poor widow in a cuddly cart, from Glasgow to Dunbar (*Cl. Ec.* p. 96), is a curious morsel of pauper and parochial economics, bearing hard upon the minister and his horse, which we commend to the notice of the grievance-mongers of Scotland.

Not unconnected with the minister's horse is his wife; for a change in the stable pretty surely follows the change in the parlour; the showy animal on which he witched the village with his bachelor horsemanship, must give place to the useful drudge. And here again, in the wife, is one of the minister's *essentialia*, that which would be deemed advisable in the South being in the North

North an indispensable. Queen Elizabeth greatly disliked marriage in her bishops, modern bishops in their charges recommend it to their clergy; our Scotch minister insists upon it, especially in relation to our present subject. 'Go, marry, Sir, and know before you die what the words comfort, kindly feelings, and clerical economy mean.' With more justice and deeper relish he lays on upon clerical Coddles.

'Instead of yawning over a book as your dumb and daily companion, smile rather on the faces of a blooming and joyous family, as the only way to make home a place of rest and happiness. Furnish your manse as you may, with easy chairs, sofas and settees—have a vapour, a shower, and a plunge bath, cold, warm, or tepid—have a snug porch, and a green door with a fawn-light—and a stove in the lobby, with a flue of heated air up the main staircase to the top—have a roaring fire in the parlour every morning before breakfast, with all sorts of antique fire-screens, large and little—have a fiddle, a solitaire, a tobacco-pipe, or a set of stocking-wires to vary your occupations—when you go for an hour to snuff up the east wind, put on your cork soles, overalls, and dreadnought—go to bed at midnight, or long after it, and rise far on in the afternoon, when the day has been well aired. Have all this, and four times more; but still, my good friend, so long as you want the wife, there is a coldness, a formality, and a prim correct sort of bachelorship in the whole affair, which, happily, is never to be found when there are three or four boys romping about.'—p. 61.

These self-indulgent dallyers in the primrose path of creature comforts deserve indeed no quarter. We have known such an one, when summoned on a winter morning to christen a sick child, excuse himself on account of a bad cold, and sending for the moribund candidate, baptize it in bed. No wife would have permitted such an aspersion. But there are comfortable husbands also, too apt to merge clerical duty in matrimonial convenience; and this knottiest of all points in Christian economics remains pretty much as St. Paul left it.

Pugin, in his 'Architectural Contrasts,' bore very hard upon the nursery windows of episcopal palaces; but England is too hardened in her Protestantism to be sneered out of such safeguards; his blows more justly fell on the absence of domestic chapels, and on the secular and fashionable air of modern clerical dwellings. A little return to mediævalism here might not be amiss. In what country but our own could the Erastian leaven of the last century have gained such hold upon this, that a professedly reforming Commission deemed a country gentleman's life the type of a bishop's position, and allotted him parks and Italian villas in place of the palace under the wing of the cathedral? In one city where the fine architectural remains of the episcopal palace on the brow of the height that surmounts the town, seemed to mark
unmistakeably

unmistakeably the bishop's home, this hallowed spot has been abandoned, and a modern demesne has been laid out, at immense expense, at a distance that entails most serious hardship on the clergy who have to wait on their diocesan, and necessarily prevents his regular attendance at the services of his cathedral. If, instead of chiding clerical cricketers, he would return to the home of his predecessors, he would be giving the best practical enforcement to his just denunciations of his non-resident clergy, and doubly gild, as a bishop, the good opinions he so honourably gained as a parish-priest.

The value of episcopacy socially, and with that aspect only we are now concerned, was never more recognized than at the present time. America even feels its importance; the highest class of Scotland would be churchless without it; while this element, which has been regarded by shallow religionists as the incubus of the Establishment, has proved its life in the colonies.

But if the economical welfare of the whole Church demands that for the highest rank of laity there should be a corresponding rank of clergy, yet the spiritual peer has socially a distinctive office and domain of his own; he may need a large income, and spacious halls and suites of dormitories; but he wants preserves, and manors, and gamekeepers, neither for himself nor his friends. The bishop should still be the public entertainer on the occasion of charitable or religious gatherings, or have 'public days' for his clergy less exclusive than were those of Lambeth, where a priest of the diocese of Canterbury would have found himself strangely out of place amidst the court dresses of London notables. It would be pleasanter for the clergy to meet their bishop in his own hall, than to pay for their glass of bad port at the Visitation dinner. The Bishops of Oxford and Lincoln have already made arrangements for the reception under their own roofs of their candidates for ordination—the only good that has accrued from the distance of their palaces from the cathedral city. Beyond the pale of his office there are social duties which shine with peculiar grace when cheerfully and voluntarily undertaken by a prelate. The Bishops of London and Manchester have put themselves at the head of the sanitary reforms in their own cities, and in every movement made for the advance of science, or literature, or art, there should the diocesan be found in the van, and there would he be most warmly welcomed. Heartily identifying himself with objects that interest the people, there is an appropriate secular sphere for him to move in, which, far from derogating from, would enhance his sacred character. It might be well for the Dunstons and Savonarolas of old to denounce all profane learning, and set up the spiritual life after their own austere pattern as the only

only exemplar for the laity, and the only fit object of clerical care. They, in that their day, did the work of earnest and consistent men. But a modern prelate, who is allowed, without envy or gainsay, the luxury of wife and wine, of couch and carriage, must not plead that he is stepping out of his sphere, in promoting secular civilization, and in fostering the arts that smooth and beautify life, lest he be chargeable with a self-indulgent heart, and a covetous hankering after good things which he would deny to his less fortunate neighbours. It is strange how many, of the more precise school, who, in their abnegation of 'the world and the things of the world,' pride themselves on their indifference to the progress of secular science and art among the people, are blind to the advantage they are daily taking themselves of every new invention or improvement that enhances their own creature comforts.

The position of deans and chapters in the Church is one purely economical and social. They have no apostolic origin, no spiritual status, no cure of souls. They might be utterly abolished to-morrow, and the Church of England, as a true branch of the apostolic and catholic Church of Christ, would remain in her orders of ministry complete. They have in them, however, a great inherent use; and it is certain that they must at some time have fulfilled the intentions of their founders. Those mighty cathedrals, with all their subtle symbolism and touching imagery, could never have been reared to amaze posterity with mere Pyramidal vastness. The men who built them, and rebuilt them, and enlarged them, and thoroughly furnished them with all beautiful things, must have seen 'living stones,' day by day, and from age to age, springing up from the polished corners of their material temple, or they never would have gone on for five centuries adding pier to pier and story to story, and multiplying their enrichments, till, in the luxuriousness of their refinement, it may be in the surfeit of their pride, they gilded and painted the very lilies of alabaster and marble. We must suppose that, as council to the bishop, as missionaries to the neighbourhood, as the centre and the source of secular and sacred learning, as patrons and fosterers of the arts, as the moving spring of diocesan progress, as almoners to the poor, as educators of the ignorant, as training candidates for the ministry at home and abroad, as upholding the ritual and services of the Church in their most perfect and normal form, especially in the daily offering of high choral praise and thanksgiving, and in opening to the people and preserving with religious love the powerful teaching—the sermons in stones—of that mistress-art which, from the very fact of its unconscious influence, has indeed, of all arts, the firmest hold upon the popular mind,—we must suppose that there was a time when,

when, in these and other ways, the cathedral chapter took its due and allotted portion of work in the Church's economy, and so gained the favour of benefactors and the love of the community. How else would those towers have risen in their glory? how else have been preserved when monasteries and abbeys fell?

And even when the freshness and vigour of youth had departed from the system, there was much that yet remained in the sere dignity of its decay, which, though the articulate speech and language of life was fled, yet lingered as an echo in the cloisters still. The effect of the presence of a Gothic cathedral rearing its venerable head in the midst of an English city is well described by Mr. Ruskin.

‘ Let the reader imagine himself for a little time in a great English cathedral town, and walk with me to the west front of its cathedral. Let us go together up the more retired street, at the end of which we can see the pinnacles of one of the towers, and then through the low grey gateway, with its battlemented top and small latticed window in the centre, into the more private-looking road or close, where nothing goes in but the carts of the tradesmen who supply the bishop and the chapter, and where there are little shaven grass-plots, fenced in by neat rails, before old-fashioned groups of somewhat diminutive and excessively trim houses, with little oriel and bay windows jutting out here and there, and deep wooden cornices and eaves painted cream-colour and white, and small porches to their doors in the shape of cockle-shells, or little, crooked, thick, indescribable wooden gables, warped a little on one side; and so forward till we come to larger houses, also old-fashioned, but of red brick and with gardens behind them, and fruit walls, which show here and there, among the nectarines, the vestiges of an old cloister arch or shaft, and looking in front on the cathedral square itself, laid out in rigid divisions of smooth grass and gravel walk, yet not uncheerful, especially on the sunny side, where the canons’ children are walking with their nursemaids. And so taking care not to tread on the grass, we will go along the straight walk to the west front, and there stand for a time, looking up at its deep-pointed porches and the dark places between their pillars, where there were statues once, and where the fragments, here and there, of a stately figure are still left, which has much the likeness of a king,—perhaps, indeed, a king on earth, perhaps a saintly king long ago in heaven; and so higher and higher up to the great mouldering wall of rugged sculpture, and confused arcades, shattered, and grey, and grisly with heads of dragons and snorting fiends, worn by the rain and swirling winds into yet unseemlier shape, and coloured in their stony scales by the deep russet-orange lichen, melancholy gold; and so, higher still, to the bleak towers, so far above, that the eye loses itself among the bosses of their traceries, though they are rude and strong, and only sees like a drift of eddying black points, now closing, now scattering, and now settling suddenly into invisible places among the bosses and flowers, the crowd of restless birds that fill the old square with that strange

strange clangour of theirs, so harsh and yet so soothing, like the cries of birds on a solitary coast between the cliffs and sea. Think for a while of that scene, and the meaning of all its small formalisms, mixed with its serene sublimity. Estimate its secluded, continuous, drowsy felicities, and its evidence of the sense and steady performance of such kind of duties as can be regulated by the cathedral clock: and weigh the influence of those dark towers on all who have passed through the lonely square at their feet for centuries, and on all who have seen them rising far away over wooded plain, or catching on their square masses the last rays of sunset, when the city at their feet was indicated only by the mist at the bend of the river.'—*Stones of Venice*, vol. ii. p. 62.

We acknowledge the power of this fine passage as much as the influence of the fabric itself; but has not this enchantment been greatest in the more distant view? Is it not the precincts on which the *shadow* falls? When we look back three centuries for the church-work done by the cathedral bodies, and consider which of those offices we have suggested above they have even nominally discharged, are we not reminded rather of their 'drowsy felicities,' than even of the 'steady performance of such kinds of duties as can be regulated by the cathedral clock?' Even in their first and easiest duty—the attendance at the services—how utterly heartless and formal (to speak generally, and allowing for many righteous exceptions) has its *performance* been! how slovenly and irreverent the conduct of the choir: how unrubrical and irregular the model form! As to educational or social benefits dispensed, it were best to repress the strong language which such a review might call forth. For education we will not take Rochester as the exemplar; but, for social good, let the almost universal alienation of the people from the Church in cathedral cities tell its own tale. No where is church feeling so stagnant and dead; no where dissent more rife; no where less love of art; no where less appreciation of the glory of the Church's services. And these cathedrals, which, if for anything, were surely expressly built for the people, have been, and many to this day are, locked against neighbours as well as strangers, and their doors tardily opened even for divine service, lest worshippers should take advantage of the opportunity, and by a lingering stroll of preparatory meditation, or too curious observance of the founder's workmanship, rob the verger of his expected fee.*

* The dean and chapter of Peterborough, the first we believe of provincial cathedrals, have lately opened the cathedral without fee. Since the change, the damage done in nine months has been estimated by the cathedral mason at two shillings; the visitors have increased, by the verger's record, tenfold. Other cathedral bodies are meditating the like step; but that this is a fact to be recorded in this century is quite enough to account for the value which cathedrals hold in popular appreciation.

Socially, the chapter are generally at war with the parochial clergy and the citizens; and, jealous of privileges which they do not really appreciate, throw every obstacle in the way of the people enjoying what, with deference to capitular dignity, we beg to call *the people's cathedral*.

Are we, then, to sweep away our cathedrals with their ecclesiastical corporations? No more than we would, for their past delinquencies, abolish the Guildhall with the mayor and aldermen of London. The cathedrals may be yet made the very centres of religious light and life and action which we require. Round them should cluster our theological and missionary colleges, our training institutes for schoolmasters and schoolmistresses, and our normal schools; the ancient grammar-school of the chapter should be a model to the county; the modern church middle-school, which we so much need, should emanate from them; their library should be the clerical library of the diocese; their lay-clerks and choristers should form a choral college, where the village organist and singers might be sent to learn, and whence might issue an organising choral master to inspect and reform the parochial choirs. A retreat for the disabled pastor, a home for his widow, a school for his orphan, should here be found. The cathedral itself, in its architecture, arrangement, and service, should be the model-church of the diocese; setting an example how order may be carried out without innovation, and art be ennobled in the cause of religion without superstition. There should the gates of the Lord's house lift up their heads, and be ever open for private or for public prayer. There, at great festivals and at the Church's Jubilees, should the clergy and laity be gathered, and the long procession might thread the now useless aisles, and the cold and empty nave be peopled, if not with worshippers, at least with hearers.

So far, then, from reducing the present staff, it is rather the restoration of suspended stalls that we require. It is not that there is no work for the cathedral body to do, but that they have so long and so utterly neglected it, that they as well as the people have forgotten what it is. If cathedrals are to be preserved at all, the old capitular traditions of the last three centuries must be utterly set at naught. They cannot continue as mere retreats of dignified ease and 'drowsy felicity,' to eke out the incomes of the relations of bishops and prime ministers; not as rewards for political support, nor even for public, ecclesiastical, scholastic, or literary services. These additional recommendations should of course be respected; but the main object should be to find men fitted for the place. Not what they have done elsewhere,

elsewhere, but what they can do here, should be the qualification. The mode of appointment must be altered; or such offices attached to every stall as only fit men would be induced to fill.* Without the cure of souls, they must yet not be sinecures in the economy of the Church, but, as at Oxford and Ely, have such distinctive and popular duties assigned them as will recover the regard of this working and work-appreciating generation. Then may the influence of those mighty fabrics be again felt by those who dwell under the shadow of their wings, the very spirit of the building, if no higher motive, may animate their labours of love, and, *because of the House of the Lord their God*, they may seek to do their brethren good.

It is only between the *parochial* clergy of the North and South that a comparison can be drawn; and it is of them, chiefly in their relation to society, that we have now to speak. If the social clerical position in England may seem too high, in Scotland it is unquestionably too low, though great symptoms of amendment in this respect are visible, and the lairdocracy have become of late much less exclusive and pretentious. But it is a settled article of at least lay Presbyterian faith, that to have a *pure* kirk it must be a *puir* kirk; and there is great jealousy of the minister being encumbered with too much of this world's goods. That equalisation of income at which short-sighted reformers of the English Church are driving so rapidly and so rashly, is insisted upon by Dr. Aiton as one of the greatest evils of his ecclesiastical system. The aggregate income of the Kirk seems indeed small compared with that of the Church of England—in round numbers 230,000*l.* to 2,650,000*l.*—but when divided among

* It seems the simplest and most practical course to increase the archdeacons to the number of the stalls, and assign a stall to each archdeaconry. This would almost ensure, for the bishop's own sake, the appointment of competent men; it would allow the abolition of the present vexatious fees at archidiaconal visitations; it would bring all the members of the chapter in direct communication with the parochial clergy; it would make the cathedral the official spring of all clerical movement; the chapter would then really be the bishop's council; and from them a suffragan might be temporarily or permanently appointed. To assign stalls which are held for life to headships and professorships in theological or other institutions, would be only to clog and embarrass the most lively element of Church revival. It is hardly worth while 'to save the cathedrals,' if it is only to be done by binding the dead weight of life-endowment upon educational bodies that are constantly requiring fresh blood and new spirit. Nor is the scheme for attaching stalls to the parishes of the cathedral city, which is said to be in favour with the Cathedral Commissioners, at all more desirable. This would be to swamp the diocese in the city, whereas the cathedral is virtually connected with the see, only accidentally with the locality. Such a chapter would carry no weight, as it would have no common interest, with the rural clergy; nor would the Sunday duties of cathedral and parish church be compatible. Four archdeacons, each in six months' residence, and allowed to hold a cure of restricted population, would be far more likely to execute whatever part of the cathedral system is suited to modern times.

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their respective clergy the average is 230*l.* for Scotland, 250*l.* for England; while as the house of the Northern pastor is neither built nor repaired at his own cost, he escapes what is often a most burdensome tax upon his Southern brethren. Considering, therefore, the difference of the general expenses of living in the two countries, to say nothing of the acknowledged difference of station—and considering also that in the Scotch estimate the value of the glebes and some other sources of income were to be omitted, while the English estimate takes in the whole revenue, including episcopal and capitular estates—it can hardly be affirmed that the English clergy as a body are better paid than those of the ‘very poorly endowed’ Scotch establishment. The utmost that has ever been suggested as the stipend of the English clergyman from the improvement and redistribution of the whole Church property is 300*l.* a year: and under such an arrangement would the clergy be better satisfied, or the people better served? On the clerical side it is a curates’ question, and to their decision it might safely be left—and that, not because, as is sometimes urged, a young man looking to holy orders prefers the professional lottery of blanks and prizes to a steady moderate certainty (for the very reverse is found to be, even injuriously, true in all other more mundane callings; and the sin of ambition, if now a churchman’s vice, runs rather in the line of the pulpit than of the purse), but because the poor clergyman is instinctively conscious that by such an equalisation he would lose more as a member of a class than he would gain as an individual. The social status of the English clergy is the chief worldly attraction that recruits its orders; and this cannot be maintained without gradations of rank and means. It may be that, for spiritual purposes, they are now drafted too exclusively from the higher classes; but this at least gives the people at large a less costly church; for, under the present system, more than one-half of the actual income of the clergy, by which so many of our charitable institutions are mainly supported, is derived from the private fortunes of individuals, who under no other régime would be found to enter holy orders.

In Scotland the number of ministers with good private fortunes is extremely small; and the class from which they are drawn would not satisfy the wants of the English people. The most remote colony, the most obscure village, the most upstart town, each looks in their pastor for a *gentleman*; and they must be very extraordinary powers that can make up for the want of this qualification for pastoral influence. This is hardly sufficiently considered by those who in the present day are advocating an inferior

inferior order of clergy, and who argue in favour of it from the success of the local preachers among the Methodists and other dissenters. Simply as preachers, these men may have a popularity, but as guides and pastors they are without influence among their people. They are the slaves, not the shepherds of their flock. Now the efficacy of preaching is not what it once was ; and every year its real power in turning the hearts of the disobedient to the wisdom of the just will become less and less. Books work more conviction than sermons, and, more than books, do example, converse, a sense of interest taken in them, insensibly influence the opinions and lives of the masses. The mission of the Church at home is no longer a preaching in the wilderness ; it is at the marriage feast, in the nobleman's sick chamber, at the publican's house, with Martha and with Mary, that it has to make its way. It is as the leavener of the whole mass of human society, more than as the promulgator of unknown truths, that its present path lies. It is more the vice than the ignorance that has to be reached in our large towns, and the clergy are the moral police to detect and correct it. The present influence of the Church of England is such as cannot be estimated by the numbering of the sitters within her walls on any given Sunday. Her services may not be so fascinating to the eye or so tickling to the ear as what may be elsewhere obtained ; but to whom does the Irish Romanist entrust his money in his prosperity, and the English Dissenter confide his cares in his sorrow, but to the Anglican parson ? It is the statesman's deepest interest to maintain the clergy in this position ; for it is his cheapest and most effective means of humanizing and civilizing the lower orders.

Both priests and people of England, if they are wise, may well be content on the whole with their present normal relations. There are shortcomings to be made up, and blots to be removed ; but it is something, in these pushing, marching, money-making times, to have the exemplar of a man who, on the humblest means, can hold good his standing in society, and show the world the happiness attainable from the contented and moderate use of those blessings which the progress of civilisation is daily placing more and more within the reach of all.

The railroad and the penny-post, to go no further, give the poorest man real benefits which princes could not command twenty years ago ; and the tendency, not of this age only, but of all time, is to enlarge the privileges of the few for the good of the many. Thus while the actual distance between the wealthiest and the poorest is diverging daily, the amount of enjoyment to be derived from their respective means is being daily equalised,
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and the element of disaffection to which the former fact gives rise becomes neutralised by the latter. This is a hopeful view of human society, and it only requires a fairly contented mind, and one ready to take things at their true value, to realise it to its full extent. No one has more reason to be satisfied with his social position and his sphere of action than the English parson. He has a recognised status. His class is made for him. He has no higher platform ever dancing before his eyes, upon which, if he could only make good his standing, he thinks his happiness would be complete. It is no derogation to him that his wife does not go to London and is not presented at Court. George Herbert's rule for the country parson's wife's practice may be extended beyond domestic medicine. 'For salves, his wife seeks not the city, but prefers her garden and fields, before all outlandish gums.' He has not a thousand doubts where he shall settle, and what sized house he shall venture on, for the sake of his family. His own particular home and income are made for him, and the extent of each being known, he is never expected to live above his means.

'The pastor,' says George Herbert, 'is the deputy of Christ for the redeeming of men to the obedience of God.' 'The faithful minister,' adds old Fuller, 'endeavours to get the general love and goodwill of his parish. This he does, not so much to make a benefit of them, as a benefit for them, that his ministry may be more efficient; otherwise he may preach his heart out before he preacheth anything into theirs.' And in these days more than ever, when the authority of the Church as the living oracle of God's truth has become so faint, its influence will be maintained more by the lives and character of its ministers than by their office. It has always in a measure been so, but much more so now. The really earnest and zealous pastor gains ground in time, wherever he is and whatever his doctrinal views may be. But this influence, from its very nature, cannot be the work of a day, of a lucky accident, of a brilliant talent; it is the work of grace, and so of growth, of steady consistent perseverance, of the single eye and heart, of a judgment that discerns between the sin and the sinner, of an interest shown in many things which are not strictly within the priest's office, of going about doing good. Nor, though mixing with his people in temporal as well as spiritual things, need he secularise either his employment or enjoyments. The State may gain, but the Church loses, by clerical magistrates; and even in the midland counties the sporting parson is disappearing, or in disrepute.

How greatly the wife and household help or mar parochial work, though coming fairly within our subject, is beyond our present

present limits to discuss. The curtained pew in the chancel has had its evil day; but woman's hand was among the first to pull down the high places of pride, and her eye to welcome the dawn of the better day of church revival; and in estimating whatever hope there may be of recovering to the Church of England the multitudes it has lost, it must be remembered that, though the wife of the English clergyman has cut away from the Church the devotedness of the Roman celibate and the personal acceptability (from his being more on a level with his congregation) of the dissenting preacher, yet she has established for her husband that frank confidence and common interest in domestic life, and that honourable social position, which, though they have less immediate power and popularity, have, if rightly used, more real influence, and so, in the end, more certainty of doing good.

It may be a prejudice, but we cannot detect the same hopeful symptoms of the Kirk recovering the footing she has lost. Her ministers have not that social weight, the want of which must tell doubly against a married clergy; and the testimony of Adam Smith, given fifty years ago, that 'the most opulent Church in Christendom does not maintain better the uniformity of faith, the fervour of devotion, the spirit of order, regularity, and austere morals in the great body of the people than the poorly endowed Church of Scotland,' has been severely shaken in its first assertion by the late lamentable secession of the Free Church. The political and moral view that the great economist took still mainly holds good; but the late unhappy schism has shown more than ever the utter helplessness of Presbyterianism to maintain the uniformity of faith. In a Church with so much apparent independent action, with so little scandal from worldly opulence, with a ministry taken from the ranks of the people, with no liturgical trammels, simple in its ritual to very nakedness, it might have been supposed, according to modern Church reformers, that, having once a hold on the judgment and affections of the people, there was no room for Dissent, except from fundamental differences of doctrine. The very reverse has proved true. The varieties and ramifications of Dissent in Scotland infinitely outnumber, while they include, all its English phases. Burgher and Anti-Burgher, United Presbyterian and Reformed Presbyterian, United Original Seceders, and a thousand other distinguishing titles would require Scotch law and metaphysics, as well as theology, to mark the difference to a Southern mind; and now to these, on a point which might possibly have been arranged but from inherent tendency of the Presbyterian scheme to division, the Free Kirk is added.

- ART. VI.—1. *On Warming and Ventilating; with Directions for Making and Using the Thermometer Stove, or Self-Regulating Fire, and other New Apparatus.* By Neil Arnott, M.D., F.R.S., &c. London, 1838.
2. *Journal of the Society of Arts*, Vol. II. No. 77. *On a new Smoke-Consuming and Fuel-Saving Fireplace, with Accessories insuring the healthful Warming and Ventilation of Houses.* By Neil Arnott, M.D., F.R.S., &c. 10th May, 1854.
3. *A Rudimentary Treatise on Warming and Ventilation, being a concise Exposition of the General Principles of the Art of Warming and Ventilating Domestic and Public Buildings, Mines, Lighthouses, Ships, &c.* By Charles Tomlinson. Published in Weale's 'Rudimentary Series.' London, 1850.
4. *Practical Remarks on the Warming, Ventilation, and Humidity of Rooms.* By Francis Lloyd. London, 1854.
5. *Some Account of Domestic Architecture in England from the Conquest to the end of the Thirteenth Century.* By T. Hudson Turner. Oxford, 1851. *And from the time of Edward I. to Richard II.* By the Editor of the 'Glossary of Architecture.' Oxford, 1853.

IT is mid-winter: cold, dark, and dreary without; warm and cheerful within. Seated by the side of the family hearth, the lover of home pleasures may now for the first time enjoy the luxury of an open fire without its usually-attendant inconveniences. This result, which is due to the inventions of a scientific physician of our own day, forms a successful supplement to the labours of ingenious men of past ages, who have devoted their talents to improving the domestic comfort of their fellow-creatures, and thus diminishing or cutting off some of the numerous sources of disease. And if the use of fire may in itself be considered as the distinguishing physical characteristic of man (the most savage nations being adepts in the use of the 'fire-stick,' while animals, until domesticated, have a dread of flame), then must we also consider in the light of benefactors all those who enhance the value of the gift, by bringing it more completely under our dominion, whether for the requirements of the arts, science, and commerce, or for the not less needful purposes of home comfort and healthful enjoyment.

' Now stir the fire, and close the shutters fast,
Let fall the curtains, wheel the sofa round,
And while the bubbling and loud hissing urn
Throws up a steamy column, and the cups
That cheer but not inebriate, wait on each,
So let us welcome peaceful evening in.'

This passage, from Cowper's 'Task,'* owes its popularity to the delightful associations it calls up. Convert 'the fire' into a dull, dry, irradiant stove, and the charm is dissolved. We may heat our public buildings and churches with steam or with hot water, but we must leave to the German or the Russ the pleasurable ideas connected with such sullen warmth in living apartments. The enjoyment of the open fire is even too deeply seated among Englishmen to be greatly disturbed by its ordinary defects. Every house has its annual chapter of accidents or annoyances: fuel is wasted, chimneys smoke, dust is increased, soot accumulates, perhaps takes fire, property is destroyed, children are burnt to death; while it cannot be denied that rooms are unequally warmed and badly ventilated, faces are scorched while feet are freezing, and, except for those in the immediate vicinity of the hearth, there is little warmth or comfort in many a room which bears the outward semblance of both in its cheerful open fire.

In treating of the history and philosophy of 'the open fire' it is impossible to pass by altogether the material which feeds it. It would be an interesting inquiry to trace the influence which the scarcity or abundance of fuel has exercised on the moral and industrial condition of the various countries of the earth; for it cannot be doubted that the ease or difficulty with which fuel is procurable has a considerable effect in promoting or depreciating the health and personal comforts of nations, and that these, by a reflex action, contribute greatly to the formation of national character. Where fuel is scarce houses are small, and their occupants crowded together; the external air is as much as possible excluded; the body becomes dwarfed, the intellect dull. The diminutive Laplander spends his long and dreary winter in a hut, heated by a smoky lamp of putrid oil—an arrangement which afflicts the whole nation with blear-eyes. The hut of the Greenlander is larger and better contrived, but is often peopled by half a dozen families till the air becomes so contaminated that, as a traveller remarks, 'the smell strikes one not accustomed to it to the very heart.' The lace-makers of Normandy work by night in the sheds where cows are tethered for the sake of the steaming warmth afforded by the animals. The lace-makers of Nottingham, some years ago, were accustomed to assemble in winter, to the number of fifteen or twenty, in a small room, braving the effects of a poisonous atmosphere to enjoy the solace of the heat engendered by their breath. Such a scarcity of fuel as these usages imply is always accompanied

* One of the most beautiful gift-books which has appeared this season—one of the most beautiful, indeed, that has ever appeared in any season—is a new edition of 'The Task' of Cowper, richly illustrated by Birkett Forster.

by general wretchedness, personal and domestic. The people lodge in miserable hovels, wear ragged clothes, and take to stimulating drinks to supply the place of well-cooked food. Where coal, on the contrary, is abundant, the habitations are mostly decent, and the people are well provided with necessities. One obvious reason of this contrast is, that when fuel is costly the working-hours of the poor are curtailed in severe weather by their inability to keep up a fire. Men who labour at their own homes, and women who earn money at domestic employments, cannot continue their tasks when benumbed with cold; and are under the necessity of going earlier to bed, and remaining in it longer than they would otherwise do.

Nor need our examples be limited to the abodes of poverty. In the noblest mansions of the cities of Persia a contrivance is adopted scarcely superior to that of the smoky lamp of the Greenlander. A large jar called a *kourcy*, sunk in the earthen floor in the middle of the room, is filled with wood, dung, or other combustibles, and when the fuel is sufficiently charred, a square wooden frame is put over the vessel and covered with a thick wadded quilt, under which the members of the family sit or recline, with the quilt drawn up to their chins. The warm, deleterious vapour produces headache, and in some cases suffocation—in all, enervation of body and mind.

Scarcity of fuel has not been without its effects in forming the manners of the polished Parisians, and has transferred to the theatre and the café those attractions which in the British Islands belong essentially to the domestic hearth. While vast forests existed in abundance they were our grand magazines for feeding the fire, and even where wood was scarce coal was neglected, under an idea that its fumes corrupted the air, and exerted an injurious effect upon health. So late as the year 1349, in the religious house at Whalley, in the neighbourhood of the coal-fields, peat and wood were alone employed. The increasing price of wood led to the demand for a cheaper material by smiths, brewers, and others, whose trades required large quantities of fuel, and towards the close of the thirteenth century coal was imported into the metropolis from Newcastle for the use of furnaces. In 1306, however, the King was petitioned to stop the consumption of the noxious article in the city; and accordingly a royal proclamation was issued prohibiting the burning of coal. The royal command being disregarded, a commission was appointed for the purpose of ascertaining what persons used sea-coal (*i. e.*, coal brought by way of the sea to London), with power to punish by fine for the first offence, and afterwards by the demolition of the offending furnaces. As the consumers of coal had by this time learnt its value, and persisted in employing it, a

law was passed making it a capital offence to burn it within the precincts of the city. In the reign of Edward I. a man was actually executed for the commission of the crime. We may trace the prejudice to the close of the sixteenth century. In the description of England inserted in 'Holinshed's Chronicles' (A.D. 1584), it is stated that sea-coal 'beginneth to grow from the forge into the kitchen and hall of most towns that lie about the coast;' and that if the waste of wood continues, the discredited mineral 'will be good merchandise even in the city of London.' Ladies had an idea that their complexions would be injured by entering a room where it was burning; and persons would not even partake of meat which had been roasted at a coal fire. At the commencement of the seventeenth century our ancestors abandoned these fanciful ideas: * they were, however, adopted by our neighbours on the opposite side of the Channel, and were retained until our own time, even if they can now be said to be entirely given up. It is not more, we believe, than a quarter of a century ago that an ambassador at Paris issued cards for a large party, and found to his dismay that only gentlemen attended, the ladies having absented themselves on learning that his lordship warmed his house by means of English coal.

The aversion of our ancestors to coal before the introduction of the chimney certainly admits of excuse. In the time of the Anglo-Saxons

'the fire was kindled in the centre of the hall; the smoke made its way out through an opening in the roof immediately above the hearth, or by the door, windows, or eaves of the thatch. The lord and his "hearthmen" — a significant appellation given to the most familiar retainers—sat by the same fire at which their repast was cooked, and at night retired to share the same dormitory which served also for a council-chamber.' —*Turner: Introd.*, pp. viii. ix.

The strongholds which were erected about the period of the Conquest consisted of several stories, and their roofs were used as a terrace for defence, thereby rendering the central hearth and opening impracticable; but as it was necessary to provide some exit for the smoke, the fireplace was made in the wall, and terminated in a loop-hole on the outside: this was an important step towards the construction of the chimney.

* In the year 1853 there were shipped at the several ports of Great Britain and Ireland, coastways, to the other parts of the United Kingdom 8,835,573 tons of coal, 40,412 tons of *cinders*, (as coke is called in Parliamentary language,) and 195,269 tons of culm or anthracite, making a total of 9,070,984 tons. In the same year were exported to foreign parts, and British settlements abroad, 3,758,123 tons of coal, of the declared value of 1,507,950*l.*, and 176,939 tons of cinders, of the declared value of 96,641*l.* In the same year the quantity of coals brought into the port of London alone, amounted to 4,026,985 tons, of which 3,373,256 tons were brought coastways, and 653,729 tons by inland navigation and land carriage.

Coningsburgh and Rochester castles furnish examples of this contrivance, which prevailed, without much variation, from the twelfth to the fifteenth century. Until the latter period the chimney, properly so called, appears to have been little known in England, or indeed in many other parts of Europe. The ancient Romans seem not to have been acquainted with it; and there is no trace of it in Italian houses up to the fourteenth century, by the middle of which it had become common at Venice; for an inscription over the gate of the school of Santa Maria della Carita states that in the year 1347 a number of chimneys were thrown down by an earthquake. We learn also that in 1368 a prince of Padua, on making a journey to Rome, took with him masons to make a chimney at the inn at which he put up, 'because in the city of Rome they did not then use chimneys; and all lighted the fire in the middle of the house on the floor.'* But, as Mr. Turner remarks, in seeking to ascertain the antiquity which should be assigned to chimneys, facts are often at variance with the statements of respectable writers. Existing remains prove that perpendicular flues were constructed in England in the twelfth century; yet Leland, writing in the sixteenth century, speaks with surprise of a chimney in Bolton Castle, which he says was 'finiched or Kynge Richard the 2 dyed. One thyng I much notyd in the hawle of Bolton, how chimeneys were conveyed by tunnells made on the syds of the walls betwyxt the lights in the hawle, and by this means, and by no covers, is the smoke of the harthe in the hawle wonder strangely conveyed.' We can only suppose, with Mr. Turner, that the principle of the modern chimney was understood long before the construction itself became general. The cost of remodelling the house would, in very many cases, prevent the improvement. In drawings of the time of Henry III., chimneys of a cylindrical form are represented rising considerably higher than the roof, and orders to raise the chimneys of the king's houses are frequent in this reign. Nevertheless, it was still the general custom, even in the fourteenth century, to retain the hearth in the middle of the room. When the wood was fairly ignited the smoke would not be great, and the central position of the fire was favourable to the radiation of heat. This method of warming the hall was continued long after fireplaces with chimneys had been erected in the smaller apartments. By the reign of Elizabeth the advantages of the new system were so well appreciated, that ladies in their visits to their friends, if they could not be accommodated with rooms with chimneys, were frequently sent out to other houses, where they could enjoy the luxury.

* *Muratori*. 'Antiq. Italiane,' quoted by Turner.

We may gather, then, that the chimney has been in use for at least five centuries; and throughout that long period it seems to have been constantly employed with a very imperfect appreciation of the physical laws on which its action depends. Probably even at the present day, few of those who erect chimneys would be able to explain the conditions of their successful action; while the learned chimney-doctor often fails in his diagnosis, and rashly prescribes for a malady from which the patient may be free, while neglecting that which would be evident to the eye of the man of science.

It is often supposed either that smoke ascends the chimney because it is lighter than the surrounding air, or that some mysterious power exists in the chimney by which the smoke is drawn up and discharged. That smoke is not lighter than air, the following experiment, devised by Dr. Franklin, will show. If a pipe of tobacco be lighted, the stem plunged to the bottom of a decanter half full of cold water, and the bowl covered with a piece of linen so that it may be blown through without burning the lips, the smoke will descend the stem of the pipe and bubble up through the liquid, and thus becoming cooled it will not rise out of the decanter, but will spread over the surface of the water. This shows that smoke is in reality heavier than air. But the murky cloud, which consists of carbon, hydrogen, carbonic acid, carbonic oxide, vapour of water, and other products, is mixed with a large portion of the air which enters the fire. It is this invisible column of heated air that by its expansive force carries with it the visible and less heated smoke, until it emerges from the top of the chimney, where it encounters the cold of the external atmosphere, loses its ascensive power, and unless some kindly breeze convey it speedily away, hangs like a cloud over the crowded city, or falls in minute particles of carbon, begriming everything below.

That there is a draught to a chimney, is simply due, therefore, to the rarefying influence of heat. The colder the particles of air, the closer they lie together, while they recede from each other in proportion to their heat. It follows that a given volume of cold air weighs considerably more than a similar bulk of heated air; and such is the mobility of the aerial particles, that a slight rise in temperature starts them on their upward journey, and, as they rapidly ascend, the colder particles close in and occupy their place. In the instance of the fire, the first particles of air which come in contact with the burning fuel pass up the chimney, and distribute their heat to other particles in their course, at the same time that fresh air keeps flowing towards the grate to fill up the vacuum. The draught in a chimney
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when there is no fire is small. Hence it often happens that a room feels colder with a recently lighted fire than before: the stagnant and comparatively warm air of the apartment has fled up the shaft, and the raw outer air rushes in to supply its place before the newly ignited fuel has had much influence.

The action of heat in establishing a current in a chimney may be further illustrated thus:—Let a glass tube, 1 inch in diameter, 12 inches long, and open at both ends, be attached to some fixed support, in an upright position, so that it need not afterwards come in contact with the warmth of the hand. Fasten to the end of a quill five or six inches of floss silk, in order to detect by the stirrings of the loose filaments when held at the upper or lower mouth of the tube, the motion of the air passing through it. If the tube and the air of the room be of the same temperature, no current will be observed; but if the tube be slightly warmed, a current will be found to enter below and to be discharged at the top, because the tube communicates its warmth to the air within it, rarefies it, and makes it lighter than the external air, which presses in from below, forces it upwards, and becomes warm and rarefied in its turn. If a hot poker be fixed a little way below the mouth of the tube, the entering air, heated by the metal, will set in motion a brisker current, which will be maintained with gradually decreasing force, and will only cease when the metal and the tube have sunk down to the temperature of the surrounding air. In this experiment the form of the tube is of very little consequence to the result: it may be crooked or straight, tapering or of equal bore, pyramidal or square; and so with the chimney, in spite of the assurance of the chimney doctor to the contrary. It is true that it may be so badly constructed as to offer considerable resistance to the ascending current; for whatever long interferes with the vertical direction of the shaft will delay and consequently cool the hot air, though a bend is beneficial in the upper part by preventing the sudden descent of wind and rain. In all calculations of the velocity of the draught, an allowance is made for the retardation of the air by friction, which, in straight tubes, is directly as the length of the tube and the square of the velocity, and inversely as the diameter.

Dismissing, therefore, the form of the chimney as comparatively non-essential, we come now to speak of its height, which is of great importance, since an increased height admits of an increased quantity of heated air, and a larger amount of cold air from the room must be constantly pouring in to supply its place. In other words, there will be a stronger draught. So also the fiercer the fire the more the temperature of the aerial column is raised,

raised, its elastic force augmented, and the greater is the demand made on the air of the room. In fact, the ascensive force of the current passing up the chimney is the difference between the weight of the column of hot air in the chimney, and that of a column of the surrounding atmosphere of equal height.

The quantity of air contained in a room 30 feet long, 28 feet wide, and 19 feet high, equals 15,960 cubic feet ($30 \times 28 \times 19 = 15,960$), and as 13 cubic feet of air weigh nearly one pound, the total weight of air in such a room is about 1220 pounds, or rather more than half a ton. Four-fifths of this air consist of nitrogen, which supports neither animal life nor combustion; one-fifth only consists of oxygen or vital air, without which no animal could live, no fire could burn. The very processes, however, of living and burning convert this oxygen into carbonic acid gas, an enemy both to life and to combustion. We occupy such a room for many hours together, and exert our ingenuity in excluding cold air: windows and doors are *listered*, sand-bags are placed over the junction of the sash-frames, a thick mat is laid at the bottom of the door, and even the keyhole is closed by a little falling shutter. Under these circumstances the inmates suffer from headache and nervous sensations, but the most obvious source of annoyance to them is that the fire will not burn or that the chimney smokes. The freer the room is from draughts the greater is the evil, for air is the *pabulum vitæ* to the fire as well as to ourselves, and if it is not admitted to have a passage through the room, it comes down the chimney, and brings the smoke with it. In truth we do wrong to leave the supply to chance crevices. Nearly 150 years ago Gauger devised a remedy for the inconvenience, by making a channel under the floor, one end passing through the outer wall of the house and the other opening in the centre of the hearth. Dr. Franklin's method of ascertaining in a rough way how much air is required to be admitted per minute, was to set the door ajar until the fire burnt properly, and gradually close it again until smoke began to appear; he then opened it a little wider, and if the width of the crevice was half an inch in a door 8 feet high, the room would need an aperture equal to 48 square inches, or a hole 6 inches by 8. Six inches square would probably be sufficient for the wants of most chimneys. But where to form this aperture is a difficult question. If made in the door, it admits a cold current to the back and feet of persons sitting near the fire, and also interferes with the privacy of the room: if made in the window, it brings down a cataract of untempered air upon the head. A plan which has come of late into pretty general use, is to have the opening nearly on a level with the top of
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the room at the corner furthest from the chimney-place, and to shield it on the inside with a board sloping upwards. This directs the atmospheric current which enters from without against the ceiling, along which it streams, and coming in contact with the hot ascending air of the apartment, mingles therewith and partakes of its warmth. Dr. Franklin and Count Rumford advocate a similar contrivance, which within the last few years has been made the subject of a patent; but we would venture, with much deference, to differ from these high authorities on the following grounds. It has been wisely ordained in nature that the air issuing from our lungs (which is incapable of supporting respiration or combustion, and acts like a poison if breathed a second time) shall have a temperature of 98° , sufficient to impart to it that elastic ascensional force which would convey it away, did the arrangements of our rooms permit it to be carried off. Dr. Arnott's chimney valve does provide for its escape; but under ordinary circumstances the products of respiration and combustion rise upwards till they are stopped by the ceiling, when they again descend and pass out by the crack at the top of the door, or mingle with the air which rushes towards the fireplace. Thus by a clumsy contrivance, or rather no contrivance, for it was not designed by the house-builder, the foul air is partially got rid of. Now if a sheet of cold air be allowed to spread over the ceiling, it condenses the impure stratum, and causes it to descend with increased rapidity to be breathed over again on its way to the chimney. The effect of such an arrangement is also greatly to lower the temperature of the apartment. We believe, therefore, that the proper plan is to admit the air by a channel from without opening in the hearth in front of the fire; or by a number of small apertures placed behind the skirting, which should be set a little forward for the purpose, each hole being covered with perforated zinc or wire-gauze. By either of these methods a broad sheet of air may be introduced at a low level without occasioning draughts, while due provision should be made at the top of the room for the passage of the vitiated air.

Previous to the time of Count Rumford, it was a common fault to make the mouths of chimneys, and the chimneys themselves, of too large dimensions. The practice appears to have been derived from the model of the fireplace in the old baronial hall or kitchen. In the one case the logs piled up on the hearth, and raised only a few inches above it by the massive andirons, sent, regardless of waste of fuel, more copious floods of heat up the chimney than were radiated into the room, but allowed a large party to assemble before the blaze. In the other case so vast was the cavity, that seats were made in the jambs, and it was almost literally

literally possible to sit *round* the fire. The plan is still preserved in many of the ancient farm-houses and cottages which remain in the country. As the mantel was raised above the ordinary stature of a man, the apartment was at least well ventilated; but as only a small portion of the air which entered the chimney passed through the fire, it was not always sufficient to maintain an ascending current, and hence these old fireplaces were liable to smoke.

One of the earliest improvers of the system was Louis Savot, who was born about 1579, and became a licentiate in the faculty of medicine at Paris, in 1610. He was early impressed with the maxim of Vitruvius, that it is indispensable in an architect to have some acquaintance with medicine, and he saw no reason why a medical man should not have an acquaintance with architecture. Accordingly he studied architecture in a sanitary point of view, and published in the year 1624 a work entitled '*L'Architecture Française des Bastimens particuliers,*' which seems to have met with much success during the life of the author, and was twice reprinted after his death.

There are many sound principles and ingenious notions to be found in Savot's treatise, which we cannot notice here. They are chiefly applicable to wood-fires, but they have suggested, and may still suggest, hints to persons engaged in fireside improvements, a remark which applies to most of the old works which we have consulted on this subject. We must dwell longer upon the very meritorious fireplace of Gauger, which has been erroneously ascribed to the Cardinal Polignac. A full description of it is given in a work which the inventor published in 1713, entitled '*La Mécanique du Feu,*' and from a translation which appeared in English in 1716, we quote his complacent commentary upon his contrivance:—

'A plate of iron or copper, bowed or bended after such a manner as is not at all disagreeable to the sight; a void behind, divided by certain small iron bands or partition plates, forming several spaces that have a communication one with another; a little vent-hole in the middle of the hearth; a register-plate in the upper part of the funnel; and for some shafts a capital on the top, make up the whole construction and workmanship of our modern chimney. How can there be anything more simple, or plain, or easy to execute? To be able to kindle a fire speedily and make it, if you please, flame continually, whatever wood is burning, without the use of bellows; to give heat to a spacious room, and even to another adjoining, with a little fire; to warm one's self at the same time on all sides, be the weather ever so cold, without scorching; to breathe a pure air always fresh, and to such a degree of warmth as is thought fit; to be never annoyed with smoke in one's apartment,
nor

nor have any moisture therein; to quench by one's self in an instant any fire that may catch in the funnel of the chimney; all these are but a few of the effects and properties of these wonderful machines, notwithstanding their apparent simplicity. Since I used this sort of chimney, I have not been troubled one moment with smoke in a lodging which it rendered untenable as soon as a fire was lighted; I have always inhaled, even during the sharpest seasons, a fresh air like that of the spring. In 1709, water that froze hard everywhere else very near the hearth, did not congeal at night in my chamber, though the fire was put out before midnight; and all that was brought thither in the day soon thawed; neither did I ever perceive the least moisture in winter, nor even during thaws.'

This flattering account of the results of his invention would lead one at first sight to suppose that Gauger had made a sudden bound to perfection, and that nothing further remained to be effected in the improvement of fireplaces. Yet his mention, twice over, of the absence of moisture in his rooms, leads to the suspicion that the unpleasant sensations caused by breathing burnt air, or air which has been in contact with heated metal, was, notwithstanding what he says of its 'freshness,' a defect in his system.

Gauger, nevertheless, was a master of his art. He rightly states that a fire communicates heat to a room by *radiation*, *reflection*, and *conduction*. Radiant heat is reflected according to the same law as light, namely, the angle of incidence is equal to the angle of reflection, and hence it follows that in a fireplace with straight jambs, very few of the rays are reflected into the room. Thus *Ff*, Fig. 1, being a fire in an ordinary chimney, of which the jambs *AB*, *ba* are parallel, the ray of heat *fG* will be reflected to *M*; the ray *fH* will be reflected back upon itself at *f*; the ray *fI* to *N*; and the ray *fL* to *P*. This last ray is the only one which can be reflected into the apartment, the others being reflected to the back, or up the chimney, or among the fuel, and contributing in no way to the useful heating effect of the fire. Where the jambs are of plaster the case is still worse, for the rays falling on a dull surface, are absorbed. Having shown how mistaken was the ordinary construction, Gauger proceeds to describe the form of the jambs which would reflect the greatest amount of heat:—

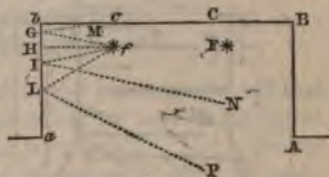


Fig. 1.

'Geometricians are sensible that all radiuses which set out from the focus of a parabola and fall upon its sides, are reflected back parallel to its axis. If, therefore, you take on the bottom of a chimney-hearth,

A B,

A B, *b a*, Fig. 2, a length *c C*, equal to that of the wood designed to be burnt, for example, of half a log or billet, which at Paris is 22 inches,

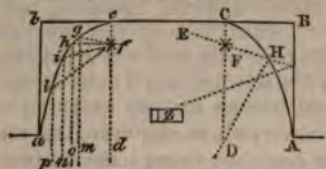


Fig. 2.

from the points *C c*, let fall the perpendicular *CD*, *c d*, which may be the axis of two semiparabolas whereof *C c* are the vertices, and *A a* (the distance between which is the breadth of the chimney) each of them one of their points; that done you are to line with iron or copper plates the two parabolical sides *AC*, *a c*, of the chimney, and make the lower part of the concave parallel to the horizon, and as large as it can be, only leaving ten or twelve inches for the aperture of the chimney funnel. By this arrangement as much of the heat as can be, will be reflected, for all the rays of heat from the focus *F f* of each semi-parabola, as *f g*, *f h*, *f i*, *f l*, &c. will be reflected back parallel to the axis *c d*, in *m*, *n*, *o*, *p*, and consequently pass into the room. So also, all those rays as *E H*, which are not reflected back parallel to the axis, will nevertheless be reflected into the chamber, or nearly so. Besides this, the jambs being so much nearer the fire than is usual, will soon become heated, and reflect a large number of rays.'

Draughts towards the fire were avoided by introducing the outer air by a *soufflet*, or blower, the opening of which was in the centre of the hearth at *Z*. This was furnished with a trap-door, or valve, opening upwards, which could be set at any desired angle, or closed altogether.

This great improvement in the form of the jambs of the fire-place formed but a small part of Gauger's invention. The back, the jambs, the hearth, and the mantel were all made hollow, and



Fig. 3.

were formed by means of perpendicular or horizontal divisions into spaces or *caliducts*, which were supplied with air from without, not by the same channel which supplied the fire, but by a distinct opening shown at *a* in Fig. 3. This figure represents the horizontal arrangement of caliducts, and makes it clear how the air, passing in the direction of the arrows beneath the hearth *e*, and traversing the caliducts at the back of the grate, must have become thoroughly warmed before it passed from the last caliduct *d*, just beneath the smoke-flue *m*, and made its way into the apartment at *x*. The supply of hot air to the apartment was regulated at this point by a valve in the air-channel, formed on the principle of Papin's four-way cock, so that

that warm air could be obtained in greater or less quantity, or it could be shut off altogether and cold air admitted in its stead, or the whole supply of cold air might be excluded both from the caliducts and from the room. Gauger's treatise contains descriptions of a number of complicated fireplaces on this principle, and shows how two rooms may be warmed by one fire, by carrying a pipe from the caliducts through the wall into an adjoining room, or through the ceiling into a room above. For very large public rooms two of these fireplaces may be fixed back to back in the centre of the apartment (in which case there must of course be a descending flue), with one series of caliducts for both.

It must be evident to all persons that Gauger's contrivance is very superior to the majority of fireplaces in use at the present day. The external air is conveyed in sufficient quantity by the air tube, and passing through the caliducts, is raised to a genial temperature; it is thus discharged into the room, and communicates an agreeable warmth to every part, so that it is not necessary for a person in cold weather to warm himself by crouching over the fire, and scorching his face, while his back perhaps is exposed to the chilling influence of chink-winds. As the warm air is constantly streaming in, an equal quantity must at the same time be constantly escaping into other parts of the house, or up the chimney, which secures ventilation as well as warmth. The cutting off of draughts is of greater importance than is generally supposed. Their danger has passed into a proverb in more than one language. 'Shun a current of air from a narrow passage as you would the point of an arrow,' say the Chinese; and the Portuguese have an admonitory couplet to this effect:—

'If cold wind reach you through a hole,
Go make your will, and mind your soul.'

The Gauger fireplace was adapted to the burning of wood fuel. Dr. Desaguliers modified it so as to allow of coal being burnt, and it met with some success in the metropolis. The scientific opponents, however, of the learned doctor selected this useful labour as a vulnerable point, and attacked him on the ground that 'it burnt the air, and that burnt air was fatal to animal life.' In vain did he remonstrate, and give an account of experiments, which, at the present day, would rather tell against his cause than assist it. He passed, for example, atmospheric air over red-hot iron, and collecting it in a receiver, encaged a bird in it which continued for some time to live cheerfully and happily; but on making a similar experiment with air that had passed over red-hot brass, the bird was immediately killed; 'for we know,'
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he says, 'that brass has in it something stinking and unwholesome when cold, whereas iron is perfectly wholesome.'

The fireplaces having failed, the progress of domestic comfort was retarded by at least a century. Many years afterwards, in his excellent work, entitled 'A Course of Experimental Philosophy,' Desaguliers relates the history of this contrivance, and remarks mournfully:—'As I took so much pains and care, and was at some expense to make this management of air useful, I cannot help complaining of those who endeavoured to defeat me in it.' He was, in fact, altogether an ill-fated philosopher. His ventilating fan was not appreciated by his contemporaries, though in our own day it has rendered such excellent service in the cause of sanitary improvement. He ventilated the House of Commons in 1723, on correct principles, by erecting fireplaces in closets over the ceiling of the house in the upper portion of the building, and leading into their chimney shafts the vitiated air which was drawn off by apertures in the ceiling. But here again he was doomed to be defeated by ignorance and selfishness, for Mrs. Smith, the housekeeper, thinking it a grievance to be disturbed in the possession of *her rooms*, neglected to light the fires at the proper time, and the honourable members of the day pronounced the plan a failure.

In 1745 Dr. Franklin published a pamphlet, in which he described a fireplace suggested by that of Gauger, under the name of the Pennsylvanian stove, which, being contrived with a descending flue, exposed a considerable extent of metallic surface in the room, to be heated by the flame and smoke before they reached the chimney. It was originally adapted for wood fuel, but in 1753 was modified by Mr. Durno for the combustion of coals. The fuel-box was 15 inches wide, 5½ inches deep from the grate to the top bar, and 5½ inches from front to back. It is stated that by means of this fireplace a room 14 feet square was maintained at a temperature of between 60 and 64 degrees during 13 hours, with the combustion of only one peck of coals, and this at a time when the external temperature was 28 degrees. Like the predecessors to which it owed its origin, it does not appear to have obtained favour in England, any more than other contrivances on the same principle, which, from time to time, were patented, and then allowed to go out of use. Indeed architects erect houses and construct fireplaces in a way which renders it extremely expensive, as well as troublesome, to adopt improvements. When the building is finished, and the grates on the common construction are all *in situ*, it requires more than ordinary means and courage to tear them out, and set in their places scientific contrivances of which no one perhaps can give any practical account.

account. Even if an ironmonger were supplied with working drawings of a fireplace with caliducts, he would have to send to Wolverhampton, or some other 'casting' district; the manufacturers would be well nigh as much puzzled as himself, and if they succeeded at last in producing in iron the mysterious apparatus, the cost would be excessive. Unless builders and ironmongers are parties to these improvements, improvements are all but hopeless. It would seem to be a very simple operation to convey from the outer wall of a house an air tube, to open in a soufflet in the hearth, but if any one attempts this simple operation, he will probably find that the tube of 4 inches square cannot be placed under the floor without cutting the joists to such an extent as to render them insecure; that the driving the aperture through the side-wall of the chimney, which projects into the room, will be expensive, if not unsafe, that the grate must be taken out, the hearthstone taken up, and domestic comfort be disturbed for an indefinite length of time by bricklayers, masons, and ironmongers. Even those who write most learnedly on the subject are fellow-sufferers with those who hope to get information from the learning. We have been present in a room, lighted with gas, and warmed by a common fire, where a number of distinguished chemists, seated at a table, were arranging in council the affairs of a philosophical society. Any one of these gentlemen could have given a most satisfactory lecture on the folly and danger of breathing impure air; and yet from the force of habit, and from a feeling perhaps that the remedy was out of their own hands, they submitted to hold their consultations in an atmosphere unfit for animal respiration.

The most successful of all the modern attempts to improve grates and economise fuel was that of Count Rumford, at the close of the last century. His labours were more generally received than those of his predecessors, and the Rumford stove soon became and still continues a favourite. When he began his reform of domestic fireplaces, the common construction (in spite of all that had been advanced by Gauger and others) was to make the back of the fireplace as wide as the opening in front, with the sides perpendicular to it, and parallel to each other. The space above the fire was also of large dimensions, and there was a metal plate or cover in use, which sloped upwards towards the back of the chimney, and tended to draw up the warm air instead of reflecting the heat into the apartment.

In order to increase the warming effect of the fire, Count Rumford brought the grate forward, that the rays of heat which had formerly struck against its perpendicular jambs might be available in the room. It thus became necessary to build up a new
back

back to the grate, which now stood detached from the original chimney-back, and this gave him an opportunity of effecting his second great improvement, which was to diminish the throat of the chimney to the smallest possible size that would suffice for the transmission of the smoke. An abstract of the Count's description will explain the arrangement:—In a room of medium size, suppose the thickness of the wall of the chimney in front, as measured from the front of the mantel to the breast, be 9 inches; set off 4 inches for the width of the throat, and supposing the back of the chimney to be built upright, as it should be, this will give 13 inches for the depth of the fireplace as measured upon the hearth. In such a case 13 inches will be a good size for the width of the back, and three times 13 inches, or 39 inches for the width of the opening of the fireplace in front, so that the angle made by the back of the fireplace and the sides or covings equal 135° . In shaping the throat of the chimney, the ends of the new walls are to form a flat horizontal surface, which renders it more difficult for wind to force its way through the narrow passage than if the sides were sloped outwards, or made to swell out at the upper extremity of the throat into a trumpet-shape, till it increased by degrees to the size of the canal of the chimney. Circular or curved forms for the covings are objected to as being productive of eddies in the current of air which flows towards the fire. That portion of the current which passes under the mantel should be made gradually to bend its course upwards, so as to unite with the smoke, instead of crossing upon and embarrassing it in its ascent, and the desired end is attained by rounding off the breast of the chimney, which before his time was frequently left flat and full of holes and corners.

To the other beneficial changes was added the diminution of the size of the grate by filling up the back and sides with pieces of freestone, till the width of the cavity was reduced to six or eight inches. Under the old construction the Count calculated that 14-15ths of the heat escaped up the chimney and was lost.* Any attempt to maintain a small fire was ineffectual, on account of the great mass of metal of the grate, and the air rushing into it, cooling down the fire below the point necessary for combustion, as a live coal which falls upon the hearth soon ceases to be red-hot from the cooling effect of the surrounding atmosphere and the cold material on which it falls.

* Dr. Arnott estimates the loss at seven-eighths, of which one half is lost in the smoke as it issues from the burning mass; two-eighths are carried off by the current of the warmed air of the room, which is constantly entering the chimney between the fire and the mantelpiece, and mixing with the smoke; and the rest is lost from about an eighth of the combustibles passing away, as soot or unburned fuel.

Such

Such is a brief statement of Count Rumford's important additions to domestic comfort, derived from his verbose Essay, which possesses the charm which is communicated by earnestness of purpose. He is constantly returning to points which have been already demonstrated; and, lest there should be any mistake, after giving, at the end of his Essay, 'Directions for laying out the work,' he has a second supplement consisting of wood-engravings with separate descriptions. He also names many of the nobility and gentry who have adopted his plans with success, and gives references to the workpeople who executed them. With the honest pride of an inventor, he refers to at least five hundred smoky chimneys which he has conquered, and says, 'I have never been obliged, except in one single instance, to have recourse to any other method of cure than merely reducing the fireplace and the throat of the chimney to a proper form and just dimensions.' He remarks that the alterations involve very little expense, requiring only a few bricks and some mortar, or a few pieces of firestone; that they are adapted to any kind of grate or stove, and that they have effected a saving of fuel equal to one-half, and frequently two-thirds, of the quantity previously consumed. He requests the public, tradesmen, and manufacturers to observe that as he had no intention of patenting any inventions of his which might be of public utility, all persons were at full liberty to imitate them, and vend them for their own emolument; 'and those who wish for further information will receive *gratis* the information they require by applying to the author, who will take pleasure in giving them every assistance in his power.'

The opening for the passage of the smoke in the plan of Count Rumford, was, as we have seen, only four inches wide, and he had a clumsy contrivance for removing a portion of the masonry to permit the chimney to be swept. This defect was remedied about the year 1806 by the introduction of stoves with a plate of iron, not sloping upwards towards the *back* of the chimney, as had previously been the case, but inclining upwards in the contrary direction towards the mantel, and being supplied with a trap-door for the smoke. These plates or registers have continued in use ever since; they are convenient and easy of removal, but are less favourable to economy of fuel than masonry, because of the greater conductibility of metal.

The register is really a very old contrivance, and appears in some cases to have been synonymous with the damper. In the furnaces of the alchemists, openings left for the supply of air, and which could be contracted or entirely closed by means of clay, were called registers. Thus we find in Ben Jonson:—

Look well to the register,
And let your heat still lessen by degrees.

The first mention that we have met with of the register-plate occurs in Savot, who, on the authority of Scammozzi, says that it was customary in England when a brazier full of fuel was well lighted, and had ceased to smoke, to shut the iron door, and confine the heat to the room.

Dr. Franklin, writing in 1785, puts in a claim to the invention of the modern 'registers,' or 'sliding plates, which have since been brought into use under various names, with some immaterial changes,' but which he states to have been contrived by himself in 1758, and described in a letter to J. Bowdoin. In this letter he speaks of the method as designed for keeping rooms warmer in cold weather, and with less fire, than usual.

'The opening of the chimney is contracted by brickwork, faced with marble slabs to about two feet between the jambs, and the breast is brought down to within about three feet of the hearth; an iron frame is placed just under the breast, and extending quite to the back of the chimney, so that a plate of the same metal may slide horizontally backwards and forwards in the grooves on each side of the frame. This plate is just so large as to fill the whole space, and shut the chimney entirely when thrust quite in, which is convenient when there is no fire. Drawing it out so as to leave a space between its further edge and the back, of about two inches, this space is sufficient for the smoke to pass, and so large a part of the funnel being stopped by the rest of the plate, the passage of warm air out of the room up the chimney is obstructed and retarded, and by that means much cold air is prevented from coming in through crevices to supply its place.'—*Franklin's Works by Sparks*, vi. 534.

Dr. Franklin notices as an instance of 'the tractability of smoke,' a fireplace which he saw at an inn in Staffordshire.

'The opening of the chimney is bricked up even with the fore-edge of its jambs, leaving open only a passage over the grate of the same width, and perhaps eight inches high. The grate, with the coals it contains, is wholly without the wall that shuts up the chimney; yet the smoke bends and enters the passage above it, the draught being strong, because no air can enter that is not obliged to pass near or through the fire, so that all that the funnel is filled with is much heated, and of course much rarefied.'—*Franklin's Works*, vi. 531.

We have seen many such fire-places put up as a cure for smoky chimneys, but they burn with a roaring draught that causes a great consumption of coals,

Admirable in many respects as were the remedies we have been describing, they did not, we fear, touch certain cases of smoky chimneys which torment the housekeeper to the present day.

day. For example, the canal or funnel of the chimney may be too high, compared with the size of the fire, when the hot air will cool down before it reaches the top and loses all its ascensive force. In other words, the column of air within the chimney being nearly of the same weight as an equal column on the outside of the chimney, there will be little or no motion up the shaft, and the smoke will fall back into the room. It more frequently happens, however, that the funnel is too short, as with attics, when, if the shaft cannot be lengthened, the remedy is to contract the opening of the fireplace, and thus compel all the air which enters to pass through or very near the fire. The chimney of an upper is sometimes turned into the flue of a lower room, which is one of the most effectual methods for producing smoky chimneys that could possibly be devised. If a fire is kindled in the upper room when there is none below, the smoke has to encounter the reservoir of cold air in the main shaft. Its ascensive force being thus destroyed, not only may the upper room be filled with smoke, but it is also apt to creep down the principal flue, and invade the apartment beneath. On the contrary, if the lower fire only be kindled, the cold air from above rushing in at the upper part of the flue will cool it down at that point, and, as in the former case, may cause the smoke to descend into both the rooms. The remedy for these inconveniences is either the objectionable one of closing the upper fireplace with a well-fitting fire-board, or the inconvenient one of keeping up a fire in both apartments, when the joint effect will increase the force of the draught in the main shaft.

The principal remedy for smoky chimneys being to keep up an ample supply of air, and no special provision being made by the housebuilder for the purpose, the air finds its way through the cracks of windows and doors, or by the more easy passage of another chimney-shaft. In this way chimneys may often overpower each other. A fire in a front or back drawing room may burn very well by itself, but if an attempt be made to light both fires the rooms are filled with smoke. The stronger burning fire draws upon the shaft of the weaker for a supply of air, and of course brings the smoke down with it. If the two rooms be separated by a wall, the same effect may be produced, for they still communicate atmospherically by the joints of the doors. It is even possible, when the windows fit tightly, for a large kitchen fire to overpower all the other chimneys of the house. Dr. Franklin tells us that this happened in a nobleman's new-built mansion in Westminster, and after the owner had paid for it, he had to expend three hundred pounds to cure the defect.

The existence of these up and down draughts, as well as the

necessity for a constant supply of air to promote combustion, may be illustrated by a pleasing experiment:—

‘Place a lighted taper in a flat dish, and cover it with a glass receiver, furnished with a long glass chimney placed immediately over the flame. If the bottom of the receiver does not come into very close contact with the dish, enough air will enter to support combustion, and the draught or current of hot air will escape up the chimney, and the taper will continue to burn for any length of time. If we now shift the receiver a little on one side, so that the flame may not be immediately under the chimney, the products of combustion will impinge upon the glass, and cooling down and mingling with the air of the receiver, will contaminate it so much, that the taper immediately begins to burn dimly, and will soon be extinguished. On bringing the chimney over the flame, it will speedily improve in appearance; the smoke and other products of combustion will be rapidly discharged, and the receiver will become bright and transparent as before. But suppose we cut off all communication with the external air from below by pouring a little water into the dish, so as to cover the mouth of the receiver, we shall then have the case of a room which is provided with a vent tube near the ceiling, but has no provision for admitting fresh air from any lower



Fig. 4.

openings; in such case, the fresh air will seek to enter by the ventilating tube. If this be large enough, the outgoing hot air and the incoming cool air will divide the tube into two parts. But if, as in the experiment before us, the ventilating tube or chimney be too narrow, the hot and cold currents will interfere with each other; the tendency of the hot air to rise and of the cold air to descend, will prevent the escape of the one and the entrance of the other, and the taper will soon be extinguished for want of fresh air. But if the chimney be divided into two portions by a flat strip of tin plate passed down it, as in Fig. 4, and the taper be lighted and placed in its former position, it will continue to burn for any length of time; for, by this arrangement, the two currents of hot and cold air are prevented from interfering with each other; the hot air will pass up one channel and escape, and the cold air will descend the other channel to feed the flame. By holding a piece of smoking paper or the glowing wick of a taper on one side of the chimney, the smoke will be drawn down, thereby indicating the descending current of cool air; while, on the other side, the smoke will be driven up by the ascending current of heated air.’—*Tomlinson*, pp. 164, 165.

Chimneys may also smoke from local position, as when their tops are commanded by higher buildings or by a hill, so that the wind in blowing over them falls like water over a dam, and passing

passing over the tops of the chimneys, may beat down the smoke. If it is not possible to raise the funnels to the same height or higher than the eminence, the usual remedy is to place on the top of the chimney one of those uncouth forms, which render the sky-line of London houses so hideous to behold. The simplest contrivance is a revolving cowl, furnished with a wind-arrow, which causes the mouth, whichever way the wind blows, to be turned in an opposite direction. Such expedients, however, may fail in the case of reflected winds, as when an eminence is farther from the wind than the chimney commanded, in which case the wind would be pent up between the house and the eminence, and force its way down the chimney in spite of the turncap. Dr. Franklin mentions a city in which smoky chimneys were numerous in consequence of the kitchens being lower than the houses, with which they were connected by a passage. When the wind blew against the backs of the houses, the whole side of a street formed a kind of dam, and the obstructed currents were forced down the kitchen chimneys. The annoyance was greatest when the kitchen fires were burning badly, because the draught was then insufficient to carry the smoke to any considerable height.

As the full enjoyment of the open fire depends so much on a knowledge of the peculiarities of the fickle race of chimneys, we will specify a few more cases, to enable any afflicted reader to ascertain for himself the cause and cure of the evil, without having recourse to the uncertain and expensive prescriptions of the chimney-doctor. It may happen that a chimney, which would otherwise draw well, will smoke from the improper position of a door; for example, if the door and the chimney are on the same side of the room, and the door opens against the wall, a current of air will rush across the fire-place and check the draught which is flowing into it, when the smoke must descend. This is more likely to happen in shutting than in opening the door, for the force of the current is then increased. The best remedy is to shift the hinges of the door and direct the air along the other wall; but a projecting screen is sometimes sufficient to intercept the offending current.

Rooms which are not often warmed by a fire, may be filled with smoke from the chimneys of other rooms where fires are burning. This is either caused by the wind or by changes in the density of the air of the cold funnel, due to the varying temperatures of day and night. If the temperature of the outer atmosphere and of that in the chimneys is nearly the same, a current of warmer air from the room begins to ascend the shaft in the evening and continues till nine or ten o'clock next morning: as
the

the heat of the day advances, the current sets downwards. When, therefore, the smoke from the neighbouring chimneys passes over the tops of those which are drawing downwards, it is sucked in with the current, and fills the room below, or gives that strong smell of soot which is familiar to every one. The inconvenience, however, since the use of the register stove, has been less felt than formerly. Chimneys, again, placed in the north wall of a house do not always draw so well as those on the south, because, being cooled by the north winds, there is not always sufficient ascensive force. The flues which are enclosed in the body of the house are protected from the chilling effects of the external air, and are thus more powerful than those in outer walls; while those which are built in stacks often draw better than separate funnels, since they lend heat to one another.

The form of the chimney-pots is of some importance. Those which are ornamented are often objectionable, the projecting portions serving as points of resistance to the wind, and reflecting it down the chimney. When the pots are grouped or clustered together they present a broad opposing surface to the blast, which, being checked by the obstruction, may rise up along it, and, blowing strongly over the mouths of the funnels, prevent the smoke from passing up through it.

Lastly, chimneys may smoke from causes which science may not be able to reach. In one case, mentioned by Dr. Franklin, a flue on which all remedies had been tried in vain was found, on taking down the wainscot, to have a crack several feet in length and some inches in width. In another case the same intelligent observer began to treat his patient with all the confidence of science:—

‘I opened the door, and perceived it was not want of air; I made a temporary contraction of the opening of the chimney, and found it was not its being too large that caused the smoke to issue; I went and looked up at the top of the chimney; its funnel was joined in the same stack with others, some of them shorter, that drew very well, and I saw nothing to prevent its doing the same: in fine, after every other examination I could think of, I was obliged to own the insufficiency of my skill. But my friend, who made no pretension to this kind of knowledge, afterwards discovered the cause himself. He got to the top of the funnel by a ladder, and looking down, found it filled with twigs and straw, cemented with earth and lined with feathers. It seems the house, after being built, had stood empty some years before he occupied it, and he concluded that some large birds had taken advantage of its retired situation to make their nests there. The rubbish, considerable in quantity, being removed, and the funnel cleared, the chimney drew well and gave satisfaction.’

Some years ago a favourite method of warming an apartment was

was by means of the *stove-grate* or *chapelle*, the latter name being given from its resemblance to the chapels or oratories of cathedrals. It was set within the opening of the large square fire-place, but kept distinct from it. The sides and back of the grate were of cast-iron, and were continued down to the hearth, inclosing the ash-pit. The pipe or flue was carried up some feet into the chimney, and was hidden by the Gothic ornaments of the grate. A register, or damper-plate, was so contrived that when open the smoke might strike it obliquely and be directed with certainty into the vent without any risk of reverberating into the room. All the rest of the space above the fire was shut up by iron plates or brick-work. The fuel being in immediate contact with the back and sides of the grate, raised them to a great heat, which they communicated to the air contiguous to them; and as there was but little outlet for it above, it became diffused over the room. The effect was remarkable. Less than a quarter of the fuel consumed in an ordinary fireplace was sufficient, and there was the same cheerful blazing hearth, and salutary renewal of the air. The difficulty, indeed, was so to regulate the temperature as to prevent the room from becoming oppressively warm. Those parts of the apparatus which were in contact with the fuel became needlessly hot, and it was found an improvement to line them with thick plates of cast-iron, or with tiles of fire-clay, which, being bad conductors, moderated the heat communicated to the surrounding atmosphere. Passages were also opened in the vent, to permit the air heated by the sides of the stove-grate to ascend directly into the flue, instead of escaping into the room. It had the further recommendation that a cheerful fire was insured within five minutes, by hanging a plate of iron in front, which reached down as low as the grate, and was removed as soon as the fuel had burnt bright.

Among the newly-introduced stoves of the present day, the greater number are remarkable for brilliant reflecting surfaces. In Jobson's stove-grate, which was patented in 1848, and attracted considerable attention, the fire is surrounded by a circular parabolic reflector, which reflects the rays of light and heat into the room in parallel lines. The reflector turns upon a hinge at the side, and can be brought out like a door, for the purpose of cleaning the grate or lighting the fire. There is a concealed ash-pan, which requires to be emptied only once a week. As the parabolic casting surrounds the grate, there is little or no passage for the air into the chimney, except through or close over the fire; but when it is required to ventilate the room, the reflector can be drawn forward an inch or two to allow

allow the air to flow in around it. This fireplace has a handsome appearance.

The Gauger principle of air-tubes and caliducts has hitherto scarcely had a fair trial. Mr. Francis Lloyd has ingeniously and successfully applied the principle to an ordinary grate, by bringing in the outer air, allowing it to circulate in tubes at the sides and back of the grate, and then discharging it into the room at the upper part of the mantel. A meritorious attempt has also been made in what is called 'Pierce's pyro-pneumatic warming and ventilating stove' to secure the advantages of the caliduct system without producing the 'burnt air' which was fatal to the success of the plan as introduced by Desaguliers. As yet this stove has been chiefly applied to the warming of public buildings or halls, where the effects of an over-dry atmosphere would be less evident: but there is much reason to suppose that the inventor's plan of placing the tubes or caliducts within masses of fire-loam, and thus avoiding all contact of the heated air with the metal, will obviate the evil. Like the Chapelle, this pyro-pneumatic stove stands within the fireplace. The air from the caliducts, which is distributed over the apartment, in conjunction with the direct heat of the open fire, produces, it is said, a pleasant temperature, with very little fuel. It is stated in the manufacturer's circular that the largest-sized stove of this description sends out twenty thousand feet of warm air within the hour, at an expenditure of four pounds weight of coal; and that half a hundred weight of coals may be taken as the consumption for the day.

A fashion has lately been introduced of placing the fire-grates lower than formerly; in some cases on the very hearth, under the idea that a low fire burns better, or gives out more heat from the same quantity of fuel, and communicates greater warmth to the feet. Dr. Arnott has shown the fallacy of this idea in a paper communicated to the 'Journal of the Society of Arts,' 14th July, 1854. After referring to the laws of radiant heat, and showing that in the common open fireplace it is from the radiant heat that almost all the warmth is derived; and that the rays do not raise the temperature of the air until they have been first intercepted and absorbed by the walls and furniture of the room, he proceeds as follows:—

'1st. The supposition that fuel burnt in a low fire gives out more heat has arisen from the experimenter finding that his hand held over the low fire feels not only the heat radiated from the fire itself, but also that reflected from the hearth close beneath it, which second portion, if the grate were high, would have room to spread or radiate downwards and outwards to the more distant floor or carpet, and to warm them.

'2nd.

'2nd. The notion that the fire, because near the floor, must warm the carpet more, springs from what may be called an error in the logic of the reasoner, who is assuming that the hearth, floor, and carpet, being parts of the same level, are in the same predicament—the truth being, however, that in such a case the hearth within the fender gets nearly all the downward rays, and the carpet almost none—as a candle held before a looking-glass at a moderate distance diffuses its heat pretty uniformly over the whole, but if moved close to one part of the glass it overheats, and probably cracks, that part, leaving the rest unaffected. A low fire on a heated hearth is to the general floor or carpet of a room nearly what the sun, at the moment of rising or setting, is to the surface of a field. The rays are nearly all shooting upwards from the surface, and the few which approach it slant obliquely along, or nearly parallel to, the surface, without touching, and therefore without warming it.

'The annexed diagram serves to elucidate these facts.

'*c* represents the fireplace or centre of radiation, with rays diverging from it into the free space around.

'*a c* the wall in which the grate is set, and which can receive none of the direct rays,—as is nearly true of the floor also, if the fire be on the hearth.

'*a b* the ceiling.

'*b d* the wall opposite to the fire.

'*c d* the floor, with the fire on or close to the hearth. If there were no floor at all, these rays would shoot as abundantly down to the bottom and walls of the room below, as to the ceiling and walls of the room above; but the hearthstone of the floor, *c d*, first intercepts all the inferior rays, and then radiates them up to the ceiling, leaving the floor unsupplied, unless by secondary radiation from the ceiling and walls.

'*g h* represents a floor at a moderate distance below the fire. It is seen, by where the ray-lines intersect this floor, that much of the heat of the fire must spread over it, and chiefly between the middle of the room and the grate where the rug is, and where the feet of the persons forming the fireside circle are placed.

'Striking proof of the facts here set forth is obtained by laying thermometers on the floors of a room with a low fire, and of a room with the fire, as usual of old, at a height of about 15 or 16 inches above the hearth. An experiment, tried in two such rooms, in both of which thermometers on the pianofortes, four feet above the floor, stood at 62° , showed the carpet, not far from the hearth, to be at 56° with the low, and at 73° with the high fire.'

'The open fire-place,' says Mr. Tomlinson, 'is so intimately connected with an Englishman's ideas of domestic comfort, that it can never be expected, while coals are plentiful, that a more economical method

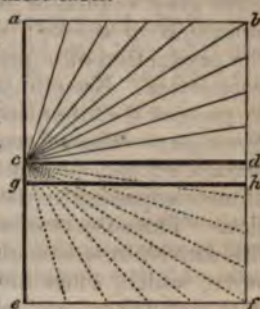


Fig. 5.

method of warming our rooms will become very common. It is, therefore, the duty of scientific men to make the open fire-place as comfortable as it certainly is wholesome, and if a better method of supplying air to the fire than the present chance arrangement were adopted; if caliducts were led round the fire, so as to discharge warm air into distant parts of the room, and even over the house; if the various parts of the fire-place were of the proper shape and dimensions; there seems to be no good reason against retaining our cherished open fire, and converting it from a troublesome, uncertain, smoky, and expensive companion, into a source of health, pleasure, and economy.'—p. 95. The details into which we have entered will show how far these desiderata have been secured; but something more still remained to be done, and this has been accomplished by Dr. Arnott. The three great requisites in the open fire-place are,—first, the consumption of smoke; secondly, economy of fuel; and thirdly, the production of a proper temperature, together with effectual ventilation. None of the contrivances already described pretend to prevent the formation of smoke, or to consume it when formed. Some have effected considerable economy of fuel, and do, to a certain extent, promote ventilation; but all three objects are alone compassed by means of Dr. Arnott's last admirable invention. The subject of stoves does not come within the scope of this article, or we should have something to say upon the Arnott stove, which, when introduced fourteen years ago, was received with enthusiasm, and generally adopted; though through defects in the manufacture, want of skill in the setting, and carelessness in the management, it subsequently lost a part of its popularity. Yet, with a moderate degree of attention, it will perform all the duties which its inventor claimed for it, such as maintaining day and night, throughout the winter, from October to May, a temperature of sixty degrees or upwards, by an expenditure of 12 lbs. of coal for 24 hours, or about one-fourth the quantity required for the maintenance of an open fire for fifteen or sixteen hours. Dr. Arnott, finding that the sympathies of Englishmen were opposed to the introduction of a close stove into rooms, next directed his talents to the improvement of the open fireplace. His first resolve was to make the fire consume its own smoke, and it occurred to him that, if instead of putting the coals on the top of the fire, where the bituminous matter, exposed to the heat below, evaporates as visible smoke, the fresh coals were introduced from *below*, the vapour of pitch and other gaseous products rising up through the burning mass would be consumed, and thus the products of combustion, instead of those of distillation, would pass into the chimney. But as there has never lived

lived a more lucid exponent of science than Dr. Arnott, we cannot do better than allow him to speak for himself:—

‘Common coal is known to consist of carbon and bitumen or pitch, of which pitch again the elements are still chiefly carbon and hydrogen, a substance which, when separate, exists as an air or gas. When the coal is heated to about 600° Fahrenheit, the bitumen or pitch evaporates as a thick, visible smoke, which, when it afterwards cools, assumes the form of soot. If that pitch, however, or pitchy vapour, be heated still more, as it is in the red-hot iron retorts of a gas work, or in rising through a certain thickness of ignited coal in an ordinary fire, it is in great part resolved into invisible carburetted hydrogen gas, such as we burn in street lamps. Now when fresh coal is thrown upon the top of a common fire, part of it is soon heated to 600°, and the bitumen of it evaporates as the visible smoke, which immediately rises. Of such matter the great cloud over London consists. If the pitchy vapour be heated to ignition by the contact of a flame or of ignited coal near the surface, it suddenly becomes in great part gas, and itself burns as flame. This is the phenomenon seen in the flickering and burning which takes place on the top of a common fire. But if fresh coal, instead of being placed on the top of a fire, where it unavoidably must emit visible pitchy vapour or smoke, be introduced beneath the burning, red-hot coal, so that its pitch, in rising as vapour, must pass among the parts of the burning mass, it will be partly resolved into the inflammable coal gas, and will itself burn and inflame whatever else it touches. Persons often amuse themselves by pushing a piece of fresh coal into the centre of the fire in this way, and then observing the blaze of the newly-formed gas.’

Dr. Arnott found that a patent for a plan somewhat similar to his own had been taken out by Mr. John Cutler (January, 1815); but his patent-right was contested with success, and as the apparatus was expensive, complicated, and liable to get out of order, it was soon abandoned. In Dr. Arnott’s improved scheme, in the description of which we freely borrow from the account which has been published by the inventor, the charge of coal required for the day’s consumption is placed in the fire-box *e, f, g, h*, fig. 6, and the coal is raised upwards, as it is wanted, by means of a piston which forms the bottom of the box, the piston being worked by the poker as a lever. The piston-rod is furnished with notches, in which the point of the poker is inserted, and a ratchet-catch supports the piston when the poker is withdrawn. The coal-box may be seven or eight inches in depth, and will contain from twenty to thirty pounds of coal, according to its area. In winter the coal may be heaped an inch or two above the mouth of the box, and in mild weather the charge may be diminished by not allowing the piston to descend to the bottom. If the charge of coal should be consumed, and it

it be required to refill the box without allowing the fire to go out, a broad flat shovel, of the shape of the bottom of the grate,

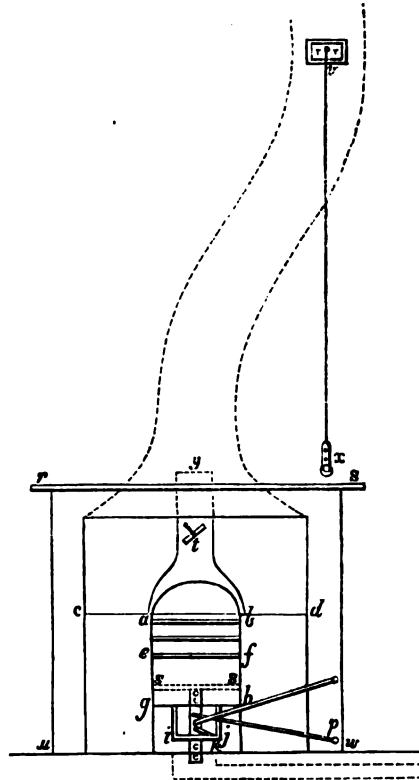


Fig. 6.

is pushed in upon the piston, the flat surface of which will now be flush with the bottom bar of the grate, *e, f*. The burning coals being thus supported, the piston is let down to the bottom of the box, for the reception of the new charge of coal. This being shot in, the spade is withdrawn. The fire can be lighted easily and quickly: the paper and wood are laid on the top of the coal, with a layer of cinders to the thickness of three or four inches. While the wood is burning and igniting the cinder, the heat raises from the coal below a pitchy vapour which increases the blaze; a little smoke now ascends into the chimney, but as soon as the cinders are fairly ignited the vapour becomes converted into gas, and the smoke ceases. It is not the least merit of this contrivance,

contrivance, that as no soot is deposited, the chimney will not require sweeping.

It is essential to the success of this contrivance that the piston fit the coal-box pretty accurately, so that no air be allowed to enter at the bottom; the combustion is thus confined to that part of the fire which is exposed to view, namely, between the bars of the grate and near the top of the coal-box. When nearly all the coal which is surrounded by the bars has been consumed, the air will dive into the box and keep up a gentle combustion, until the remainder of the fuel is burnt up. The fire may thus be kept in for a whole day or a night without requiring to be stirred, and yet in a moment, on raising the piston, a good blaze will burst forth. If a more active combustion is desired, it can be immediately produced by letting in an increased quantity of air, for which purpose there is a slide in a small door in front of the lower part of the coal-box. The fire may be extinguished by taking out the few lumps of caked coal which remain in the fire-box, or it may be left to exhaust itself. A defective construction of the piston, or an accidental injury to the ratchet, may be the source of occasional failures in the action of this apparatus.

The saving of fuel is effected by a peculiar contrivance. We have already seen that a large proportion of the matter which passes up the chimney-shaft does not consist alone of the products of combustion, for these are diluted with the air which is constantly streaming towards the fire. Now it is evident that if the smoke were discharged into the chimney without making the ordinary demand upon the warmed air of the room, we should have the benefit of its heat for a longer time. To effect this Dr. Arnott placed over the fire a cover or hood *y a b*, so arranged as to prevent more air mixing with the smoke than was required for the combustion of the inflammable gases. The saving he found was from one-third to half of the fuel previously required to maintain the desired temperature. In a room 15 feet by 13½ feet by 12 feet, with two large windows, the coal required to maintain a temperature of 55 degrees in the coldest winter day was 18 lbs. for nineteen hours. Dr. Arnott remarks, that 'under the present imperfect forms of open fire, the whole of the hot smoke passes away as certainly as here; but that at present it is so much diluted with the colder air of the room, that ordinary observers do not perceive, and consequently do not regret, the fact.'

The saving of fuel might be increased by making the smoke do duty before it is finally dismissed into the chimney. If, for example, it were brought into contact with a vessel containing

taining water or colder air, it would give up a considerable portion of its heat; thus the hood itself may be made a boiler or water vessel. In some cases the contraction of the space over the fire may be better made in brickwork than in metal, or the metal may be lined with tile to prevent the 'burnt-air' smell. The bottom of the chimney should be closed by a plate or other means, that no air may enter except through the hood. Through this plate the stalk of the hood passes tightly at *y*, and the stalk is furnished with a throttle-valve or damper at *t*, for regulating the supply of air. The handle which moves the damper is accompanied by a plate or card, graduated to show the position of the valve. When the valve is quite open the chimney quickens the combustion, like that of a blast furnace; but by closing the valve, the fierceness of the fire is diminished. The chimney-flue above the upper opening of the hood should be furnished with slanting sides, so as not to harbour dust or soot; for if the fire be carelessly used, soot may, of course, be formed.

It may now be asked what becomes of the ventilation of the room, if the air does not rush into the fireplace, as under ordinary circumstances? To this we answer that an Arnott valve, placed in the chimney close to the ceiling, is necessary in every room which is occupied by human beings, in order to prevent the air, poisoned by the process of respiration and by the combustion of lamps and candles, from being breathed over again. The action of the hood fortunately renders the Arnott valve, which was before uncertain in its operation, invariably effectual; for since the hood restores to the chimney its proper function of carrying off only the highly heated products of combustion, the hot ascending column improves the draught of the chimney, and the comparatively colder air near the ceiling of the room forces open the ventilating valve. Such a valve is shown at *v* in the figure; it is balanced nearly on its centre of gravity, that the least pressure of air from the room may open it inwards, while any pressure from within the chimney occasioned by a down draught closes it up. Attached to the valve is a wire, furnished at the bottom near the mantel *r s* with a screw or loop-peg *x*, to allow of its being partially or wholly closed. Beneath the hearth is a channel, shown by dotted lines, for conveying fresh air from the outside of the house: it enters the room under the fender by which it is warmed before it diffuses itself through the room—a means of economising heat as ingenious as it is original. This air-duct is also furnished with a regulating valve.

The small quantity of air which passes into the chimney in a fire-place thus constructed greatly diminishes the cold draughts from
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from doors and windows. As there is no soot the chimney cannot possibly catch fire; and even if it could, it would be extinguished by closing the hood-valve. Smoky chimneys are effectually prevented. The danger from light muslin dresses igniting by being blown towards the grate on the opening of the door, is entirely cut off; for there can be no rush of air when the fire is well supplied from the duct below the fender. Neither is there any risk of sparks from exploding pieces of coal, since all the coal is coked in the coal-box before it is raised to view. The strong draught of a large kitchen or other fire cannot overpower this chimney; which may, on the contrary, by means of a connecting tube, be made to ventilate a distant room, staircase, cellar, or closet. It is another advantage of its improved draught that fires can be maintained without inconvenience in upper rooms, as well as in low houses and cottages. When the fire is stirred, the hood-valve, by being opened more widely, will occasion such an increased current as to carry off dust, while the chimney-valve will allow a room, without overheating, to be lighted with gas, and will prevent explosions from its escape by not allowing it to accumulate. Any kind of coal, coke, culm, or coal-dust may be used, for the fumes which render some sorts objectionable in ordinary grates are carried off by the powerful action of the hood. It should, however, be stated that the brightness produced is rather that of coke than of coal, and that although it is easy to excite rapid combustion, yet the flame is pale and different in character from that of the ordinary fire.

It is certainly an advantage of these arrangements that they can be applied to a common grate in an ordinary fire-place. It was asserted by one of the speakers in the course of the discussion at the Society of Arts, after the reading of Dr. Arnott's paper, that 'he believed that the old grates might be adapted to Dr. Arnott's principle by an outlay of 25*s.* or 30*s.*; and grates, for very common purposes, might be so adapted at even a smaller cost.' As this statement has been very widely circulated, and is calculated to injure the plan which it was, doubtless, intended to promote, we think it right to mention that the cost will be much more considerable. Two manufacturers offer to supply grates on the new construction—one for 4*l.* 10*s.*, the other for 5*l.* A third in his circular offers them for 2*l.* 10*s.*; but when we last inquired he was not yet provided with any at this price. When the new grate is bought, the *fixing* is likely to be costly: in some cases the hearthstone has to be cut through or pulled out to allow the piston-rod to work, and the air-duct, &c., may lead to considerable outlay. It is necessary, therefore, to have an estimate of the whole expense before the alterations are commenced;

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but we can safely affirm that when once the householder has passed through the ordeal of floors and hearthstones disturbed, and grates reset, he will be amply repaid in the improved state of domestic comfort, health, and cheerfulness. And it must be added, that many of the difficulties and expenses accompanying the introduction of new forms of apparatus diminish as the arrangements become familiar to workpeople. Already it has been found that the cost of the Arnott fireplace has lessened with the increasing knowledge of his plan. Its extensive introduction during the present winter into both public offices and private dwellings, and the bestowal of the Rumford Medal on the inventor by the Royal Society, are the best proofs that he has not laboured in vain.

ART. VII.—1. *Report from the Select Committee on the Friendly Societies' Bill; together with the Minutes of Evidence, &c.* House of Commons, July, 1854.

2. *An Act to consolidate and amend the Laws, and to grant Additional Facilities in relation to the Purchase of Government Annuities, &c.: to which is added, Tables of the Rates of Government Annuities.* Printed by Authority of the National Debt Commissioners, 1853.

3. *Copies of further Report and Tables prepared under the direction of the Lords of the Treasury, by the Actuary of the National Debt Office, on the subject of Sickness and Mortality among the Members of Friendly Societies, as shown by the Quinquennial Returns to the 31st day of December, 1850.* Presented to the House of Commons, August 11, 1854.

OF all the instinctive principles of human nature which are found to develop themselves with activity in civilized society, there is perhaps none at once more powerful, universal, and beneficial, than that which suggests the provision of resources against the wants of the future. The bee and the ant afford typical examples of this instinct among the lower order of animals, and in its simplest form. In the case of man it assumes the additional shape of a propensity to lay by, or *save*, not with a view to the preservation of life only, but likewise to the command of an abundance of the means of enjoyment. In one or other of these shapes it is the source of all that accumulated stock of wealth which distinguishes civilised from savage life, and constitutes the essential element of material prosperity in a people.

The universality of this saving spirit, and the extent to which it is sure to develope itself under favourable circumstances, have
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not, we think, been sufficiently adverted to by the investigators of social science, or more attention would have been paid to arrangements likely to bring about so generally beneficial a result. No doubt it has always been recognised that security must be afforded to the possession and freedom in the disposal of wealth, as conditions necessary to its rapid accumulation. But the legislation of civilized countries has limited itself usually to this amount of encouragement to the provident or saving propensity by which property is created and accumulated. It is only of late years that any attempts have been made (tentatively and experimentally, as it were) to afford direct facilities for its exercise. The success, however, of these experiments, so far as they have gone, has been such as to justify the most sanguine expectations from their extension. For this end it is, of course, upon the masses, or, in the phrase of the day, the million, that influence must be brought to bear. The higher, or wealthier and more educated classes, may be left to themselves to find out the best modes of employing their savings with a view either to security or to increase. But the multitude whose days are passed in severe labour, which leaves them little time or opportunity for investigating the comparative safety or advantage of investments—whose savings, moreover, can only be individually minute, almost infinitesimal, although possibly immense in the aggregate—stand obviously in need of encouragement, advice, and assistance in this important matter. Indeed the strength and universal prevalence of the saving principle among even the poorest classes, with respect to which no doubt can be entertained, can with difficulty come into operation without such assistance. Where is a labouring man to bestow the few pence he might by frugality economise from the modest wages of his daily toil, after providing for his immediate wants? He may hoard them, it is true, in an old glove or stocking, or in the Irishman's treasury, a hole in the thatch of his cottage. But even if safe in such hiding-places, they gain no increase there, none of the *profit* which he sees the wealthier classes obtain in the various investments open to them. No wonder, then, that the desire of immediate gratification so often prevails over the propensity to save, and the money is spent in the ale-house and gin-shop, or perhaps in worse haunts, instead of being laid by as a resource against future need, or employed productively as *capital* with a view to profit, to his own advantage as well as of those whom its expenditure in that form would employ.

It was to meet this want that, upon the model of some private societies of a local and benevolent character, the system of Savings' Banks (to which we shall hereafter more fully advert) was instituted

tuted by the Legislature in the years 1817-18. Previous to this, however, it had to some partial extent been supplied by those remarkable spontaneous associations of the working classes which go by the name of Benefit Clubs, or Friendly Societies, the members of which contribute certain weekly or monthly payments to a common fund from which a proportionate allowance is promised to them, in case by sickness or accident they are rendered for a time incapable of labour, as also usually a sum of money to defray funeral expenses on death. Occasionally some other advantages are guaranteed in addition to the above. These societies have, it is believed, all sprung into existence within a recent period: very few having been heard of before the present century, although some of their features may be discovered in the guilds of the Anglo-Saxons and the fraternities or unions in which many of the 'trades' have from time immemorial been linked. By far the greater number of benefit societies are local, and partake of the character of convivial clubs, each being set on foot by some publican at whose house the members, usually from twenty to perhaps a hundred in number, periodically meet and spend a portion of their money, the landlord acting as treasurer, and keeping the box in which the contributions are deposited, and from which the allowances to sick members, or sums payable on death, are taken by officers appointed for this purpose. A committee is generally chosen to manage the affairs of the society and settle disputes; and rules, more or less copied by one society from another, are drawn up, by which every member on his entrance agrees to be bound. Many, however, of these societies are linked together by a sort of affiliation under a common name, such as the Manchester Unity, the Order of Odd Fellows, the Ancient Order of Foresters, the Rechabites, the Druids, the Shepherds; running sometimes into still stranger extravagances of nomenclature, as—the Female Druids, the Oddesses, Old Friends, Peaceful Doves, Sons of Zebedee, &c. But in these cases the local clubs are still in fact separate societies as respects the essential matter of funds, that is to say, of contributions and liabilities; although styled lodges, branches, or districts of the general association, and subscribing to its rules.

There are no statistics by which the total number of the different Friendly Societies, or of their members, can be accurately ascertained. But there can be no doubt of the vast extension of the system. The Manchester Unity boasts of having near 300,000 members in the ranks of its affiliated branches, which extend over all Britain, and even into the colonies. The Ancient Order of Foresters, and that of Odd Fellows, each comprise from 80,000 to 100,000 members, Lord Beaumont,
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in speaking on the subject in the House of Lords in 1852, computed the total number of members of all the societies at 3,052,000; the amount of their annual contributions, or revenue, at 4,980,000*l.*; and their accumulated capital at 11,360,000*l.*

The spirit and intention of these popular self-formed institutions, which have grown up to such enormous magnitude within a comparatively recent period, are excellent so far as their main object goes, namely, to supply the insufficiency of individual effort in mitigating the calamities of sickness or death by aid from associated friends. They combine with the principle of a merely selfish forethought, the higher one, in a moral sense, of fraternal union and assistance in misfortune among neighbours as well as the more scientific principle of mutual assurance. But they have serious drawbacks in the too convivial character of their meetings, in the place of assemblage—being almost always a publichouse—in the frequent inadequacy of their funds to meet the demands on them, owing to the imperfect data on which the contributions are calculated, and in the want of security for their property, to which, by what can only be considered a technical omission, the law has hitherto afforded no protection, except upon conditions unpalatable to the great bulk of these societies. Strange to say, the larger proportion of the immense sums mentioned above as their accumulated funds, are still, or till within a very recent date have been, wholly at the mercy of the several treasurers, who might at any time make away with them (as has happened in several instances) without responsibility, since the law does not recognise unincorporated societies as having any *status* at all in its courts, and individual members are incapacitated from suing the defaulting treasurer by having renounced all individual ownership of their money on putting it into the common box.

The Legislature has, it is true, made several attempts to place these societies on a better footing, but not with any great success. The first Act passed for this purpose was the 33rd George III., c. 54 (1793). It was followed by several amending Acts up to the year 1829, when all were repealed by the 10th George IV., c. 56, which has been the ruling statute up to the passing of the recent Act, 13th and 14th Victoria, c. 115. The main feature in all the legislation on this subject has been the permission given to friendly societies to 'sue and be sued'—that is, to possess a legal status, and hold property, and likewise to invest their funds with the National Debt Commissioners, on their being enrolled by an officer specially appointed for the purpose by Government under the title of Registrar of Friendly Societies, the condition of such enrolment being that the rules and tables

should be certified by an actuary (in the early Acts by two justices of the peace) to be such as might be safely adopted upon a scientific calculation of the probabilities of life and health among the members. This condition, however, the great bulk of the benefit clubs have been always unwilling or unable to accept. The proportion of enrolled to unenrolled societies has never been correctly ascertained; for of the latter no public record exists. But it was calculated recently, by competent authority, that these comprehended at least two-thirds of the whole number of members. Such was the state of things up to 1850, when, by the 13th and 14th Victoria, c. 115, friendly societies were for the first time admitted to 'Registration' without submitting their tables for an actuary's certificate, and the result has been to bring into enrolment no less than 5000 (societies and branches) since the passing of that Act. The certificate of an actuary is now only required in case the society guarantees annuities in old age to its members; and so great is the unwillingness to encounter this ordeal, that only 39 out of the 5000 societies have submitted to it, the rest giving up this class of assurances in order to avoid the test.*

Nothing could more clearly show the insecure data on which the tables of the great bulk of these societies are framed than this striking fact. It is true that actuaries themselves are more or less 'at sea' upon the subject of reliable data for calculating the tables of contributions in such societies. The science of 'vital statistics' is a new one, and as yet imperfect. The average value of life has been ascertained from the statistics of mortality with some approach to accuracy as regards particular localities. But it varies with the locality. It varies also with the trade or occupation of the parties. The liability to sickness, which is the chief element to be considered in calculating the tables of friendly societies, varies probably still more according to these and other circumstances, and has as yet been far less closely investigated. The experience of friendly societies themselves affords the best data for this inquiry; and of this Mr. Neison largely availed himself in his valuable work entitled 'Contributions to Vital Statistics,' which was published in 1845. More recently the Government have printed the Report of Mr. Alexander Finlaison on a still wider amount of evidence contained in the tabular returns of the enrolled friendly societies, which are required to be made quinquennially by the Act 9th and 10th Victoria, c. 27.

These materials, though still deficient if precise accuracy were really requisite (which is, however, not the case), establish

* Report.—Evidence of Mr. Tidd Pratt, Q. 157.

at least certain leading facts which cannot be disregarded in calculating the contributions to be required of the members of a friendly society to defray the cost of fixed allowances to them in sickness. For example, it is ascertained that females are far more subject to sickness than males—at least, that they draw more largely on the funds; experience has shown, in the proportion of about four to three. Again, the aged of either sex are, as all must be aware, much more liable to sickness than the young. The more recent tables of Mr. Finlaison show, however, that ‘the average amount of sickness does not on the whole exhibit a very marked increase from the age of eighteen until after the age of thirty-five.’ Between those ages the average is less than one week in the year. From thirty-five to forty-five it increases very slowly; but after that age it augments so rapidly as to amount to two weeks in the year at fifty-five, and at sixty to more than three. Beyond that age the liability to sickness, or rather to infirmity, rendering a man incapable of labour, is so great, that no contributions within the means of the ordinary members could repay a society the probable cost of sick-pay after that age. And yet it is well known that innumerable benefit societies make no distinction in the contributions required from their members according to age, but guarantee the same amount of sick-pay for the same monthly contribution to a man of fifty as to one of twenty, and profess to continue the same to the end of life to whatever term it may extend! Such societies go on, of course very flourishingly for a few years, so long as the great bulk of the members are young, and consequently draw but little upon the fund; but as age steals upon them with its inevitable increase of sickness the funds begin to fail, and unless continually recruited with young blood, which a club containing many old members with difficulty obtains, insolvency and dissolution soon ensues. The higher class of societies employ tables of contributions graduated according to the age *at which the member enters*. But there are objections to carrying this principle of classification to any great extent. In the first place it introduces an inconvenient complexity into the system. Moreover, other considerations besides age materially affect the liability to sickness, and should, if strict equity is to prevail, be equally taken into account, but in practice cannot. Such are the healthiness or unhealthiness of the trade or occupation of the member. Such, too, the strength of his constitution; for in this respect all who are *passed* by the examining surgeon of the society as not positively afflicted with serious disease are, and practically must be, taken on the same terms. It is obvious that any attempt rigidly to apportion the payment of each member to his precise probable liability

liability to sickness would lead to a refined and complicated classification which must make the scheme impracticable. The labouring classes would not comprehend, and consequently would not adopt it. A rude approximative equity is alone attainable in this matter; and if in a fraternal association of the kind one member gets somewhat more and another somewhat less than the exact value of his stake, it is only what is unavoidable in all human societies, and is scarcely a matter of regret, especially since the moral element of mutual aid—the ‘bearing of one another’s burdens’—enters avowedly into the principle of every friendly society.

The advantage derived by the industrious classes from these self-constituted associations, has naturally led to much interest being taken in them by benevolent persons anxious to promote and assist every effort of these classes to support themselves in independence. And many friendly societies of an improved character have been set on foot under such patronage with more or less of success—some on a large scale, even extending over entire counties, and numbering their members by thousands. In these, of course, the meetings at public houses have been eschewed; and the tables of contributions submitted for the approval of actuaries. There has frequently been, however, we must think, in these cases an attempt at doing too much, an endeavour to make the society provide assurances against too large a catalogue of contingencies. Not only have allowances been assured in sickness and sums on death, but also annuities in old age, endowments to children on attaining a certain age, apprentice-fees, widowhood pensions, emigration money, and even the provision of small capitals for setting up in trade, &c. We believe this to be a mistake, though a very natural one. We agree entirely in the opinion, which his long experience in the working of friendly societies has led Mr. Tidd Pratt, the official Registrar, to adopt, that they should confine themselves wholly to the assurance of allowances in sickness, and the payment of a sum on death sufficient to meet the expense of a funeral.* And, moreover, that they should be confined to this by the law—leaving the purchase of deferred annuities, *i.e.*, old age pensions, to be made from the Government, which (under a recent Act to be mentioned presently) it is now open to every one to obtain with the greatest facility.

The ground on which we think this limitation desirable, is the insecurity and uncertain duration of even the best-constituted society of this kind—*à fortiori* of the generality of them. Ex-

See his evidence before Select Committee of 1854, Q. 172.

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perience has proved that the greater number last but a few years, coming to an end through insolvency, or the desertion of members, or some other cause affecting their stability. Is it right then for them to take money from poor and ignorant men, on the promise of paying them annuities or other assured benefits to fall due at *distant* periods, perhaps twenty, thirty, or forty years after the date of the engagement? How many a poor man has continued for years at great sacrifice making his monthly payments to such a society, in reliance on these guaranteed 'benefits,' and found it bankrupt before the time arrived for the fulfilment of its engagements to him!

According to Mr. Neison, the first authority on the subject, the great bulk of the friendly societies are actually insolvent, and *must* fail sooner or later to fulfil their contracts. The evidence of Mr. Tidd Pratt and Mr. Arthur Scratchley, given before the Committee of last year as the result of their very wide experience, is to the same effect.* Probably not one of the societies now in existence will be so fifty years hence. If there were no other mode of extending to the poorer classes the means of providing themselves with a certain pension in old age, without the degradation of coming upon the parish, the savings' bank would offer a far better medium than societies of such questionable security. But deferred annuities, or pensions to commence at any age, can now be contracted for with the Government, with the inestimable advantage of complete security. It is therefore the height of imprudence in a poor man to enter into such a contract with any friendly society whatever. We are strongly of opinion that no such society should be any longer permitted with the sanction of the law to deal in assurances against remote prospective contingencies of this kind.

On this ground, indeed, we are prepared to go somewhat farther in the way of prohibition than Mr. Tidd Pratt seems as yet to consider advisable. A friendly society which calculates its tables on the principle of taking from the younger members a rate of contribution sufficient to ensure them the benefit of sick pay up to an advanced period of life or to its close, enters into contracts against contingencies as remote (and therefore as unlikely to be fulfilled) as when it sells old age annuities. In such tables the contributions required from the young members, say between 15 and 35, are calculated, of course, not merely to meet their probable sickness during the early years of their membership, but a portion of it is intended to accumulate at compound interest in some investment, to provide against the increasing

* Q. 172, 1793.

sickness of their later years, that is to say, of a remote period, 30, or 40, or 50 years in advance. Should then the society break up within that time, such members as have paid during, say, the first half of their lives twice as large a contribution as would have covered their probable liability to sickness for that time, on the promise of the continuance of the contract on the same terms for the latter half, are defrauded in the same way, if not quite to the same extent, as if they had been paying during the same time for deferred old age annuities.

In our view the legislature should not stamp with its sanction, by admitting them to registration, any societies established on a plan, and holding out expectations, which according to all past experience must prove delusive. Such a principle is by no means necessary to the popularity or general advantage of a benefit society. The contributions may as readily be calculated (as they are in many flourishing societies) on the principle of each member paying only according to his probable chance of sickness *for the time being*, that is to say, within the current year, or other limited period.

If friendly societies confined themselves to this offer of the guarantee, avowedly temporary, of fixed allowances in sickness, and small sums on death for the purpose of funeral expenses, in return for monthly contributions, it will be evident on a little consideration, that no real harm could arise from any moderate error in the estimates of sickness and mortality, on which these contributions are calculated, not even though actual insolvency resulted at any time from this or any other cause. Each member, in fact, pays during his membership for the benefit of the assurance during that time, and no longer. If he fall sick in the course of it, he receives the sick pay to which he is entitled. If he do not incur sickness, he yet enjoys for the whole of the period, whether long or short, through which he pays, all that he bargained for—the assurance, namely, of support in sickness if he requires it. Supposing him to have paid for ten years and received nothing, not having had a day's sickness during that time, he is nevertheless not injured by the dissolution of the society. He has had his pennyworth for his penny—all that he contracted for. And the same argument holds equally good of the contract for funeral expenses if he die within that time.

If, on the contrary, he had commenced paying when young and healthy, *at a rate of contribution calculated on the principle of insuring him throughout life*, or up to a very advanced age, and that the club fails just as he gets old and infirmity is coming on him, he is clearly defrauded. But this is owing to the false assurance given him of the permanence of the society,

society, and the calculation of its tables on that expectation, and on this ground it is that we deprecate the formation of societies on such a plan. All ought to be, in truth, considered as essentially of a temporary character. It is a mere delusion for them to pretend to absolute permanence, and regulate their tables on the supposition of perpetual solvency. The only safe course (which is pursued by many of the best societies, and ought, we think, to be made compulsory on all) is to profess no more than they can be sure to perform, and therefore to offer a temporary guarantee only,—say, from year to year, or even merely from month to month—which is, in fact, the true nature of the assurance which alone it is in their power to afford. There is nothing to bind the individual members of any society to continue their monthly payments a day longer than they choose. How then can they (with honesty) in their collective capacity pretend to enter into permanent contracts? Societies constituted avowedly on a temporary principle, should, as has been said, graduate the contributions of their members so as to correspond, as closely as may be found convenient, with their respective ages. But the report of Mr. Finlaison shows that no very complex tables are requisite for this purpose. One uniform contribution (for the same rate of sick pay) may be taken (with sufficient approach to equity to satisfy all reasonable persons) from members of all ages between 15 and 35. From those between 35 and 45 one-third, and from those between 45 and 55 two-thirds, *more* may properly be required; and from members between 55 and 60 an additional three-fourths.* No member should be permitted to remain on the books after that period. He should then fall back for support upon the old age pension, which, it is to be hoped, he will have long before purchased of the *Government*, through the agency of the secretary to his society or the savings-bank. A society of this simple form may be really permanent, for the very reason that it enters only

* We do not put forward this graduated scale of contributions as anything more than approximative. The following Table from Mr. Finlaison's analysis of the average amount of sickness experienced by the general mass of contributors to Friendly Societies will enable any one to frame a scale of contributions according to age, more or less simple as may be preferred:—

From the age of—

16 to 21	the average number of days' sickness per annum is . .	6 $\frac{1}{2}$
21 to 26	" "	6 $\frac{1}{2}$
26 to 36	" "	nearly 7
36 to 41	" "	7 $\frac{1}{2}$
41 to 46	" "	8 $\frac{1}{2}$
46 to 51	" "	10 $\frac{1}{2}$
51 to 56	" "	12 $\frac{1}{2}$
56 to 61	" "	16 $\frac{1}{2}$
61 to 66	" "	23 $\frac{1}{2}$

into

into temporary engagements, and that its income will always about balance its expenditure. If it be objected to this recommendation that the oldest members will have to pay the largest contributions just at the period when their earnings are likely to fall off, and consequently their means of payment, the reply is, —that their liability to sickness being thereby increased, it is only just and right that they should pay more for an allowance in case of its occurring. They are not thereby deprived of the benefits derived from the principle of mutual assurance; that principle does not require that the young members should pay for the support of the old, nor that a member should pay in youth for his own maintenance in old age. It might be desirable to establish societies on that principle, if it could be done with *complete security* for the fulfilment of such remote engagements. But as experience has shown that it is not in the power of friendly societies to afford such security, it is far better that they should confine themselves to that which is wholly within their power, namely, the mutual assurance to their members of allowances in sickness, and a sum for funeral expenses in case of death, for the current year or month, in return for annual or monthly contributions, reasonably proportioned to the average liability of the members (classed in three or four simple groups) to the occurrence of sickness or death during that limited period.

No doubt it is necessary to have a certain fund in hand at all times to meet the demands of the current period, and for this end it is usual to require a proportionate entrance-fee (from three to six months' pay) from each member, or (what comes to the same thing) to allow him no claim to the benefits assured until his contributions amount to that sum. It is possible that at times a considerable *surplus* fund may be found to have accumulated in the treasury of such a society, owing to either an unusually healthy season, or to the contributions having been set at too high a rate. If there is good reason to believe the latter cause to have been at work, a division of the surplus among the members, in the shape of a bonus, is a very usual and by no means unwise mode of disposing of it. The prudent among them will transfer their shares immediately to the savings-bank, or purchase an old age pension of Government to the amount it will command. If, on the other hand, the surplus appears fairly attributable to the former cause, a wise committee will recommend the members to leave it in the treasury, as a provision against the occurrence of a proportionately unhealthy season and a consequent amount of sickness beyond the average in the following year. It is also possible that, owing to some such unusual occurrence, or to miscalculation, the fund may, on some occasion, prove

prove deficient before the year expires ; if so, no great mischief will follow—certainly no injustice to any one. The members then on the sick-list will be disappointed, but the evil will be small. They will have paid what at the time was believed to be sufficient to insure them for (say) twelve months, and it has turned out only enough to insure them for (say) eleven months. Had the contributions been fixed at a higher rate, that is to say, if *they had paid more*, they would not have been disappointed of the twelfth month's sick pay. But, as they did not pay for it, so neither are they defrauded by not receiving it. For the future the society will, if wise, either keep a larger balance in hand, by enlarging their entrance-fee or increasing their rates of contribution. Such a temporary suspension as is here supposed partakes in a very slight degree of the injustice, and carries with it none of the bad consequences, of the failure of those societies which pretend to permanence, and contract for assurances, often of high value and heavily paid for, to fall due at a remote period, before which they have become insolvent.

If we are right in our belief that friendly societies should limit themselves to the very simple form and character we have indicated, it would seem further desirable that the same plain rules and tables might be judiciously adopted by all ; and these might with advantage be suggested for general use by a circular from the Registrar. At present every separate society of 50 or 100 members, consisting in many cases only of uneducated labourers and artisans, has to devise its own rules and rates of contribution, without any other guide perhaps than the wisdom of the landlord of the house where they assemble, aided by a chance copy of those adopted by a neighbouring parish, or in the larger affiliated societies. It seems evident that the rules which are best for one society must be best for all, and the extended knowledge of the Registrar would probably be able to suggest the preferable form. The tables of contributions and sick-pay might be recommended to vary according to the locality, at least so far as to distinguish between rural and town populations. Were this done, and the rules and tables circulated by some central and experienced authority like the Registrar, adopted, as we believe they would be voluntarily by the great bulk of the friendly societies throughout the country, we think the system would be placed on the best attainable footing, and that further interference would be unwise. Aided by this amount of advice and instruction from the highest quarter, and influenced probably more or less by the persuasions of their friends among the upper classes, the good sense and prudence of the members themselves will probably be found before long to free them from the temptations

tations of the publican and the public-house, by holding their meetings at some place less likely to counteract the frugal and prudent object of their association: some reading-room or public institution, or at the residence of their secretary or steward. If they desire to hold an annual meeting, and walk in procession, and even to dine together on the occasion (for what public business is ever in this country got through without a dinner?), there is no necessary evil in such an arrangement. On the contrary, good-fellowship and mutual acquaintance are very fitting elements in such a society, which, as has been said before, is not a mere pecuniary investment, but partakes in some degree of a social, benevolent, and fraternal character. The very names which common usage indifferently applies to it, of a *Friendly Society*, or *Benefit Club*, show how generally this idea of *friendly association* is entertained in the minds of its originators; and we have no doubt that the annual feast brings in many members who would not otherwise belong to it. If honorary members are admitted to contribute, they should avoid any attempt to interfere in the management, which had best be left wholly in the hands of the benefit members, or of the officers they may elect for the purpose. Gratuitous contributions from wealthier neighbours will be in themselves desirable, both as a mark of sympathy in the praiseworthy endeavours of self-support which such societies exhibit, and as an encouragement to their formation and permanence. But there should be no dictation of arrangement, still less a parade of assistance bearing the aspect of charitable donations. The feeling of independence and self-support, which has hitherto caused the establishment of so many societies of the kind among the poorer portion of the industrious classes, should be carefully guarded from any taint of the kind, which would infallibly suggest the notion that the society is countenanced only because it keeps the members from applying to the parish—an idea certain to diminish its general popularity, and check its extension and consequent utility.

One word upon the fitting number of members, in which respect there is a remarkable inequality among existing societies. It is obvious that it should be sufficient to allow of the sickness and mortality among them approximating to an average, which cannot be reasonably expected in a small club of a dozen or twenty members only. On the other hand, much danger arises from too great an extension of number, especially if the area over which they are spread is also large. The safe working of these societies entirely depends on a strong individual interest being felt by every member in the economy of the common fund. It is not enough to rely on medical certificates of the inability
to

to work of a member who claims sick pay, nor on the sharp-sightedness of stewards. Unless his neighbours have a sufficient interest in detecting imposition, it will undoubtedly be attempted, and in many cases with success. That sufficient interest can only be found in a society composed of limited numbers, in which each feels that it is *his* money that is paid away—'*sua res agitur*'—and that, unless imposition is prevented, the fund may be exhausted perhaps just as he becomes a claimant on it. Experience has proved this position incontestably. We could give instances of large societies, counting their members by thousands, and spread over entire counties, in which, upon examination, the amount of sickness (for which allowances have been claimed and paid) has for many years together exceeded, in a very large proportion, the true average as ascertained from the bulk of the smaller societies, and which are consequently insolvent! So far from there being sufficient interest in individual members to induce them to watch and check imposition, the very opposite feeling may, under such circumstances, prevail—a desire to appropriate as large a share as possible of the county stock (the magnitude of which suggests also a false estimate of its inexhaustible character) to themselves and their neighbours.

It is not easy to say what number will be best with the view to escape these opposite evils. A crowded neighbourhood, such as a town, by facilitating superintendence, evidently admits of a larger number than would be safe in a thinly peopled district. A range of from 50 to 200, according to local circumstances, may be reasonably considered safest.

It is desirable that, together with the allowance of money in sickness, medical attendance should be also afforded by the society, the cost of which will of course be reckoned in the calculation of the contributions. Practitioners are very ready to contract with societies for this purpose at a moderate charge per member. This arrangement, with a rule that no member shall belong to more than one friendly society at the same time, and also that the allowance in sickness shall not exceed two-thirds of a member's wages when at work, will tend to prevent imposition.

Sufficient security by bond should be taken from the treasurer. And if the money in his hands at any time exceed what is necessary for current expenses, the surplus should be invested in a savings' bank or in Government securities. Money intended for the support of the sick or burial of the dead is too sacred a fund to be risked in speculative investments.

Deferred Annuities.—We have recommended that friendly societies should not undertake to guarantee pensions in old age.
And

And, indeed, it appears, as has been said, that out of 5000 societies which have lately come under registration, all but 39 have renounced this branch of assurances. It would, however, be lamentable if such a provision were not to be placed within the reach of the industrious classes, or that the members of friendly societies, on reaching an age at which it would be imprudent or impossible for any society to keep them on their list, should be left destitute of other support than parish pay or the workhouse. Happily an Act was passed in the Session of 1853, under which the purchase of a Deferred Government annuity is facilitated to such a degree as to enable every man or woman in the kingdom, with the smallest assistance from an intelligent friend, or the clergyman of the parish, or through the medium of the secretary of a friendly society, or of a savings' bank, to obtain it. The history of this valuable enactment, which is as yet, we believe, not generally known or appreciated, may be briefly told. So long ago as the year 1773, on the recommendation of the late Baron Mazères, well known for his publications on annuities; a Bill for a similar purpose passed the House of Commons, but was lost in the Lords. In 1833, Lord Althorp, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, we believe, on the suggestion of Mr. Woodrow, introduced, and obtained the sanction of the legislature to an Act admitting of the purchase of life annuities, both immediate and deferred, from the Government, through the medium of any savings' bank, and on so small a scale as to place them within reach of the humblest members of the working classes. That Act, however, so far as regards deferred annuities, has been very nearly a dead letter. It appears from the recent return to Parliament, the title of which we have placed at the head of this article, that in the twenty years since its enactment only 2034 persons have purchased deferred annuities, to the amount of 40,474*l.*, or an average of about 20*l.* each. The cause of this small result we believe to have been the terms on which the annuities were calculated; namely, that the purchaser should in all cases have the option of claiming the return of his payments at any time previous to the commencement of the annuity (but without interest), or his executors if he died before that time. It is evident that in the tables framed upon this principle the account of every purchaser must be kept separate from the rest, and the deferred annuity so contracted for, years before it is wanted, cannot be more, but is in reality less, in amount than that which might be purchased as an *immediate* annuity, when wanted, by the same sum or sums of money paid into a savings' bank, and allowed to accumulate there till the annuity is required. There has been therefore no inducement for preferring the purchase

chase of a deferred annuity in this form to that of an immediate annuity when the time should arrive that it is needed, but the contrary; and we are not surprised at the very small number of persons who have availed themselves of the offer; while of immediate annuities there have been in the same time upwards of 8000 purchasers, the amount reaching to 161,640*l.* per annum, an average likewise of about 20*l.* Even this, however, is a very insignificant result; and we should have but slender expectations of any large benefit from the offer of Government annuities, if the terms proposed continued as in the Act of 1833 (3 and 4 Will. IV., c. 14). But in the session of 1853 another Act was passed to consolidate and amend the preceding Acts, by introducing various improvements, and especially one clause, from which we are inclined to augur great and most beneficial consequences. This Act continues the power given to the Commissioners of the National Debt by the former statute to grant, to any amount not exceeding 30*l.* per annum, *immediate* annuities on single or on joint lives; and also *deferred* annuities on single lives, the purchase money to be either paid down in one sum at the time of contract or by annual instalments, and in both cases *to be returnable* if required at any time by the party (but without interest) as in the old Act. But it further empowers them to grant *deferred* life annuities for a sum to be paid down at once, and *not returnable*. The Table prescribing the purchase-money of this last class of deferred annuities is, of course, calculated on the same principle of *mutual assurance* on which the friendly societies proceed. Any one purchasing such an annuity (in other words, an old age pension to commence at a future period, if *he lives so long*) takes the chance of his not living to receive it, just as every member of a benefit society or sick club takes the chance of his not being sick, and therefore never needing the allowance in sickness for which he pays. The money once paid is not returnable in either case. But then the benefit, if needed, is proportionately large, each member's own contributions being swelled by those of the other associated members, who do not fall sick, or, in the case of the old age pension, do not live to the term at which it is to commence. The superior benefit of this class of deferred annuities is seen at once by a comparison of the purchase-money of the same amount of annuity under the two systems—that in which the payments are returnable, and that in which they are not.

It must be remarked that by the new Act the tables are greatly simplified, and the whole scheme made far more manageable by confining the amount of annuity purchasable to sums of one pound or some multiple of a pound (not exceeding 30*l.* in the whole),

whole), by which all fractions of a pound are confined to one side of the account. It appears then from the tables published by the Commissioners under the Act that a deferred annuity of one pound per annum to commence at the age of 60 will cost, if purchased by a male of the age of 15, on the principle of the return of the money (Table II.), 2*l.* 10*s.* 1*d.*; on the principle of no return (*i. e.* of mutual assurance), (Table III.), only 1*l.* 5*s.*, or less than half; if the purchaser of the same annuity be 20 years of age, the respective sums will be 2*l.* 18*s.* 9*d.* in the first case and 1*l.* 10*s.* 8*d.* in the latter. If 30 years old, 4*l.* 0*s.* 11*d.* and 2*l.* 8*s.* 4*d.*; if 40, 8*l.* 14*s.* 6*d.* and 6*l.* 13*s.* 8*d.* If the annuity contracted for is to commence at the age of 65, the purchase money on the mutual principle (Table III.) will be for every pound, when the purchaser is 15 years of age, only 15*s.* 1*d.* as against 1*l.* 16*s.* upon the separate principle (Table II.); if 20, only 18*s.* 6*d.* as against 2*l.* 2*s.* 2*d.*; if 30, 2*l.* 7*s.* 4*d.* in lieu of 3*l.* 18*s.* 9*d.*; if 40, 2*l.* 5*s.* 8*d.* in lieu of 4*l.*

But it is not alone from their comparative cheapness, as costing but one-half, or little more than half, that we recommend the purchase of Deferred Annuities under Table III. in preference to those under Table II. The former have the additional advantage, in our eyes inestimable, of being *inalienable*. The latter are but too likely to be given up under the pressure of circumstances before old age arrives and the annuity commences. If contracted for on the principle of money down, a change of mind, or the desire to lend the money perhaps to a friend, or spend it in some indulgence or rash speculation, or any other of the various forms of temptation which, in the course of a lifetime, are sure to beset a poor man with the command of a sum of money, will very probably induce him to ask for the return of his payments and renounce his claim to the annuity he had contracted for. If purchased on the principle of annual payments, there will be added to these motives for withdrawal the still stronger one of occasional difficulty in keeping up the payments. Moreover, any creditor may lay an embargo on the value of this class of annuity, and recover it from the Government at the cost of the contracting party. The annuities purchased under Table III. are, on the contrary, *inalienable* under any other circumstances than a statute of bankruptcy. These alone can be looked upon as a *certain* provision against the wants of old age. Those who do not desire this certainty had far better keep their money in the savings' bank, where, if not taken out, it will accumulate at interest, and enable them to purchase an *immediate* Government annuity *when they reach the age to want it*.

To show by an example the working of Table III., let us suppose
a prudent

a prudent young man of 20 years of age determines to make a certain provision against want in old age. If he has laid by the sum of 9*l.* 9*s.* in the savings' bank, or elsewhere, he will at once be able to convert his deposit to that moderate amount into an annuity of 10*l.* *per annum*, to commence on his reaching the age of 65, secured to him, not on the faith of some precarious benefit society which may perhaps be broken up long before that time, but on the guarantee of Government: the same in fact upon which rests the whole National Debt. If he do not possess this sum, he can at all events have no difficulty in saving within a few months the small amount of 18*s.* 6*d.*, which will buy him an annuity of 1*l.* against the age of 65. In a few months more he may easily buy another pound, and continuing the process, before he reach the age of 25 or 30 at farthest, he may, by a very trifling outlay, have secured an annuity of 20*l.* *per annum* (or near 8*s.* *per week*) for the independent support of his latter years, if he live to advanced age. A pound a year only saved and applied in this way between the age of 15 and 30, will afford him the gratification of a certain independence in the decline of life. Of course a woman may do the same, or a married man for his wife or child. Moreover the Act empowers the Commissioners to contract for the payment of any sums (not exceeding 100*l.*) on the death of any party who purchases a proportionate life annuity; that condition being necessary to secure the Government against all danger from bad lives. The tables for this purpose have not yet been issued by the Commissioners, but we trust will not long be delayed.

In the meantime the offer of Deferred Annuities upon the terms we have indicated is a boon, in our opinion, of unexampled value to the great body of the industrious and poorer classes. It remains to be seen how many of their number will have the wisdom and foresight to avail themselves of it. We see on all sides evidence of the universal want of such a provision against the destitution which old age so frequently brings upon these classes. Domestic servants, clerks, governesses, railway and poor-law officials, shopmen, small tradesmen, and agriculturists, no less than artisans and labourers, know and feel the uncertainty of their future, and show their appreciation of the need of some security against want in the decline of life, by more or less imperfect efforts to supply this object through associations of various sorts. But as we have shown, in reference to friendly societies, it is an object which no private association, however promising, can effect with any approach to the complete and unimpeachable security which the Government guarantee affords, or (we may add) with the facilities for

omnipresent management which the Government possesses in the savings' banks, and the machinery of the National Debt Office.

We feel confident that the advantages held out by this Act only require to be made generally known to be universally acted on through the length and breadth of the land. It would be an act of wisdom if every father of a family, able to afford the moderate sum required for the purpose, were to purchase a Deferred Government Annuity of this kind for each of his children, and every husband for his wife, in order to place them beyond the possible reach of want in old age; for such an annuity once purchased is an inalienable provision. An annuity of 30*l.* per annum (which is the maximum permitted by the Act) would be sufficient for this most desirable end, being near 12*s.* a week, and would cost, if bought when the parties were young, but a trifle: for example, for a boy of 10 years old, only 33*l.* 15*s.*, or rather more than ONE year's purchase, the annuity to commence at the age of 60. If to commence at 65, only 18*l.* 7*s.* 6*d.* Every employer of labour on a large scale ought to make it a condition with his workmen that they should purchase a superannuation pension of the kind, by leaving a certain portion of their wages with him for that purpose. We believe something of a superannuation fund is already set on foot in many large establishments. It ought to be universal, and secured by investment in Government annuities. A very small fraction of the enormous sums annually consumed by the industrious classes in intoxicating beverages and tobacco would, if applied in this manner, secure to the whole body of them a certain and comfortable independence in the decline of life.

It is scarcely necessary to point out the immense advantage that would result to the cause of order, internal peace, and the maintenance of the national faith, were these offers widely and generally accepted among the industrious classes. Every purchaser of an annuity or life assurance would be bound to the common cause of security to property and faith to the public creditor in the full amount of his paid-for and expected benefit. The mere reduction of the burden entailed on the poor-rates for the maintenance of the infirm poor would be considerable. But the happiest results must be looked for in the encouragement at once, and the gratification such a provision would afford to the desire for independence which exists so strongly among the people of this country—in the opportunity thus opened to them by a very small amount of temporary sacrifice in their season of health and strength, to secure themselves and those dearest to them against the risks from which few in these days

of

of any class can consider themselves wholly safe, of falling, in advanced age, into destitution, and being reduced, through unexpected contingencies, to the degrading condition of pauperism.

If we suppose the contingencies of sickness or accident to be provided against by the general establishment and adoption of Friendly Societies, and of infirmity from advanced years by the purchase of deferred annuities from Government, the sufferings to which the great bulk of the industrious portion of the population are continually exposed will have been mitigated to an almost incalculable extent, and their comfortable subsistence ensured almost beyond the chance of failure. There remains, however, a further object to be sought, in the contemplation of their wellwishers, namely, their rise in the scale of society through the accumulation of those savings which, even after providing in the ways we have recommended above, against sickness, accident, and old age, they can generally spare from the ordinary remuneration of their toil; and for this object the Legislature has provided the ready means in that admirable institution the SAVINGS' BANK.

Something, however, remains to be said on this score, and something of no little importance. In the case of these depositories for the frugal savings of the poorer classes, the first and most imperative element should be, of course, complete, unquestionable SECURITY. Otherwise how can we hope that these classes will be induced to make the sacrifices necessary for saving their money, or how can we in conscience venture to recommend them to deposit it in these institutions? But alas! experience, as we all know, has shown conclusively that the present constitution of savings' banks by no means affords this indispensable requisite. The security is perfect from the moment that the money has been received from the bank by the National Debt Commissioners. But in the interval between this receipt and the deposit in the bank, it is wholly without any safeguard at all, beyond the volunteer vigilance of unpaid and irresponsible trustees or managers, the amateur patrons of the concern. The valueless character of this safeguard has been unhappily evidenced in the frequent instances of insolvency of banks that have occurred in late years, generally owing to the embezzlement of the funds by some salaried clerk, whose astuteness has proved to be more than a match for the vigilance of irresponsible patrons. In the case of the Rochdale Bank, the defalcation reached to no less an amount than 80,000*l*. Much discredit has been thus cast upon these otherwise valuable institutions, and it is only wonderful that they have been still to so great an extent confided in. A Bill for the purpose of remedying their defects was proposed to the House of Commons by the Chancellor of the Exchequer in the Session of

1853, but met with such vigorous opposition from the trustees and managers generally of the local banks, as to have been withdrawn for the time—only, we trust, to be introduced again at an early period, and enacted into law, at least as regards its essential principle. This principle was the proposal to the trustees and managers of all savings' banks of this simple alternative—either that they should undertake themselves to be responsible for the money received by them or their clerk from the depositors from the time of its being paid into the bank until it is remitted to the National Debt Office, or allow a Government clerk or agent alone to receive it, in which case the Government would itself undertake the responsibility throughout. Surely there ought not to be two opinions upon the justice—nay the necessity—of enforcing one or other of these alternatives. Every one must admit that the poor man who brings his hard-earned savings to the bank should have unquestionable security afforded him for his deposit. Well then, who is to give this? The trustees and managers? But that, it is said, they will not listen to. The Government? But then surely the Government must itself receive the money from the depositor *through an agent of its own*. The battle which the trustees and managers generally have been fighting, is to retain the receipt of the money for themselves or their clerks, and to throw the responsibility for its safe transmission to the National Debt Office on the Government, or on nobody!

There is nothing wonderful in the struggle made for this end—and hitherto with success—throughout the length and breadth of the land. The salaried officers of the existing banks are under the impression that by the proposed change their services will be dispensed with—a mistake, we believe, because as clerks will be still everywhere required, we think they are most likely to be continued in their offices by the Government under the new arrangement: however, such being their impression, they find no difficulty in organizing, by intercommunication, a general opposition to it, or in rousing the susceptibilities of the volunteer trustees and managers, with whom they are in constant intercourse, and who are themselves naturally unwilling to part with the small patronage and influence which their position (no doubt assumed from the most benevolent motives) confers on them. These gentlemen are easily led to consider the proposal as a slight upon themselves—almost an insult. 'It seems like doubting their vigilance or their honesty! As to making themselves *pecuniarily* responsible, that is out of the question. But *morally* responsible they consider themselves, to the extent at least of taking every reasonable precaution in superintending the receipt and

and safe transmission of the money by their clerk,' and so forth. The only and the all-sufficient reply to this (and it forms the substance of the many hundred petitions that were presented against the Bill last year from as many sets of trustees and managers) is this:—It is not *moral*, but *pecuniary* responsibility that the poor depositors *ought to have*. If you, gentlemen, are willing to give it, no one doubts your solvency; it will be accepted as all-sufficient. But if you refuse this, in the name of justice, of honesty, and of that benevolence for which credit is given you in having undertaken your gratuitous office, do not stand in the way of the offer which is now made to the depositors, of full Government security for every farthing they may bring into the bank, upon the one indispensable condition of course, that *the Government shall receive the money for which it offers to be responsible*. Your very refusal indicates a latent suspicion of the possibility of loss. Do you persist in throwing this risk (which you will not incur yourselves) on the poor depositor, whom you induce, by the advertisement of your names as 'trustees,' to trust you with his money?

In Heaven's name let the gentlemen of England either accept this trust in literal earnest, and give their bond as well as their names for its fulfilment; or allow the Government to take the money from the depositors directly, and give them its all-sufficient security in return! We cannot believe that they will persist in lending their names to a delusion—a sham responsibility, which proves at a pinch to be none at all—or resist the benevolent purpose of the Government to substitute in its place a system of unimpeachable security for these almost sacred deposits—the small savings of the industrious and provident poor!

The truth is that these banks have outgrown their general character, and are no longer to be considered private associations of a *quasi* charitable nature, got up by benevolent persons for the collection and safe custody of the little savings of their neighbours. They are, or ought to be, considered public institutions, branches of the National Debt Office, for the investment in Government Securities of the deposits of the industrious classes. The time has been when the publication of a list of respected names, as trustees, was essential to inspire the confidence of these classes in the safety of their deposits; but they are more enlightened at present; and the disclosures made public of late as to the legal irresponsibility of these nominal trustees, and the consequent losses entailed on the depositors in several banks, have changed the current of general feeling on the subject. We cannot doubt that if two savings-banks were opened in any part of the country, the one without any list of trustees or managers,
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but avowedly a Government office, pledging the faith of the State for all money paid in, the other with a showy list of wealthy trustees, but likewise with a clear understanding (printed on the fly-leaf of the deposit-books) that they are not (and that nobody is) responsible for the safe conveyance of the money paid in to the Government, it does not, we say, admit of a doubt that the first would not only be generally preferred, but in all probability exclusively resorted to by the neighbourhood; and this consideration ought to be conclusive, since, surely, with a view to encourage to the utmost the accumulation of such savings, the best and the most acceptable security that can be provided ought to be the one preferred by the Legislature, and by all who have this important object at heart.

With respect to some of the minor points of the late Government Bill a difference of opinion may fairly arise. The question of requiring each depositor's book to be produced periodically for examination is one of these. It is well known that great indisposition is felt by many depositors to attend on fixed days, or do any thing that may allow their friends to ascertain how much money they possess in the bank. It might answer every purpose if an annual statement of his account were sent by post to each depositor; or (as is practised already in some banks) that each depositor should have a letter and number entered on his book, and a statement of all the accounts under his particular letter being annually forwarded to him, he would be enabled to check his own account without betraying to any one about him which it is.

There is, of course, a very general objection raised to the proposed reduction of interest payable to depositors, and still more to the fixing a maximum limit to the expenses of the bank. The principle of a fixed *net* interest on all deposits is, we think, the true one; but surely this need not be lower than 3 per cent. Five shillings per cent. additional ought to defray the cost of management under a proper system, though, of course, it will not pay for the building of the magnificent premises and excessive salaries which have not been unfrequently furnished under the old system, in which the managers are allowed to retain from the depositors whatever percentage they please. It would, we are convinced, be a false economy in the Government to cut down the interest paid on the savings-banks' fund. It must be remembered that the maximum amount of each deposit is by the Bill brought to a very low amount (only 100*l.*), and that by the clauses intended to prevent one person holding more than this as nominal trustee for others, as well as through the facilities offered for the investment in the funds of all deposits above 50*l.*,
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the depositors will be confined individually to very small sums, and will in future belong exclusively to the poorer classes, who might, with sound policy, be encouraged in habits of economy, even at some pecuniary sacrifice on the part of the State. It should be recollected, too, that the State charges $3\frac{1}{2}$ and 4 per cent. on its loans to the wealthy classes, on the very best security, and may therefore well afford to pay rather more than 3 per cent. to its poor creditors. Looking also to the vast saving in the cost of crime and indigence which must be occasioned by the habitual accumulation of small savings among the poorer classes of society, a few thousands a year might be wisely risked in its encouragement.

It is very desirable that in making the considerable alteration now unavoidable in the system of savings'-banks the opportunity should be taken of consolidating all the Acts relating to them into one statute; and we would urge the same likewise with respect to the Friendly Society Acts. Indeed, the Committee of the House of Commons which sat upon this last subject in the past session were evidently prepared to recommend such a consolidation, if time had allowed its preparation. If, as we trust will be the case, the Legislature should carry at once into effect the remaining improvements here suggested in the laws which relate to these valuable provident institutions, we shall entertain sanguine hopes as to the result. The higher and wealthier classes will no doubt, in the active spirit of benevolence which characterises the age, do their best, by advice, explanation, and assistance, to encourage their poorer neighbours, friends, and workpeople to avail themselves of the advantages thus offered to them. We scarcely see what should prevent any adult individual of the industrious classes from becoming a member of a friendly society which shall ensure him medical aid and a maintenance in sickness, and a respectable funeral on his death—the holder of an assured Government Annuity in his old age; and also of an annually-increasing fund in the savings'-bank, for ultimate investment, perhaps, in some active business, or to be bequeathed as a future provision for his widow or children. All this is within the reach of every frugal and prudent person who prefers to present gratification the consciousness of a secure provision against the wants of the future; the certainty of an independent maintenance in the evening of his days; and the reasonable prospect of an improvement in his position of life.

ART. VIII.—*A Month in the Camp before Sebastopol.* By a Non-Combatant. London, 1855.

IT will be our object in the following pages to place before our readers, as far as we are able, a truthful history of the expedition of the allied armies to the East. To assist us in doing so we have availed ourselves of original documents and journals kept on the spot, and we believe that we shall be able to throw some light upon events which are still obscure or misunderstood. In venturing to criticise any portion of our operations, we are not unmindful of the military maxim attributed under various forms to so many great commanders, 'that war consists of a series of blunders, the victory remaining with him who commits the fewest.' At the same time we consider that we have a full right, without exposing ourselves to the charge of faction or of presumption, to comment upon and examine the movements of our army, and the results hitherto attained by the expedition in which we are engaged.

War having, on the 27th March, been declared against Russia, the allied fleets, already in the Baltic and Black Seas, were free to attack the enemy. The first act of hostility of any importance in which we engaged was the ill-executed and useless bombardment of Odessa. The reason assigned for this measure was unnecessary and absurd. The firing upon a flag of truce, however gross a violation of the law of nations, was not needed as an excuse or a justification for a well-conducted attack upon so important a town. Had it been so, we should have been engaged in an act of revenge, and not of war. Odessa is both a commercial and military depôt—the great storehouse of southern Russia. Its granaries, which in time of peace supply half Europe with corn, furnish in time of war the means of subsistence to vast armies. As a station, therefore, midway between the Principalities and the southern Provinces of Russia, its destruction becomes almost a necessity before military operations can with any prospect of speedy success be undertaken either on the Danube or in the Crimea. The place has no historic traditions. Its inhabitants are chiefly, if not exclusively, engaged in trade, or connected with the Imperial military and naval establishments. The claims of humanity might have been amply satisfied by summoning the garrison to lay down their arms and to surrender the government stores and public granaries, and in the event of a refusal by giving the inhabitants sufficient time to depart with their property before commencing a bombardment or an assault.

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After the place had been taken or destroyed—which we presume it would have been without much difficulty—two or three ships of war, stationed in its secure anchorage, would have prevented the reconstruction of any new defences, and, to a certain extent, the passage of any fresh troops. It is impossible to overrate the importance this check upon the movements of the enemy would have been to the allies. From the vast granaries of Odessa the Russian armies have been supplied. It has served as a resting place and has furnished the means of transport to those reinforcements which have been poured into the Crimea and are now arrayed against us. Our attack upon it was ill conceived and ill executed. The threats we had vauntingly made were not fulfilled. The allied fleets retired having but half accomplished their object, as announced to the Russian commander—the destruction of the batteries and the ships in the harbour. Some pretext was thus afforded to the enemy to boast that we had been driven away by the vigour of his defence. For the first time we were made aware of the merits of the Russian artillery. Our own navy bear willing testimony to the skill and courage with which the batteries were defended, and readily admit that the honours conferred upon the officer who commanded in them were well bestowed.

On the 12th of May the *Tiger*, whilst cruising off Odessa in a thick fog, grounded about four miles from the town. As soon as she was observed, the Russians opened a fire upon her with field guns. Her commander, Captain Giffard, having been mortally wounded, the officers and crew surrendered themselves prisoners of war, no effort having, it seems, been made to destroy the ship or to escape in her boats, although two English armed steamers were known to be near. Even the flags and ship's papers were allowed to fall into the enemy's hands, and furnished him with the first trophies of the war. There is reason to believe that the heavy guns were subsequently removed from the wreck and turned against us at Sebastopol.

It would appear that up to this time the British Government had decided upon no definite plan of operations, although they had despatched troops from this country to the Mediterranean. They had neglected to obtain any information as to the strength and position of the Ottoman troops under Omar Pasha; they remained in almost complete ignorance of the nature of the momentous struggle then taking place on the frontiers of the Principalities. It was not until months after hostilities had actually broken out between the Czar and the Porte, that Sir John Burgoyne was sent to Bulgaria to report to the British Government upon the state of the Turkish army. The condition
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of the Ottoman troops, so different from that of English soldiers, and the numerical superiority of the Russian forces, led him to anticipate not only the speedy fall of the fortresses on the Danube, but the advance of the enemy upon Adrianople. Convinced that Omar Pasha could not meet the Russians in the field without running the almost inevitable risk of a defeat, which might end in the total destruction of his army and an uninterrupted march upon the capital, he not only advised the abandonment of the line of the Danube, but even expressed his doubt as to the possibility of the Turkish commander being able to hold that of the Balkan. The danger appeared to him so imminent that he recommended immediate measures for the defence of Constantinople and the Dardanelles. He suggested for that purpose a line of defences across the Tauric Chersonese. It was, we have reason to believe, the urgency of the danger to the Turkish capital, as represented by Sir John Burgoyne, which induced the Emperor of the French to send without delay a body of troops to Gallipoli.

Notwithstanding the anticipations of Sir John Burgoyne, founded, no doubt, upon an accurate estimate of the numbers and condition of the Turkish troops, though not upon a sufficient knowledge of their peculiar character, and of the qualities of their able commander, the fortresses and works on the Danube were held with extraordinary courage and determination, and the Russians were foiled in every attack upon them.

Up to this time we had merely thought of guarding the capital against a *coup-de-main*; the possibility of a war, if we were to judge by their deeds, appears scarcely to have been contemplated by the Government; on the contrary, they still acted as if they entertained more than hopes of peace. But the courage displayed by the Ottoman troops at Kalafat, Citate, Giurgevo, and Silistria had excited general sympathy and admiration, and the people of this country began to perceive that although making professions of alliance and friendship to the Sultan, we were permitting his army to wage an unequal warfare on the Danube, whilst our own remained inactive at Gallipoli and Scutari; Ministers, therefore, yielding as usual to the popular feeling, decided upon taking one more step in advance, and our troops were ordered to Varna. Notwithstanding repeated and most urgent remonstrances, every measure necessary to fit our army for a campaign had been neglected. On the arrival of our troops at Gallipoli it was found that no preparation whatever had been made for their reception. The want of boats for landing, of commissariat, and of proper interpreters to communicate with the authorities and the inhabitants of the country, caused great delays

delays and embarrassment, which were, it will be remembered, severely commented upon in England. It might have been hoped that the results of this culpable neglect would have proved a warning for the future; but so far from such having been the case, our army was hurried to Varna without any better arrangements for its disembarkation or its future employment. Ministers had been forewarned, that, owing to the presence of two vast armies, the northern provinces of Turkey in Europe were destitute of almost all necessary supplies, as well as of the means of transport absolutely required by an army entering upon a campaign. The fatal nature of the climate in the neighbourhood of Varna was especially pointed out to them. The wooded valleys and marshy lakes near the town are the hotbeds of the most pernicious fevers; and it was foreseen that if the pestilence which then threatened Europe were unfortunately to fall upon the British army, it would on such a spot show itself with ten-fold virulence. We have been credibly informed that before a position for encamping our troops was selected, a German doctor, who had been long connected with the Turkish quarantine establishments in Bulgaria, and was consequently well acquainted with the climate of most parts of that province, was requested to frame a sanitary map of the country. On this map, whilst many places were indicated as '*très malsain*,' Devna and the neighbourhood of Varna were denoted '*pestilentieux*!' These localities were chosen for the encampments of our devoted troops, who were landed without any means of transport to enable them, even if required, to move ten miles into the interior!

It has been said that the presence of the allied armies at Varna encouraged the Turks in their heroic defence of Silistria, and compelled the Russians to raise the siege; the moral effect of our presence thus avoiding the necessity of an advance. Admitting this assertion to be true, it is no justification of the conduct of those who sent our troops there with the express intention of giving effective aid to the Ottoman army, but without the means of making a forward movement or of entering upon a campaign. The sudden raising of the siege of Silistria, to whatever cause it may be attributed, was to us a matter of equal surprise and congratulation.

The terrible history of the visitation of the cholera amongst our troops will be fresh in the memory of our readers. The British army had been reduced, not only by this scourge, but by a prolonged state of inactivity, and by the enervating effects of the pestilent climate of the valleys in which they were encamped, to a state of despondency—we might almost write
despair

despair—which it would be difficult to describe. A regiment consisted of but three or four hundred weak, sickly men. Those who had been the strongest, tottered under the weight of their knapsacks. With a sad countenance our soldiers wandered through the silent camp, or sat listlessly watching the mournful processions which never ceased moving towards the spreading grave-yards. Those who yet lingered on prayed to be led, at whatever risk, against the enemy, rather than be left to die an inglorious death.

Ministers were pressed anew by the popular clamour; they felt that another effort was necessary to save themselves from the result of their uncertain and tardy policy. They hastily, to judge again by their conduct, determined upon an expedition to the Crimea. At length the orders to prepare for embarkation were communicated to the allied armies. The prospect of speedily facing the enemy had the effect which might have been anticipated on British troops. The general despondency was turned to hope. Men who had been scarcely able to drag their weary limbs from tent to tent, gained almost instantaneous strength, and the voice of merriment and the bustle of preparation were once more heard in a camp which for weeks had been sad and silent as the grave.

It was not, however, until the 7th of September that the allied fleets sailed for the Crimea. There had been numerous causes of delay. The means of embarkation and disembarkation had not been provided. We had deferred to the last moment the construction of the proper boats for landing our artillery and cavalry. Through the exertions of Sir Edmund Lyons, who proceeded to Constantinople and personally superintended and hastened the arrangements, the English troops were at length enabled to embark—an operation which was effected without accident through the admirable management of the officers and seamen of the fleet. Owing, however, to some backwardness on our part, the French were ready and sailed from Varna two days before us. With the Turkish squadron they were to await us off Cape Tarkan. In the meanwhile Sir Edmund Lyons, Lord Raglan, General Canrobert, and several of the officers of the staff of each army, proceeded in the *Agamemnon*, the *Samson*, and *Caradoc*, to examine the western shores of the Crimea, with a view to find a suitable spot for landing the allied armies. A previous survey had been made of the same coast by a detachment of the British and French fleets. The enemy had observed from our movements that attention had been especially directed to the mouths of the Alma, Katsha, and Belbec rivers; accordingly, the ‘Terrible,’ on revisiting the coast a short time after, found

found troops assembled and works commenced at all these places.

All idea of attempting a landing to the south of Sebastopol had been abandoned, the precipitous nature of the southern coast forbidding any safe anchorage except in the small harbour of Balaklava, into which, if even weakly defended, it would be almost impossible to force an entrance. The deep bays in Cape Chersonese were too near to Sebastopol. It remained, therefore, to find a suitable spot to the north of the town.

In choosing a place for landing, two things were essential—a low shelving beach, protected as far as possible from the prevailing winds, and an adequate supply of fresh water, not only at the point of disembarkation, but at regular intervals on the road to Sebastopol for the troops during their projected march. The coast between Sebastopol and the small stream of the Bulganac is formed by high cliffs of earth opening into narrow valleys where the Belbec, Katsha, and Alma fall into the sea. The mouths of these rivers would have afforded suitable landing-places, but it was of the utmost importance to disembark our troops—the greater part of which had not been under fire before—without exposing them to loss when unable to offer any resistance to the enemy. To the north of the Bulganac the undulating steppe subsides into a low champagne country. Here and there, as it approaches the coast, it falls even below the level of the sea, which has encroached upon the land during the tides caused by heavy gales from the south, forming extensive lakes or lagunes, separated from the main by narrow banks of sand and shingle thrown up by the waves. A small bay, near one of these lakes, about twenty miles to the south of Eupatoria, was chosen as the most favourable spot for the disembarkation of the allied armies.

On the morning of the 11th of September the French and Turkish squadrons—twenty-nine stately ships—were sailing majestically in order of battle, within sight of Cape Tarkan, the appointed place of rendezvous. They were waiting the junction of the British fleet, which, with its vast convoy of transports—near four hundred sail—now rode at anchor in the open sea about forty miles to the northward, their tall masts and slender spars seen far and wide above the motionless waters. Line-of-battle ships, steamers, and merchantmen lay side by side, each bearing its living burden. Amongst them glided the swift galleys of the men-of-war; flags of many colours, signals to distant vessels, fluttered in the morning breeze. As the sun appeared, the rolling of drums, the braying of trumpets, the sounds of martial music, and the clashing of arms filled the air. Never had

had the naval power of England and her infinite maritime resources been so proudly displayed.

The three war-steamers having accomplished their mission on the coast now returned to their appointed stations; the *Agamemnon*, winding her way snake-like through the crowd, dropped her anchor near the admiral's ship. A last council of war was held on that eventful morning, on board the *Caradoc*. After an animated discussion it was decided that the fleet should sail without further delay, and that a landing should be effected on the spot we have described. It is not perhaps one of the least remarkable facts in the history of this expedition, that, *after* the embarkation of the allied armies and the departure of the fleets from Varna, doubts should still have been entertained as to the practicability of a descent upon the Crimea; and that it was only at the very last moment that it was decided to persevere in the enterprise. No time was now lost in making the general signal for sailing. Innumerable flags responded to the order, and sent it from vessel to vessel. Suddenly the dark smoke rose from a hundred chimneys, and numberless white sails glittered in the sun. The moving mass now gradually formed into seven long lines, the outermost consisting of men-of-war to protect their charge from the enemy.

During the night a squall scattered the convoy, and in the morning most of the sailing vessels were far out of sight. An adventurous enemy might, with fast steamers, have inflicted an almost irreparable injury upon us, but no enemy appeared. Towards evening the straggling transports were again brought together, and were anchored for the night off a low coast about 15 miles to the north of Eupatoria. On the following morning the French and Turkish squadrons joined the British fleet, and the signal to weigh having been made at daybreak, the armada was once more in motion. A fresh breeze from the land filled the broad sails of the men-of-war as they glided by a low coast rich in villages and heaps of corn. In the afternoon the order was given to anchor in Eupatoria Bay. The town was soon after summoned, and, being without the means of defence, at once surrendered. It was not, however, formally occupied until two days after.

Several days having been lost by needless delays, the commanders of the allied forces were now impatient to effect a landing. Admiral Dundas unfortunately changed at the last moment the preconceived plans. Much confusion, and consequent loss of valuable time, ensued, which might have led to serious results had our operations been opposed by the enemy, and

and which subsequently proved the source of considerable inconvenience. The order of disembarkation was similar to that of sailing; they had both been devised by Captain Mends, the flag-captain of the *Agamemnon*, a most able and energetic officer.

Never had so large a fleet been brought together, and never had the power of steam been employed on so vast a scale. The sailing vessels were divided into squadrons or detachments; two being allotted, with a few exceptions, to each merchant steamer. The whole were then formed into seven lines, the inner or that nearest the coast bearing the light division, the first division coming next, and the others following in their order. Beyond the infantry were the cavalry and the transports with the heavy guns of the siege train. The grand reserve magazines were outside the whole. Each division was distinguished during the day by its flag, and at night by the number of lights at the mizen. In addition, each vessel had the number of the regiment and the nature of the troops it bore marked in large letters on her side. The *Agamemnon*, *Sanspareil*, *Diamond*, and the remainder of the squadron, under the immediate command of Sir Edmund Lyons, with the small steamers to be used for towing and for disembarking the troops, kept the inshore station; whilst Admiral Dundas, with the rest of the fleet sailing outside the whole convoy, were to protect it to seaward from the enemy. To every division was, moreover, attached a steamer of war to render any assistance that might be needed. The boats of each vessel were so told off that had the original plan not been unhappily changed, the whole British force could have been disembarked, even under fire, in one day. Every boat had its appointed place and crew, and the clearest directions were given to the officers in charge and to the men under their command, to avoid confusion in the event of any attempt being made to oppose the landing. These directions were communicated to each commander, accompanied by a sketch of the positions to be taken up by all the vessels.

At midnight the anxiously expected signal was given, and the steamers and transports bearing the light division weighed and formed into line. To prevent confusion, each division succeeded at an hour's interval. The *Agamemnon*, hurrying to and fro, hastened the tardy, brought up the stragglers, and maintained the order of sailing. The rapid motions and skilfully directed evolutions of this magnificent vessel—as much under control as the smallest ship's-boat—excited the wonder and admiration of the fleet, and earned for it the soubriquet, which it afterwards bore, of 'Lyons' brougham.' The two admirals, Dundas and Hamelin, were, by previous agreement, to take up a position together

together in the middle of the bay chosen for the landing-place, thus dividing it into two equal parts for the convenience of the two armies. The French commander first approached the shore, and, not adhering to the original plan, anchored at the northern extremity of the bay, thus appropriating the whole to his troops. The change, though unexpected, was advantageous to both armies, as they could not have disembarked together in so small a space without considerable disorder. The *Agamemnon* sought an anchorage about a mile to the northward, opposite a broad lagune, which afforded an effective protection to our men on the land side. It would have been useless to wait for the British admiral, who did not leave Eupatoria until nearly the middle of the day, when he anchored far out to sea, where he remained during the disembarkation. Admiral Hamelin had boldly brought his vessel close in shore, and her boats were amongst the first which touched the enemy's coast. The general departure from the preconcerted arrangement gave rise to much confusion. One transport, containing the artillery, grounded on the coast; several vessels fouled one another; and the order of sailing having been broken through, few took up the places allotted to them. Our allies had already been engaged for nearly two hours in disembarking troops before we were able to land a single man.

No attempt whatever was made on the part of the enemy to interrupt our operations. The inhabitants of the country appeared scarcely to notice the invader. Carriages rolled along the high roads, and long strings of carts bore the produce of the fields to the villages. An officer, escorted by a small body of Cossacks, rode down to the sea-shore. Dismounting, he seated himself upon the beach, and, taking out his tablets, appeared to be making careful notes of the proceedings of the allied fleets. In this occupation, although within gunshot, he was not disturbed.

The signal having at length been given to commence landing, boats laden with men darted from the sides of every vessel. Amongst the first to tread the enemy's shore was Sir George Brown. Accompanied by a detachment of riflemen, he advanced to a ridge overlooking the open country. A party of Cossacks were driving inland a convoy of carts laden with provender and corn. A few shots, and the advance of a small body of troops of the line, soon drove the horsemen from their charge. The waggons thus captured formed the nucleus of a native transport service, which, however defective, proved of the greatest use in our subsequent operations. From information afforded by the drivers, and by many peasants who afterwards came to
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our camp, it appeared that the native population was by no means well affected to the Russian government, but that, on the contrary, it was not unwilling to welcome the invaders. A barbarous policy had almost destroyed the Musulman race. No descendants of the khans or chiefs who once ruled over the Tatar tribes are now to be found in the Crimea; they migrated long ago to Turkey. The last link between the Crim Tatars and this country had been of late years broken by an imperial edict, which forbade Mohammedans seeking employment in the Turkish service, as had formerly been their wont. But probably the source of greatest discontent was an ukase prohibiting the pilgrimage to Mecca—a religious duty imposed upon all true believers. By these vexatious restrictions it had evidently been the object of the Russian government to put an end to all connection between the Musulman inhabitants of the two empires. The Tatar families still inhabiting the Crimea are neither wealthy nor powerful. The warlike character which once distinguished the race has been completely destroyed. The men were long since disarmed, and scarcely a knife has been left them. From them, therefore, whatever may be their feelings toward us, we could not expect any material help. At the most they could only bring us supplies for our army, and afford us such information as we required regarding the nature of the country and the position of the enemy.

The Crim Tatars have long since abandoned their nomade life, and now reside in villages; but their huts are rude and ill-built, and their habits still bear the traces of their former wandering life. Their language is a hard guttural Turkish, nearly resembling that of the tribes of northern Persia. They retain to a remarkable degree the peculiar characteristics of the ancient races of Central Tatory—the high cheek-bone, the long, narrow, oblique eyes, the flat nose and dilated nostrils, the thick lips, and square squat figure. As a party of village chiefs drove into the camp in their primitive covered waggons, their grotesque appearance at once called to mind those well-known groups on our domestic china. The Tatars of the Crimea still use the two-humped camel, that beast of burden peculiar to the great deserts of Central Asia. Unlike the Arabs, they train these animals to draught.

The sailors of the fleet, encouraged by the example of their officers, worked with unremitting energy and zeal. Two small steamers, the *Minna* and *Brenda*, built for the navigation of the Danube and purchased by Sir Edmund Lyons, did good service, each landing at one trip a whole regiment of the line. Before nightfall 20,000 infantry, 36 guns, and a large number of horses, mostly belonging to the staff, were disembarked without accident.

The French had landed nearly the same number. Forty thousand armed men, with a powerful force of artillery, were thus thrown in one day upon a hostile coast, a fact unprecedented in history, and the successful accomplishment of which forms an important epoch in the annals of the art of war. The power of steam in effecting a sudden descent upon an enemy's country by sea was fully established.

During the night, a strong breeze springing up from the southward, a surf set in which retarded the landing four days, and caused some loss in horses and boats, giving the allies reason to regret the many inexplicable delays which had occurred on the passage from Varna. On Monday the 18th the armies were ready to march.

As yet, with the exception of a few isolated Cossacks who watched the movements of the allied armies, no Russian troops had been seen. The invaders were allowed to establish themselves without any opposition whatever on Russian soil. The steamers sent to reconnoitre the coast had reported that a strong camp had been formed upon the heights to the south of the Alma, but between the place of landing and that river there was no trace of the enemy. This apparent want of vigour created general surprise. Although the landing could not, perhaps, have been prevented, yet by a determined opposition great difficulties might have been thrown in the way of the allies. Owing to our want of cavalry, field batteries, judiciously placed, might have materially impeded our operations. The British troops, who, from forming the left wing and marching inland, were most exposed to attack, had so little experience in campaigning, their stragglers were so numerous, and their pickets as yet so little acquainted with their duties, that an active body of cavalry might have caused them great loss. The Cossacks have not sustained their ancient reputation. They have rarely been employed during the campaign, and have never stood, even before a very inferior force. Our soldiers soon began to treat them with contempt, and a story was some time afterwards current, when the army was before Sebastopol, of a private armed with a stick only who made one a prisoner and brought him to the British camp.

The want of proper means of transport was felt as soon as the troops had landed. The tents which had been given out to the various regiments on the second day were re-embarked before the army marched, because they could not be carried. Nearly three weeks elapsed before they were again issued; the men were consequently exposed to cold and heavy dews at night, after the oppressive heats of the day. The results were inevitable. Cholera soon broke out with fresh virulence; dysentery and diarrhœa spread

spread through our ranks. There were no means of moving the sick. The ambulances or waggons constructed for this purpose, of which so much had been heard, and to which appropriate places in each division had actually been assigned in the memorandum issued by the head of the medical staff, had been left behind. Those men who fell exhausted were left to die by the roadside. The want of transport was felt in a thousand other ways. Owing to it the regimental officers were compelled to carry their own baggage and provisions for three days. Many men of weak health, some still suffering from the effects of cholera and fever, sank under this hardship; hence the large number of deaths amongst the officers as compared with the men. The French army has not been exposed to this disadvantage. Its officers have not passed a day without their tents, nor have they had to bear a load upon their backs, it being well known that an officer thus hampered cannot efficiently discharge the numerous duties which devolve upon him. Nor has the soldier suffered from want of covering, for each man carries with him part of a small tent, which, when fastened to the other parts carried by his comrades, forms an efficient shelter from cold and rain. These small tents are even used by the pickets. They were invented by the men themselves, and are universally adopted in the French army. Perhaps when war is over, and they are no longer needed, we may begin to think that they might be beneficially introduced into our own.

To explain the reason why the French possessed the means of transport, it is said that they sent a smaller army by 3000 men than we did to the Crimea. But it must not be forgotten that even in proportion to the troops embarked their ships were greatly inferior to ours in number and size. Instead of those gigantic steamers, which bore a regiment of foot and sometimes almost a regiment of cavalry, they had but vessels of small tonnage, mostly Genoese, Sardinian, and even Turkish brigs. And yet they not only brought with them such baggage animals as were absolutely necessary, but ambulances for the sick and wounded. The true secret of the difference is, that they have some organization and a system: we pretend to neither one nor the other. From this want, in so many cases, of order and forethought our unfortunate troops have been exposed to those privations and sufferings which have reduced to nearly one-half its original numbers the finest army in the world.

At daybreak on the morning of the 19th the order was given to march. The French troops, long accustomed to a camp life, were the first to advance. Attached to them were about 7000 Turks. They rested on the sea, the British forming the left

wing, and thus taking the post of danger and honour; our flank was protected by the light cavalry.

The allied armies suffered severely during the day's march, although not a long one, from the heat of the sun and the want of water. The country over which they advanced was devoid of wood and thinly inhabited, from its nakedness resembling one of the poorest provinces of Turkey. There were no enclosures or villages to impede their progress. The few roads which traversed the steppe were mere beaten tracks—in winter almost impassable. The Bulganac, a sluggish muddy stream, winds beneath cliffs of earth, from the top of which a gentle slope, broken by a few ravines and irregularities of the soil, leads to the Alma.

The harvest had been scarcely got in, and ricks of fresh-cut corn and hay dotted a broad valley to the south of the Bulganac. Amongst them, as immoveable and scarcely to be distinguished from them in colour, were about one hundred horsemen. They were the advanced guard of a strong body of cavalry and artillery which were seen to issue from the village and gardens on the banks of the Alma, and to deploy on the open ground. Two batteries, of six guns each, their carriages and tumbrils painted light green, were supported by two regiments of cavalry and about 2000 Cossacks. As our skirmishers and light cavalry appeared on the crest of the hill, the enemy's videttes gradually retired, whilst their batteries rapidly advanced, covered and supported by the main body of the Cossacks and a regiment of dragoons. They formed and opened fire as the British light division came in sight. Their attack was soon returned with great effect by Captain Maude's troop of Horse Artillery.

The enemy, having merely intended to reconnoitre the advancing armies, retired. Apparently to cover their retreat, a second regiment of dragoons, distinguished by their white jackets and grey horses, advanced at full speed and formed with much skill on a knoll opposite the French right. Some guns having been turned upon them, they withdrew in disorder with as much precipitation as they had advanced. Their own artillery, mistaking them for French cavalry, opened upon them, killing and wounding seventeen of their number.

Not being pursued, the whole force fell back in good order, and crossing the Alma rejoined the Russian army. The country which they had occupied was again deserted; but on the hill-sides beyond the Alma there were dark moving masses of men, and the glittering of steel. The narrow stream had worn its bed through an undulating steppe, leaving an eminence between two and three hundred feet high. These precipitous cliffs opened about two miles from the sea into a spacious amphitheatre, intersected

sected by deep ravines and narrow ridges. Upon the eastern slope of this amphitheatre could be distinguished an earth-battery containing heavy artillery. This earthwork was separated by a narrow valley, or rather ravine, from a field-battery of twelve guns, placed in position somewhat higher up the slope. Behind the left (or Russian right) battery, and between it and the crest of the hill, were two dense squares of infantry; and this part of the position was covered or flanked by a battery of heavy guns, placed behind a breastwork on the heights, at the Russian extreme right. One or two white tents shone on the crest in the centre of the amphitheatre; and bodies of infantry, cavalry, and artillery were scattered over the slopes and on the summit of the ridges overhanging the Alma. Such was the position which was chosen by Prince Menschikoff to dispute the advance of the allied armies, and where he awaited with confidence their attack.

The allies bivouacked for the night on the rising ground to the south of the Bulganac. Their fires shone brightly on the hill-side, and seemed reflected back by the Russian lights on the opposite heights. The plan of attack was speedily agreed upon. One French division, under General Bosquet, accompanied by a part of the Turkish contingent, advancing along the sea-shore, was to force the heights, and to turn the enemy's left flank; the remainder of the French army, when this manœuvre had been successfully accomplished, was to attack that part of the Russian centre which rested on the high ground above the village of Almatomak. The English, retaining their inland position, were to wait beyond the village of Bouliouk until the French had established themselves on the heights, and were then to turn the Russian right, avoiding as much as possible the fire of the centre batteries. The inshore squadrons of the two fleets, chiefly consisting of steamers, were to keep close to the coast, to cover the advance and attack of General Bosquet's division.

As the morning broke a thick haze covered the land, but was soon dispelled by a light breeze. No movement was perceptible in the Russian camp, and some believed that their strong position had been abandoned; but soon the sun shone upon the glittering bayonets and the green carriages of the artillery. The two dark squares again gradually formed behind the principal battery; cavalry and infantry gathered on the heights. In the plain, to the north of the Alma, a few Cossacks galloped to and fro, whilst others sat motionless on their horses, watching the movements of the allied forces.

At daybreak the *Agamemnon*, accompanied by a squadron of English and French steamers, moved majestically along the coast,

coast, and took up a position off the mouth of the Alma. Soon after, a column of infantry, preceded by skirmishers, descended from the hill above the Bulganac, and slowly advanced by the sea-side. This was General Bosquet's division, accompanied by the Ottoman troops. They were soon followed, more inland, by the main body of the French army, formed by the divisions of Prince Napoleon and of Generals Canrobert and Forey. The whole halted about a mile from the Alma. The British troops were not yet in motion. Unaccustomed to the bivouac, they required more time to leave their night's resting-place, and some hours were thus lost, which would have been invaluable to the allies at a later period of the day.

It was ten o'clock before the British columns, like bright patches of scarlet in the landscape, their bayonets all glittering in the morning sun, were seen pouring down the hill-side. They had formed into order of march; the light and second divisions in advance; the first and third in the centre; and the fourth, with the baggage and commissariat, in the rear. Between the divisions was the artillery; and the rifles in skirmishing order protected, with the light cavalry, the left flank and front. The English halted as they came into line with their allies; the second division soon after deploying into four squares, so as to meet the extreme left of the French. Both armies then moved forward in one united mass. The few Cossacks who had been stationed as videttes to the north of the Alma now fell back. A thick smoke, mingled with bright flames, rose from amidst the trees. The village of Bouliouk had been fired by the retreating horsemen. Again both armies halted and then formed into order of battle.

It was a moment of the deepest anxiety to those who gazed upon the scene. A terrible struggle, upon which depended the very fate of the allied armies, was about to take place. No one doubted British valour; but a task was there which human strength could scarcely accomplish. Most of those in the British ranks, who were shortly to meet in deadly strife an enemy superior in numbers, and holding a position that seemed almost impregnable, had never seen war before. The lofty cliffs, and the precipitous slopes, bristling with artillery, might well appear an inaccessible barrier, defying all attack. Here and there a pathway led up the ravines which had been furrowed by the winter rains. But what enemy would attempt to drag artillery up those narrow and precipitous tracks? The guns which swept the approaches far exceeded in size those of the allies. Their position had been carefully chosen, and their range was accurately fixed by marks known to the Russian gunners, who could
thus

thus open their deadly volleys upon our advancing lines with unerring aim. Across a part of the slope itself was a trench of sufficient depth to protect the Russian marksmen, and to be an impediment to the assailants, whilst field-batteries occupied almost every eminence commanding the open ground, over which the attacking troops would have to advance. The banks of the river were steep, and were sufficiently wooded to afford shelter to riflemen, who, concealed in the village and in the vineyards, poured an unceasing fire into the front-ranks of the allies. The wooden bridge across the Alma had been partly destroyed, but the stream was in most places fordable.

It was nearly one o'clock before General Bosquet could lead his column along the shore to open the attack. A few riflemen had attempted to occupy the heights immediately above the sea, but had been speedily dislodged by the fire of the French steamers. The river winds at the very foot of the cliffs. In the latter part of its course it is only fordable at its mouth, where a bank of sand forms a bar, upon which the water scarcely reaches to a man's middle, but over which on this day the sea broke in a foaming surf. Captain Peel, regardless of the enemy's marksmen on the heights above, had early in the morning placed a boat across this narrow ford, to facilitate the passage of the French troops.

On the plateau above the river, almost within range of the guns of the ships, awaiting the attack, was drawn up a strong body of cavalry, infantry, and artillery. Whilst his column was halting, awaiting the advance of the English, General Bosquet, at the head of his staff, had carefully reconnoitred the enemy's position, and had examined the nature of the ground which they occupied. When his division resumed its march, he detached from it a regiment of Zouaves, and a body of tirailleurs, who, concealed by the trees and bushes, reached unperceived the river, about a mile from its mouth. Suddenly they emerged from the brushwood on the opposite side of the stream, and were soon swarming like ants up the almost perpendicular face of the cliffs. With extraordinary activity and undaunted courage they struggled onwards, and gained the summit. The Cossacks, intently watching the movements of the division which threatened the Russian left, had not perceived this skillful manœuvre. Suddenly seeing the enemy in their rear, they turned their horses, and precipitately galloped back towards their centre; the infantry and artillery quickly followed. The Zouaves, as one by one they reached the plateau, fell into line, partly protected by an artificial tumulus which crowned this part of the heights. But the few who first succeeded in gaining the

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the summit had scarcely time to collect and form before the Russians opened a deadly fire of musketry and artillery upon them. General Bosquet now hastened onwards the remainder of his division, and, crossing the mouth of the Alma, hurried to their support. The main body of the French, under Prince Napoleon and General Canrobert, at the same time rapidly advanced through the village of Almatomak, and, fording the river, gained a pathway which led up to the plateau. It was only by extraordinary exertions that the artillery, drawn by relays of horses, could be dragged up these precipitous tracks, now crowded with troops struggling forward in disorder to the attack. A battery belonging to General Bosquet's division was the first to gain the heights. Bravely led, it rapidly advanced to the assistance of the Zouaves, and sustained for some time, but with great loss, an unequal contest with two Russian batteries of heavier guns. At this moment the issue of the day depended upon the courage and steadiness of the Zouaves, and the few troops that had joined their diminished ranks. Had they given way, they would have been driven back upon the ascending columns, which would have been thrown into the most fatal disorder; but they nobly held their ground. General Bosquet, with admirable skill, forming into line such part of his division as had reached the heights broken by the confusion which had occurred in mounting by the narrow pathway, led them against the enemy. Some regiments of the line having attempted to force the Russian position to the left of the Zouaves were received as they emerged on the plateau by so hot a fire that they fell back, and for a moment sought protection beneath the edge of the cliff, whilst their skirmishers, concealing themselves behind the irregularities of the soil, and in the small ravines, poured a continuous volley into the enemy. The main body of the Russians was collected round an artificial tumulus, upon which stood a half-built octagon tower. Thus partly protected, they maintained their ground. To dislodge them, the Zouaves, who had now formed in considerable force, accompanied by some regiments of the line, charged with the bayonet. Lieutenant Poitevin and a serjeant of the Zouaves reached the unfinished building, and both, as they triumphantly raised the French flag upon it, fell covered with wounds. It is a curious characteristic of these brave but eccentric troops that the Zouave had a monkey upon his shoulder, which, dying, he bequeathed to his company, and which has since shared all their dangers. The Russians fiercely contested the vantage-ground; and here took place the deadliest struggle between the French and the enemy. Around and within the unfinished tower were heaped the dead and the dying;

dying ; but the Russians at length gave way before repeated and impetuous charges, and again fell back.

Prince Menschikoff, seeing that his left was about to be turned, detached from his centre a considerable body of infantry and artillery to its support. The main body of the French army were now rapidly gaining the heights, and their heavy artillery had opened upon the enemy with great effect. A body of marines, under the brave Colonel du Chateau, boldly pushed up the declivity forming the western extremity of the amphitheatre, where the English and French lines came into contact. The Russians perceiving that the position was now carried, and fearing lest they should be outflanked, hastily withdrew the battery of heavy guns which we have described as commanding the western slopes of the amphitheatre, and which at the same time enfiladed the earthwork, subsequently so hotly contested with the British.

Nearly up to this time the British troops had remained immovable. Partly concealed from the enemy by the smoke of the burning village and the trees on the river bank, they halted, as had been agreed, waiting until the French had gained the heights and had turned the Russian left. Marshal St. Arnaud, however, perceiving that fresh columns of infantry and batteries of heavy artillery were being brought against him, and fearing to be overpowered by a vast superiority of numbers, sent the most urgent requests to Lord Raglan to advance without further delay. 'We are massacred,' declared his aides-de-camp, in the somewhat exaggerated language peculiar to our allies. The moment appeared critical. Regardless of the overwhelming masses of artillery in front, and no longer adhering to the original plan, the British commander gave the order to move forward. Suddenly the batteries on the slope, which had hitherto remained silent, poured forth their deadly fire. The marksmen behind the walls and in the vineyards opened at the same time upon the approaching lines, but were soon driven over the river by our rifles. For a short time the British troops were lost in the smoke of the burning village ; but suddenly their artillery responded to the enemy. Keeping up a well-directed fire, they inflicted considerable loss upon the Russians, and blew up a tumbril in the left battery on the slopes. Partly under cover of their fire, Lord Raglan, at the head of his staff, plunged into the ford, and amidst a shower of shot and shell gained untouched the opposite bank, near the extreme left of the French. The light division, the first to attack, had formed in line, but was soon broken by the irregular ground and the burning village through which it had to advance. More than once the men had to lie down to
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take shelter for a moment from the heavy fire of the Russian batteries. They crossed the stream in disorder, and were not allowed to form under the shelter of the opposite bank; but led and urged on by Sir George Brown, the 7th, 23rd, and 33rd Regiments, General Codrington's brigade, rushed up the slope in the teeth of the heavy guns placed in the earthwork. With unparalleled courage they drove the enemy before them, and in spite of repeated volleys of grape, which mowed down their ranks, made their way to the cannon's mouth. Some actually leaped into the battery; but were soon compelled to desert it by the heavy fire of the Russian battalions which swept the slopes behind it. A column of the enemy descending the hill was mistaken for the French, and for a moment our troops ceased firing. It soon declared itself by opening a volley upon the remains of the three regiments, which wavered and fell back, mingling together in complete disorder. The Russians, encouraged by this success, sprang over the earthen parapet, and with the bayonet rushed down the declivity upon the retreating crowd. For an instant the issue of this terrible contest seemed doubtful. The brigade of Guards was advancing in support of the Light Division, and an order was now given to it to retreat. The second brigade of the Light Division was inadvertently formed into a square under the heavy fire. At this most critical moment Sir Colin Campbell, who had on more than one hard-fought field earned his experience and reputation as a commander, and to whom fame had already assigned the victorious issue of one great battle, urged the immediate advance of the Guards and of the brigade formed into square. The advice was fortunately followed, and the Guards again moved with steady step and irresistible courage up the steep ascent.

Sir Colin himself leading his gallant Highland brigade (the 42nd, 79th, and 93rd Regiments) next made that flank movement which decided this part of the battle. The bagpipes sent forth their shrill notes, and the long line moved on with the slow and measured step of an ordinary parade. The calm and determined fashion of their advance, and the strangeness of their costume, appear to have struck terror into the enemy. They reached, with comparatively small loss, the right flank of the redoubt, and at the same time the Guards advanced with equal determination up the slope. Volleys of grape and musketry were opened upon them, but they did not return the enemy's fire until within a hundred yards, when, after discharging their pieces with terrible effect, they rushed with the bayonet upon the redoubt. The Russians recoiled before the charge, and seeing the Highland brigade on their flank they hastily abandoned the earthwork, leaving, however,

two guns as trophies in our hands. A short struggle took place, and the Guards remained the victors amidst a heap of slain.

Meanwhile the Second Division, gallantly led by their veteran general, Sir De Lacy Evans, had steadily advanced on the western side of the amphitheatre, notwithstanding the galling fire from the earthwork and flanking field-batteries. It reached the middle of the slope as the redoubt was carried; and one of its brigades, under General Pennefather, formed into line with the victorious Guards. With fresh ardour they again pressed forward. The two massive squares of Russian infantry still remained unshaken on the high ground above them, and seemed to present an immoveable barrier against our almost exhausted troops. Lord Raglan saw the impending danger, and by his orders two guns from Captain Turner's battery were speedily brought to a commanding ridge near which he stood. The shot ploughed through the dense ranks. They soon began to waver, and in a few moments more they were scattered far and wide over the hill side. The second mass soon followed, giving way before the advancing Highlanders, but retreating in better order. The Russian commanders made one more attempt to rally their flying troops, and a mounted officer was seen bravely leading back a heavy column to the charge. But it gave way before it reached the British line, now steadily ascending the slope, and was thrown back upon the retreating army.

The Russian reserves on the right made a last effort by suddenly moving on our flank to check the progress of the Highlanders and to dispute with them the crest of the hill; but in vain. A regiment faced to receive them, and a single steady and well-directed volley sent them back in disorder. The French had driven the enemy from every part of the heights to the right. A deep valley, running up far inland from the sea, prevented the Russian left retiring without making a considerable circuit and mingling with the centre, thus adding to the disorder. The French batteries opened relentlessly upon the flying masses. A scene of terrible confusion—a complete rout rather than a retreat—now ensued; the Russian soldiers throwing away their arms, their boots, their knapsacks, and all that might impede them, left their ranks and sought safety in flight; the British Horse Artillery followed, pouring into them, again and again as it came within range, its murderous fire. In vain the Russian cavalry, which had taken little or no part in the battle, attempted to check the pursuit: they could but cover the retreat of the panic-stricken crowd. But our artillery being unsupported was soon compelled to return, and about four o'clock the last gun re-echoed in the distance. In three hours—during two of which
only

only the British had been engaged--the allied armies had carried, by their irresistible courage and daring, a position which might well have been deemed impregnable!

The enemy was permitted to retire unmolested, although the 3rd and 4th divisions of the British army, drawn up during the action as a reserve on the right bank of the Alma, had not been under fire, and the 4th division, and two brigades of the French, with the whole of the Turkish contingent, had taken no part in the battle. The reasons assigned for not continuing the pursuit were, the want of cavalry—a want undoubtedly much felt,—the exhausted state of the men—which could only apply to those who had been engaged,—and the late hour of the day—to be attributed to the delay which had unfortunately taken place in our movements in the morning. Some of the most distinguished officers in both armies were, it is understood, in favour of an immediate pursuit, and it is the more to be regretted that their advice was not adopted, as such was the panic in the Russian army, that on the night after the battle, a false alarm having been spread that we were advancing, they precipitately fled from the Katsha, where they had bivouacked, leaving their guns behind them. Their dread did not cease until they were within the walls of Sebastopol. Even on the Belbec ammunition-wagons were found abandoned on the road. It is impossible to say what might have been the result if the allies had followed up their success—perhaps the total destruction of the Russian army and the capture of the stronghold which now defies us.

The loss of the Russians is believed to have been little less than 8000 men, whilst amongst nearly 900 prisoners were 2 generals of brigade; that of the allies amounted to 619 killed and 2840 wounded. The British lost 362 killed and 1640 wounded. Attacking the centre of a position of great strength, and led up in front of a redoubt armed with artillery of a calibre rarely seen in the field, they suffered far more than their allies. It was in advance of and within this earthwork, that the fiercest struggle of the day, which was marked by deeds of heroic valour, took place; it was before it that three British regiments were nearly destroyed; and it was above and below it that there lay a heap of dead and wounded—a mingled mass of English and Russians—which perhaps had never been beheld by the oldest warrior within so small a space. The whole Russian force engaged appears, according to the statement of one of their generals, to have amounted to 33,000 infantry, 5000 cavalry, about 2000 marines, and 100 guns; the allied armies numbered about 50,000 men, though less than 30,000 took part in the battle.

The distant sounds of artillery had scarcely ceased before the
French

French began to care for and remove their wounded ; ere night fell none remained on the field. They were taken away on seats and beds slung upon the backs of mules, or, when too severely injured to bear the motion, upon litters carried by men. Officers of all grades aided in the discharge of this sacred duty ; nor did General Canrobert, although himself wounded, neglect it. The priests attached to the army ministered to the dying. It is too well known how the English wounded fared on that night. There were but scanty means of moving them from the place where they had fallen. For the most part they remained on the field exposed to the heavy dew and the cold air, with such slight covering and food as a charitable hand might bestow. Some there were who passed two long nights in agony on the cold ground. From one small group of English and Russians, a serjeant, whose leg was broken, dragged himself to the river's edge to fetch water for his suffering companions. Those who were thus left helpless had still to fear another enemy—the marauders who after nightfall prowled amidst the dead, and who, for the sake of plunder, rarely spared the living. The bandsmen, it is true, were employed to carry the wounded to huts which had been assigned to them in the village, but their numbers were totally inadequate to the services required. It was, moreover, disgraceful that the soldier should depend upon such means alone, for his comfort and even life after he had nobly shed his blood for his country. May not the larger number of deaths in the British army, as compared to that in the French, be partly attributed to this neglect?

Thus British and French troops had been brought face to face with those of Russia. The battle of the Alma first taught us the inferiority of the enemy's infantry and cavalry, and the efficiency of his artillery—a result which all subsequent experience has tended to confirm. A Russian general, who was taken prisoner, attributed the loss of the day chiefly to the misconduct of the cavalry, and on no future occasion has this arm retrieved its character. The infantry could not stand against the determined valour and steady advance of the English troops, nor the impetuous charges of the French, and when once broken it could no longer be rallied. The Russian regiments engaged differed much in their appearance and conduct. Those recently brought from the Principalities, which they had only quitted in the middle of the previous month, and from the centre of Russia, were large and able-bodied men ; whilst those from the Crimea and Circassia were wretched in appearance—ill fed and ill clothed. The artillery was admirably served and fired with rapidity and precision, but the gunners drove off their guns too quickly—an error which

which they have committed throughout the campaign, and which may be attributed to their knowledge of the great importance attached by the Emperor to the loss of a gun. The Russian infantry only fight with confidence when under cover of a powerful body of artillery.

The position of the Russians, very strong by nature, was but ill defended. Placing too much confidence upon the precipitous nature of the ground, and not as yet aware of the daring and activity of the African troops of our allies, Prince Menschikoff had not sufficiently protected his left flank. It was mainly owing to this neglect that his position was so soon forced, and that his centre, threatened by the unexpected appearance of the French in their rear, abandoned their batteries and retired to the crest of the hill. The advance of the British troops up the slope in the teeth of the heavily armed battery, which swept it on all sides, has been much criticised. The leading up of the brigade of the light division, before it was formed, was undoubtedly a grave error, which entailed a severe loss upon three regiments. The attempt to storm this strong redoubt at all must be attributed to the urgent messages of the French Commander-in-Chief, whose known character for exaggeration might have justified some hesitation before the original plan of attack was completely abandoned. The undaunted courage and steadiness with which the British troops performed their perilous duty was the admiration of the French, and fully established that reputation amongst their allies, which every subsequent engagement has only tended to confirm. No troops in the world could have behaved with a more noble devotion. It has been well remarked that at the Alma each army had fortunately assigned to it that share in the battle which best suited its peculiar qualities. Whilst British calmness, endurance, and courage were eminently displayed in the attack upon the Russian centre, the activity, intelligence, and valour of our allies were no less conspicuous in the ascent of the almost perpendicular cliffs in the face of an enemy, and in the undaunted spirit with which they formed into line, one by one on the heights, under a heavy fire—the Zouaves well nigh deserving the eulogium passed upon them by the French Commander-in-Chief, ‘that they were the first soldiers in the world.’*

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* As considerable misapprehension appears to prevail as to what the Zouaves really are, we may observe that these regiments originally consisted of Arab natives of Algeria, and were so called after an Arab tribe. They were afterwards disbanded and reconstituted; only Frenchmen, with a very few exceptions, being admitted into their ranks. Native regiments were then formed under the name of ‘Indigènes,’ or ‘Turcos.’ The Zouaves are notorious for their activity and courage, and at the same time for their propensity to plunder—a habit easily contracted

The allied armies were detained for two days on the Alma after the battle. Marshal St. Arnaud proposed to advance on the 22nd; but the British dead were still unburied, and the wounded as yet not moved to the ships. It was only late on the second day that they had all been brought to the seashore, through the unparalleled exertion of the officers and seamen of the inshore squadron. By suspending a hammock to an oar, four men could carry, though not without much fatigue, a wounded soldier to the boats ready to receive him on the beach. The French, too, lent us their mules, and gave us that hearty and generous assistance which they have ever been ready to afford. Many disabled Russians were also placed on board ship; but about 700 were left behind, for the time, under the charge of Dr. Thomson, whose heroic conduct has secured to his memory a well-deserved fame.

On the 23rd the allied armies commenced their onward march. Disease had unfortunately again shown itself in the British ranks. The cholera had broken out afresh, much aggravated, it is believed, by the 4th division having been allowed to bivouack upon the ground which Russian troops had just left, and which was covered with decayed and offensive matter, besides teeming with loathsome vermin. There is no officer more needed in our army than one, either a military or a medical man, whose special business it should be to see to the sanitary condition of the camp. Owing to the want of the commonest precautions, and of some one person to look to such matters, offal, dead horses, and every kind of noisome matter are permitted to accumulate close to our tents. The air becomes tainted, and disease soon spreads through the camp.

Lord Raglan desired to march in one day to the Belbec; but Marshal St. Arnaud now objected. The armies, therefore, halted on the Katsha, and on the following day (the 24th) encamped on the left bank of the Belbec.

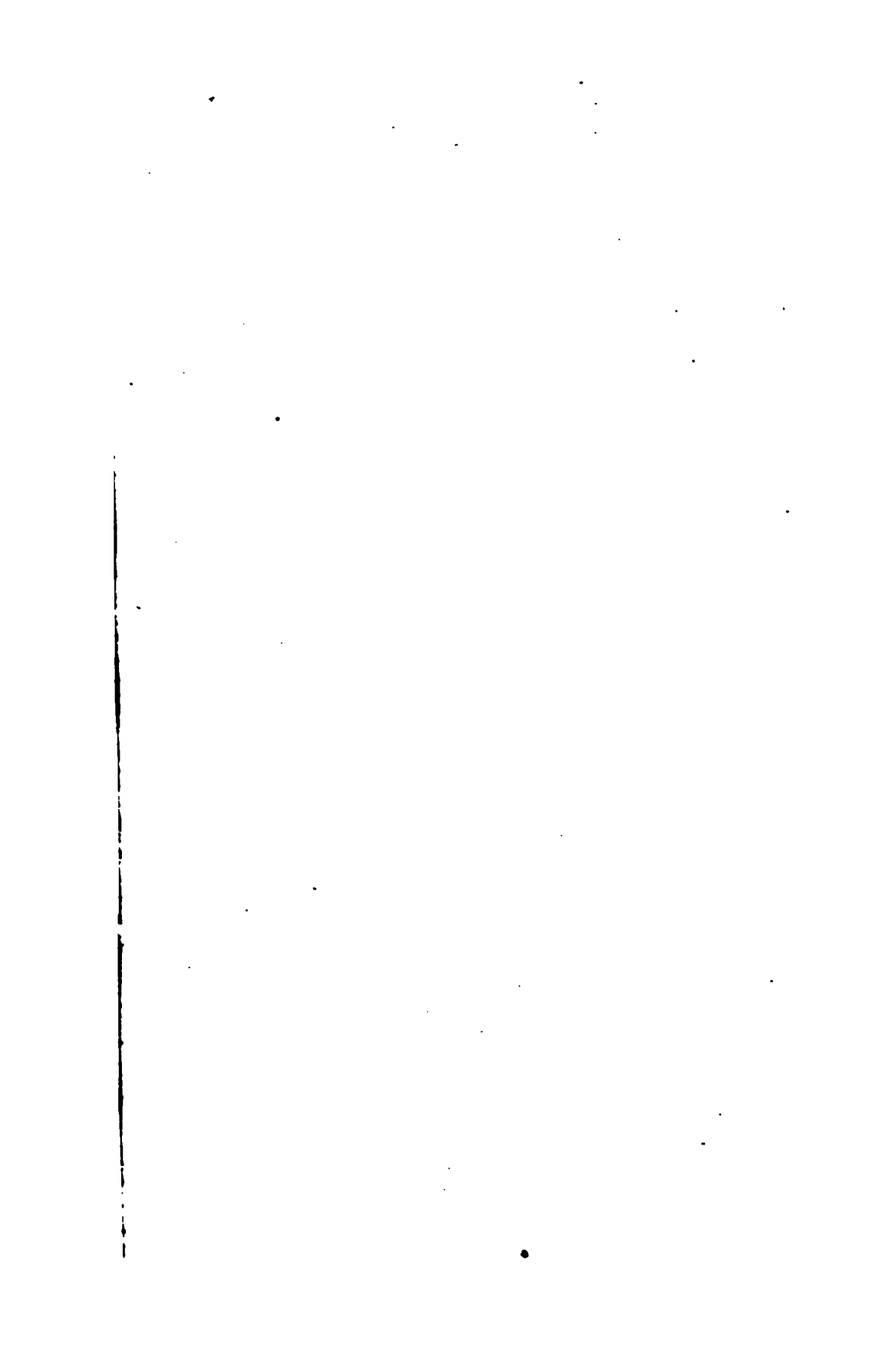
The original intention of the commanders of the allied armies had been to invest and attack the forts which protect Sebastopol on the north. The town, with its arsenal, its dockyards, and its storehouses, stands on the southern side of a deep inlet, whilst on the opposite side are only the large stone forts and batteries which defend the entrance and interior of the harbour. These massive edifices are erected upon the water's

contracted in an African campaign. They chiefly consist of men who, having served their prescribed five years in the army, have no desire to leave it, but prefer the perils and excitement of a military life, and of various other adventurous spirits who love war better than peace. It requires the strictest discipline to keep them under control, and to place some check upon their natural propensities. They wear a loose Oriental dress, with fez and turban, both becoming and convenient.

edge.

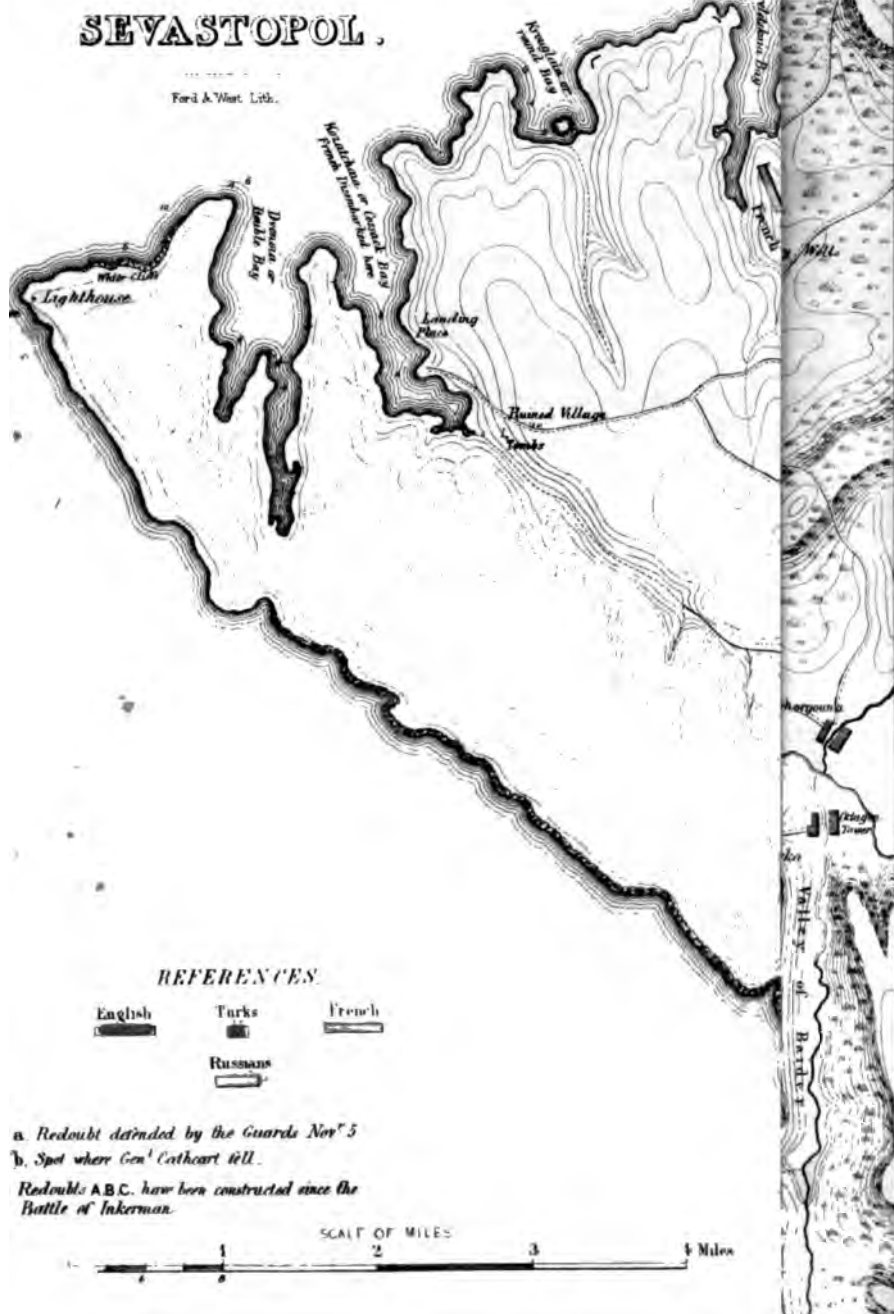
edge. Behind them the ground rises into a ridge of no great height, but commanding the inlet and town on one side and descending on the other in a long gentle slope to the Belbec. The coast to the north of Fort Constantine, which is at the very mouth of the harbour, consists of a cliff of earth, about 100 feet high. On the summit of this ridge the Russians had recently constructed a considerable fort, known to our engineers as the Star Fort, or Severnaia, which, from its position, commands both the town and the Belbec. On the cliff, not far to the north of Fort Constantine, is the Telegraph Battery; beyond it, in a line with the Star Fort, and connected with it by covered ways and embankments, is a square stone tower, surrounded by earthworks, and mounting eight heavy guns *en barbette*, that is, placed on the summit without embrasures, and working on pivots, so as to be turned in every direction upon an enemy. On account of its mischievous qualities, it has been named 'the Wasp Battery' by the seamen of the fleet. From the weight of metal thrown by its guns, their long range, and their plunging fire, it has caused more injury to our vessels, and has more embarrassed their movements, than any other battery erected by the enemy. Such, with one or two unfinished earthworks in front of the Star Fort, were the defences on the northern side of Sebastopol when the allied armies crossed the Belbec. Since that time other works, chiefly earth-batteries, have been erected on the sea face, on the slope between the Belbec and the Star Fort, between that fort and the harbour, and to the east of it nearly as far as the Inkermann Valley.

It was on the Belbec that the commanders of the allied forces determined upon the now celebrated flank march. The reasons in its favour appear to have been the following:—Marshal St. Arnaud declared that his troops could not encamp on the left bank of the Belbec so as to be in a position to open regular approaches, without being exposed to the fire of the Russian batteries which commanded the river. For similar reasons the fleet would have had to remain off the Katsha, and to disembark on an exposed coast the stores and siege train. Unfavourable weather might at any time prevent communication with the ships, and the distance was too considerable between the point of disembarkation and the lines of the besieging army—the road, which we had no available force whatever to protect, being at the same time exposed to the attack of an army in our rear. On the opposite side of Sebastopol comparatively safe harbours and anchorage were to be found, in the deep inlet of Balaklava on the southern coast, and in those bays which indent Cape Chersonese. Moreover, it was anticipated that the Russians would be unprepared to receive an enemy in that quarter, and that it would be possible



POSITIONS of the Allied Armies before SEVASTOPOL.

Ford & West. Lith.



sible to take the town at once by a *coup de main*. At the same time, should an immediate assault be deemed inadvisable, the nature of the country was such as to afford the allies a secure position easily defended against a flank attack. On the other hand, arguments were not wanting in favour of commencing the siege on the northern side. With the co-operation of the fleet, the Star Fort, the only really formidable obstacle, would have been speedily taken by regular approaches; and, when once in our hands, would enable us to command the town and defences on the opposite side of the harbour, whilst we could have interrupted the approach of convoys and reinforcements by the high road from Odessa. The objections to the southern side were that no check whatever could there be placed on the relief and provisioning of the place, and that, even presuming the town and its defences to have fallen into our possession, we were still commanded by the ships of the fleet, the Star Fort, and any batteries erected on the northern side. The reason, we believe, which finally determined the flank march was that insisted upon by Marshal St. Arnaud—the inability of his army from its exposed position to undertake the siege.

The truth is that we had not sufficient troops to render either plan feasible. We could not carry on the siege of the Star Fort and at the same time protect our rear against the reinforcements which were then rapidly approaching; nor had we men enough to engage in a regular siege of a town which we could not even invest. Only one thing could justify our landing without a reserve and sufficient means for besieging a great fortress—the possibility of taking Sebastopol by surprise. That opportunity once lost, we were in a terrible dilemma. We had attempted the siege of a stronghold of enormous strength and inexhaustible resources with an army scarcely supplied with the materials necessary for a siege of any duration, immensely inferior to the forces which could be collected on its flank, utterly incapable not only of investing the place, but even of throwing the slightest obstacle in the way of communication between the besieged and the open country, and without any reserve to supply inevitable losses by battle and disease. The sequel will show the penalty we have paid for thus blindly entering upon so vast an undertaking and without sufficient appreciation of the difficulties we should have to encounter.*

It may be observed that this sudden change of the base of our

* Since these remarks were written we find that Sir Howard Douglas, in the Appendix to the new edition of his valuable work on Naval Gunnery, has taken the same view as ourselves. His high authority upon all such matters gives great weight to his comments upon the expedition to the Crimea.

operations could only have been effected whilst a steam fleet was off the coast, and could re-open its communications with the army as soon as it had appeared on the opposite side of Sebastopol. This daring measure has demonstrated one of the many immense advantages which steam confers upon an invading force.

The flank march having been resolved upon was executed with considerable skill, and with that determined spirit which is so characteristic of British troops. It was a bold and hazardous undertaking. The country was difficult and unknown. Thick woods, deep ravines, and precipitous hills, only crossed by mountain tracks, were to be traversed by the army. Had the enemy learnt our intentions, we might have been exposed to the most fatal disaster. As is well known, our advanced guard fell in with the rear of a strong Russian force which was panic-stricken by the unexpected encounter. Had our cavalry been present, a complete rout must have ensued. But we were no less surprised than the enemy. It was Lord Raglan with his staff who, emerging from a thick wood, first found that he was close to a battery of Russian guns. Fortunately Captain Maude was there with his troop of horse-artillery. A few rounds drove the protecting escort from the baggage, which became the spoil of our soldiers. A general officer—perhaps Prince Menschikoff himself—was observed to threaten from the windows of his carriage with personal violence his coachman, who vainly urged his horses through the flying crowd. The narrow road was so encumbered with carts, tumbrils, men, and animals, that had an active trooper made a dash at the foremost waggon and cut the traces of the horses, a large number of guns would inevitably have fallen into our hands.

We had fallen in with the rear of Prince Menschikoff's army, which, after the battle of the Alma, had retired to the south of Sebastopol, and had probably occupied the valley of the Tchernaiia and part of the heights now held by our troops. The Prince was withdrawing to Simpheropol, and the explanation he has since given of his object, at that time misunderstood, is undoubtedly the true one. From the very beginning he appears to have overrated the forces of the allies. He believed, as was natural enough, that we should besiege Star Fort, and that we were in sufficient strength to interrupt the reinforcements and supplies which he was daily expecting from the north. He reckoned upon reaching Simpheropol, as we had reckoned upon reaching Balaklava, unperceived, and from thence, when sufficiently strengthened, threatening our rear and compelling us to raise the siege. The plan was neither ill-devised nor ill-executed.

executed. Our movement, as it has proved, was more successful, and has probably saved our army from utter destruction.

Early on the morning of the 26th of September the British army defiled across the valley of the Tchernaiâ and arrived at the entrance of that of Balaklava. Sir Edmund Lyons, apprised of its arrival on the banks of that river, had left his anchorage off the Katsha, and, followed by a portion of the in-shore squadron and by a few transports containing the siege-train and necessary provisions for the troops, had brought the *Agamemnon* to the southern coast. The land, which ends at Cape Chersonese in a long low spit, rises rapidly to the south into bold and precipitous rocks, whose summits are covered with wood. A narrow rift leads into the harbour of Balaklava. Overhanging the sea are the ruined walls and towers of an ancient Genoese castle. The harbour itself, somewhat difficult of access for large vessels, owing to an abrupt turn at the entrance, resembles a deep mountain loch. It is surrounded by high and rugged hills. Upon their very foot on the eastern side of this singular inlet stands the town, inhabited by Greeks, the descendants of a colony of comparatively recent date, which enjoys, with several similar communities in the Crimea, peculiar privileges under the Russian government. As the *Agamemnon* appeared before the mouth of the harbour a crowd of men, women, and children were seen flying over the hills. The garrison, consisting of a small body of Greek troops, natives of the place, took refuge in the ruins, and with four small mortars and a few wall-pieces prepared to make a vigorous defence. As Lord Raglan and his staff appeared at the entrance of the small valley leading to the town, a warm fire was opened upon him. But a party of rifles and a troop of horse-artillery having reached the ridge of a hill commanding the ruins, and the *Agamemnon* having fired a few shots, the enemy was soon induced to show a flag of surrender. The town was then occupied by our troops.

During the march from the Balbec, Marshal St. Arnaud, overcome by illness, and by long and acute suffering, resigned the command of the French army to General Canrobert, and died a few days after, on his passage to Constantinople. His loss was not much felt by the allied armies. Possessing many rare and remarkable military qualities, it is doubtful whether he was fit to command a large army, or to carry on a campaign against a powerful European enemy. His courage, energy, and indomitable will were the sources of his rapid rise, and bore him through his extraordinary career. They were eminently displayed during the short period of his command in the Crimea. When struggling with death itself he braved, with equal fortitude

in the council and in the field, the most terrible tortures ; but he was deficient in the still higher qualities of a great commander ; and whilst his vanity gave him confidence in himself, he never inspired it in others. He died in time to leave untouched a reputation chiefly founded upon an act of singular daring, for the successful execution of which he was, perhaps, above all other men peculiarly qualified.

A new, and to a certain extent a sure, base of operations had been secured for the allied armies. During the following day the French and English battalions took up their positions on the heights above Sebastopol, and in the valley to the north of Balaklava. Had the French still kept their original station on our right, they would, now that we had faced round, have been inland ; but as General Canrobert was desirous that his troops should rest on the sea, the English still maintained the place of danger and of honour. As the harbour of Balaklava was too small for the disembarkation of the supplies and siege-train for the two armies, the French chose for that purpose Kamish Bay, a deep inlet in Cape Chersonese, more spacious and convenient than that of Balaklava, but completely exposed to northerly winds. A heavy sea setting into it would cause great damage to the shipping collected there.

Early on the morning of the 27th, Sir Edmund Lyons, amidst the enthusiastic cheers of those who had assembled to welcome one whose presence at all times inspired confidence and hope, brought the *Agamemnon* with admirable skill through the narrow entrance, and round the abrupt turn, into the harbour. She was followed during the day by several transports and vessels of war.

No time was lost before ascending the heights and reconnoitring Sebastopol. It was found that scarcely any preparations whatever had been made on the south side to receive an enemy. One round tower of stone, of moderate dimensions, armed with heavy guns *en barbette*, flanked the approach of the town, from the end of the harbour to the dockyard creek. A second swept the country from this creek to the sea. On the shore was the Quarantine Fort, and a wall partly protected the town to the west. With these exceptions there were on the land side neither wall, ditch, battery, nor other defence. So completely had the inhabitants of the place been taken by surprise that they had scarcely time to escape by a precipitate flight from their country-houses. The town was already filled with the inhabitants of the surrounding villages, who had been driven in by the Russian troops.

On the appearance of the allied armies on the heights a panic prevailed

prevailed in Sebastopol. Steamers and boats of every description were seen coming to and fro in the harbour; long lines of carts, carriages, ladies on horseback, and a crowd of persons on foot, were observed hurrying along the road leading into the interior. Property of every kind appears to have been removed from the town. Almost every deserter and prisoner who has since fallen into our hands declares that, had the allies at once entered the place, little or no defence would have been attempted, and that the inhabitants were utterly at a loss to account for our inaction. Sir John Burgoyne, it is believed, was of opinion that the place should be summoned to surrender, and that, in case of refusal, we should be justified in at once proceeding to the assault. Several of the ablest and most experienced officers in the British army (amongst whom may be mentioned the late Sir George Cathcart) and, we understand, in the French army also, thought that a *coup-de-main* would be successful, and would be attended by comparatively small loss. The reasons assigned against this summary proceeding were, that it was inconsistent with humanity thus to treat a town which was filled with women and children; that to assault a place which would fall by a regular siege could never be justified in case the attempt should end in a reverse or a disaster; and that if we even took possession of the southern part of the town, we could not hold it for any length of time, under the guns from the opposite forts, and from the ships. Such reasons appear to us, we confess, to be inconsistent with the state, resources, and numbers of the allied armies, and with the time and mode in which we had entered upon this campaign. Had they been valid, it was more than mere error and want of foresight to throw an army into the Crimea without a reserve or the means of carrying on a protracted siege; for it was only the possibility of taking the place by a *coup-de-main*, as we have already observed, which could justify the expedition.

It was not until the 5th October, ten days after the forced march, that Captain Staunton, of the Engineers, was sent to examine the ground, with a view to making a line of defences on the side of Balaklava, and in two days more the earthworks were commenced. The enemy first appeared in force on our flank on the 7th October, and did not then persevere in the attack. A body of infantry, cavalry, and artillery, on that day crossed the Tchernaiia, and appeared in the valley to the north of Balaklava. About 1500 Cossacks advanced beyond the rest of the detachment, and approached our lines. It is believed that they might have been completely cut off, had our light cavalry been well directed. At least a general impression to that effect prevailed

prevailed in the English army, and caused that feeling to which may partly be attributed the fatal charge of the light brigade on the 25th. Maude's troop of horse-artillery again distinguished itself on this occasion. The enemy having suffered some loss, but having captured three of our dragoons, retired in confusion, many Russians throwing away their arms and accoutrements to facilitate their flight. It was only on the 12th October that the first works intended for the defence of Balaklava were completed. Sir Colin Campbell having been named to the command of this important position, encamped at the entrance to the small valley with the 93rd Highlanders. About 3000 Turkish troops, chiefly Tunisians, who had newly arrived, were added to this small force. Some were placed in the redoubts; and the heights above the harbour were confided to about 1500 marines and sailors.

The French, with their usual forethought and energy, had on their arrival at once commenced throwing up redoubts and earthworks along the heights, extending from the Woronzoff road to the rear of their position. The upper part of that road, near the Telegraph Station, was commanded by a strong redoubt. Below it a considerable earthwork, armed with field-pieces, swept the sides of the hill and the valley beneath. Three large redoubts commanded the road from Balaklava to the camp and the rear of the French lines. These defences were entrusted to the 'corps d'observation,' under General Bosquet, consisting of regiments of the line, Zouaves, Indigènes, and a considerable body of Turks. Between the Woronzoff road and the edge of the hills overlooking the end of the harbour, the heights were held by the first and second divisions of British troops, and no steps were taken to protect them from a sudden attack of the enemy.

By a reference to the accompanying plan* it will be perceived that the allies are in possession of a high plateau, the eastern sides of which, from the end of the harbour of Sebastopol to the sea, rise abruptly, almost precipitously, from the valley. To the north it slopes gradually to Sebastopol, the hill-side being cut up into deep ravines, which run far inland and divide the heights into several distinct parts. It must be borne in mind that the camps of all the divisions, except a part of the 4th, are concealed from the town by high ground in front of them. To the west the plateau subsides rapidly into the low land which forms Cape Chersonese. Whilst the English batteries command Sebastopol,

* This plan has been reduced from one surveyed and engraved by the French Government, and gives with accuracy the position of the allied armies, and the nature of the surrounding country; those hitherto published in England are very incorrect.

and

and are at a very considerable elevation above it, those of the French are for the most part on a level with the Russian works. It is evident that had we the heights alone to defend, our position, if properly protected, would be one of extraordinary strength—indeed impregnable. Their sides towards the valley of the Tchernaiia are so precipitous, in some places forming cliffs, that no enemy could force them in the face of British and French troops. The roads which lead up to them could, without difficulty, be rendered impassable. Unfortunately the necessity of holding the harbour of Balaklava compelled the allies to leave the heights, to descend into the plain, and to extend their line so as to command all the points of attack upon that important position. The first line of defence was traced upon a low ridge, or undulation, which divides the valley in front of Balaklava into two distinct parts, leaving the foot of the cliffs, near the point where the road from the town leads up to the heights, and joining the wooded mountains beneath the village of Kamara. Four isolated redoubts were built upon this ridge. About a mile in their rear were the Highlanders, and to the right of and behind this regiment the Turks. On the hills above Balaklava were a few scattered earthworks, held by the marines and sailors. This line of defence, it is evident, was far too extensive to be adequately defended by the few troops which could be spared from the siege, and thus offered a weak point exposed to the attack of the enemy. We may observe that no attempt whatever had been made to interrupt the communication between the open country and the town, by the Tchernaiia or Inkermann valley, although the road might have been completely commanded by a battery on the overhanging heights.

On the 7th October a council of war was held at the headquarters of the British army, to determine upon the nature of the operations to be undertaken against the place. Up to this time nothing had been done, except that by the unceasing exertions of the officers and seamen of the squadron, under the command of Sir E. Lyons, the greater part of the siege train had been disembarked, and was ready to be placed in battery. At this council of war Sir John Burgoyne is understood to have submitted a plan of attack, which was summarily rejected by all the generals present as utterly impracticable. The army, therefore, still remained without any precise scheme of operations. It was subsequently resolved that the French should undertake the real attack on the extreme left, between the sea and Dock-yard Creek, whilst our batteries should be erected at a sufficient distance to keep down the fire of the enemy, without any intention of advancing them, for the present, nearer to the town. This determination was chiefly
owing

owing to the nature of the ground respectively held by the two armies. The space in front of the French lines permitted the usual process of sapping and trenching to be carried on, while the position occupied by the British was too rocky to admit easily of such works, and was broken by so many ravines that regular approaches were almost impossible. This decision having been come to, the command was given for breaking ground, and directions were issued in general orders for the conduct of the troops to be employed in digging and defending the trenches.

Notwithstanding the result of the council of war, our works proceeded but slowly, and were interrupted for twenty-four hours, the engineers not having been able to find by night the battery they had traced by day. But could it be otherwise? Our engineers had no detailed plan of our projected and finished works and those of the enemy. In these matters we afford a striking contrast to our allies. Their admirably organised department of engineers had constructed a map, upon a large scale, of the ground and the siege operations. In this map were daily noted all additions made to the works, and the observations of officers constantly occupied in examining our position, the town, and the Russian defences. Almost every building of note in Sebastopol had received its name, arbitrary of course, but of considerable importance in transmitting orders to those employed in the attack. Each officer in command of troops was furnished with a tracing of that part of the map which included the trenches in which he was posted. He could not then lose his way and fall into the enemy's hands, an accident which more than once happened to our working parties.

By the time the English batteries were completed, exactly three weeks had elapsed since the allied armies had taken possession of the heights. There were four distinct works. That to the extreme left of the British position contained forty-six guns and mortars, and was generally known as 'the left attack,' or 'Chapman's battery,' from the engineer who superintended its construction. It was partly held by the Royal Artillery and partly by seamen, under Captain Lushington, of the *Albion*, who worked the guns taken out of the men-of-war. To the east of it, and nearly in the same line, was a second, known as 'the right attack,' or 'Gordon's battery,' mounting twenty-one guns, worked by the Royal Artillery under Colonel Dickson, and by seamen chiefly from the *Diamond* frigate, under Captain Peel. Beyond and facing the round tower was 'the five-gun battery,' containing a Lancaster gun and four heavy 68-pounders, taken from the *Terrible*, and worked by seamen. None of these batteries were nearer than 1300 yards to the Russian lines, the average distance

distance being about 1500. The fourth battery held one Lancaster gun, and was placed in an isolated position behind Gordon's battery, at above 2000 yards from the nearest works of the enemy. Such were the number of our batteries and guns on the 16th October. At a subsequent period the two Lancasters and the four 68-pounders having been withdrawn from their original positions, were added to the right and left attacks, and additional works were constructed. The French, we believe, had at first fewer guns in position, but their works were nearer than ours to the Russian lines.

In the meanwhile the Russians had been making unparalleled exertions to redeem the error they had committed in neglecting to defend the southern part of the town. Men, women, and children were observed working in crowds night and day, bearing earth, gabions, and fascines. The round tower at the extreme left was speedily surrounded by substantial earthworks, the tower itself, originally white, having been painted of the colour of the earth to render it a less conspicuous object. To the right of, and connected with it by a line of works, was constructed a formidable redoubt of considerable size, known as 'the redan.' Between the 'redan' and the arsenal, at the head of Dockyard Creek, were the 'barrack batteries,' so named from some large buildings behind them. To the west of the creek, facing the French lines, was 'the garden battery,' thus called from its position near a summer-house. Subsequently other batteries were raised between it and the creek. Beyond it was 'the flagstaff battery' (*batterie du mât*), united by a line of strong defences and by a wall to the Quarantine Fort and the sea. All these works had been commenced since the allied armies had encamped upon the heights. Every day fresh earthworks were thrown up and additional guns of heavy calibre placed in position. Whilst thus engaged, the enemy continually threw shot and shell into our camp, part of which was within range, and subsequently at our working parties. But in comparison with the number of rounds fired, estimated at no less than 25,000 before our batteries opened, the allies suffered but an insignificant loss.

As yet we had permitted the enemy to labour at their defences without interruption or molestation. When the extensive and solid nature of the new works was pointed out to the chief British engineer, he is said to have replied, 'that they were only built to be knocked down again.' But there were not wanting those who believed that works of earth would prove more formidable than those of stone, and who shook their heads

as

as they saw fresh batteries, bristling with heavy guns, rising from day to day before them.

The long-wished for orders for the attack were at length given. The French and English batteries were to open their fire together at half past six o'clock on the morning of the 17th October, the signal being three rockets thrown up from the French lines. At a council of war it had been agreed that the allied fleets should make a simultaneous attack. To insure the co-operation of the British fleet, Colonel Steele, the military secretary of Lord Raglan, was sent to Admiral Dundas to apprise him of the decision of the Commander-in-Chief.

During the night of the 16th, the embrasures of the batteries, which had been previously concealed, were uncovered. In the uncertain light of dawn, the Russians already saw by this sign that the struggle was about to begin. They did not await it, but at once opened a terrible fire. No response was made to the challenge. A solemn stillness reigned through the lines of the allies. Thousands looked with throbbing hearts for the appointed signal. As the sun rose in the cloudless sky, three white streaks were seen above the French camp. Suddenly one long line of white smoke burst from the hill side, which, hitherto silent, now re-echoed the roar of artillery. Not a breath stirred the air, and a dense cloud soon hid the town and harbour of Sebastopol. As the light morning breeze arose and drew aside the curtain, every eye was turned towards the stronghold, to seek the effect of our long-expected attack. Of the heavy guns on the round tower, some were upturned—all were silent. The stone-work was rent, and deep fissures showed that the edifice could no longer bear the concussion produced by the discharge of heavy ordnance. But the earth-works which we had treated so lightly still poured forth their deadly fire. As the shot from our well-directed guns ploughed through them, clouds of dust rose into the air, and for a moment concealed the embrasures. Then again the white smoke issued from them, and proved that their efficiency was not materially impaired. A gun may have been upset or destroyed, but it was soon remounted or replaced, and the fire opened upon us as before. The contest was thus continued until about nine o'clock, when a report like that of distant thunder rose above the roar of artillery. A thick, murky column ascended from the French batteries, spreading far and wide as it rose into the air. A powder-magazine had exploded, destroying and disabling men and guns. The fire of our allies now almost ceased; a solitary flash at distant intervals only proved the extent of the disaster.

Soon

Soon after this explosion the French ships of war, with their yards dipped, were seen advancing in order of battle. Taking up their position to the south and partly in front of the mouth of the harbour, they opened their fire upon the forts and batteries facing the sea. But the British fleet was still far away, and the French had been nearly two hours in action before it engaged with the enemy. The *Agamemnon* at length moved majestically onwards, preceded by a small steamer, which showed in comparison as a mere speck upon the water. This vessel, used for towing, was commanded by a young mate of the name of Ball. He sought, as his brave commander had forewarned him, an honourable death, or that promotion for services in battle which is the highest ambition of the British seaman. Undismayed and calm, amidst a storm of shot and shell, he threw his sounding-line beneath the huge batteries, and showed the way to the *Agamemnon* following in his wake. A shoal stretching from the point on which Fort Constantine is built left the line-of-battle-ship only 2 feet beneath her keel, although still 800 yards from the enemy. Then was proved the wisdom of that resolute act—not unworthy to be classed with the burning of Moscow—the sinking of a great part of the fleet in the mouth of the harbour. Had the passage been open, the *Agamemnon*, in defiance of the triple batteries which guarded it, would have entered, and the issue of the day might have been different. The practicability and probable result of such an attempt were proved by the desperate step taken by the enemy. Close behind the *Agamemnon* was the *Sanspareil*, screw line-of-battle-ship (Capt. Daères), and with her were the *Albion*, the *London*, and the *Arethusa* 50-gun frigate, each sailing-vessel being brought into action by a steamer lashed to her side.

As the *Agamemnon* drew near to take up her position, five batteries opened their broadsides upon her. The iron shower rattled through her masts and spars, and aloft she was soon a perfect wreck. But as her admiral had foreseen, the guns of the fort could not be concentrated upon her hull; she was too near to them, and the embrasures were too deep; she, therefore, suffered comparatively little, although exposed to this unequal contest. It was when thus engaged that her Flag-Lieut. Coles, the nephew of Sir Edmund Lyons, went to the *Bellerophon* in a small open boat, and brought this vessel to the assistance of the *Agamemnon*—an act of devotion and courage rarely exceeded.

The *Rodney* (Captain Graham), also coming in to support the *Agamemnon* and the *Sanspareil*, grounded under a terrific fire. Fortunately she was soon relieved from her critical position.

The

The Albion and Arethusa suffered more from the heavy metal and plunging shot of the Wasp Fort than even from the batteries of Fort Constantine. The first was taken out of action in a sinking state; and the other, having been more than once on fire, was compelled to withdraw.

But these gallant vessels unsupported were engaged in a hopeless struggle. The Britannia, with those ships which had been ordered to keep her company, was above two thousand yards from the forts; and their fire, although unceasing, was ineffectual.

A thick smoke, scarcely swept away at intervals by the light breeze, enveloped the fleets. It was but by the thunder of their broadsides, which rose even above the roar of artillery from the land batteries, that a spectator could know the fearful contest which was going on. The sun went down before it ceased. Slowly the Agamemnon retired—having discharged no less than 3250 shot into the enemy. Well had her noble commander said that morning, ‘that he would rather sink with his ship than that the honour of England should be tarnished!’ And well worthy was he of the tribute spontaneously paid to him by the admirals and officers of the French fleet, who declared that although they had been left for nearly two hours to bear the whole of the enemy’s fire, he, at least, had maintained the antique fame of the British navy.

Who could watch the fall of that day without a heavy heart? We had failed, and a long and terrible struggle was in store for us. We had foolishly underrated the enemy’s resources, and had allowed him to put forth his strength. An occasional explosion in the Russian batteries or a well-directed shot might raise, for a time, the enthusiasm of our men, but it was too evident to all reflecting persons that we had now entered unprepared upon a gigantic undertaking.

Two days elapsed before the French batteries were able to reopen their fire, so destructive had been the explosion. For three days the English batteries continued theirs with some vigour: after which the siege may be said to have ceased on our part, whilst our allies slowly continued their approaches.

What then were the results of the combined attack on the 17th of October? And first, in regard to the fleet. It had always, we understand, been the conviction of Sir Edmund Lyons that the question of the superiority between ships and stone walls depended entirely upon distance. This conviction was borne out. Had the depth of the water permitted the Agamemnon and Sanspareil to approach within three or four hundred yards, Fort Constantine would probably have been destroyed. Its walls were so much
shaken

shaken that they have been since supported by wooden shores and props. Prince Menschikoff, in his despatch to the Emperor describing the results of the day, mentions the injury they had sustained.* The Russians, moreover, anticipating another attack, have since constructed earthworks to protect this enormous stone-work; thereby admitting themselves its weakness. Three times the fire of the Agamemnon silenced that of the fort; and had the whole fleet been near at hand, the object of the attack would probably have been attained. The broadsides of the French ships crippled, to a certain extent, the Quarantine Fort; but their distance, more than 1500 yards, was too great to be effective. The Agamemnon, although the nearest to the batteries, had four killed and twenty-five wounded: the Albion, exposed to the Wasp Fort, which was surrounded by *earthworks*, suffered most, having ten killed and seventy-one wounded. The Sanspareil had eleven killed and fifty-nine wounded; and other vessels proportionally. The Britannia, which had taken up the furthest position from the enemy, had only nine slightly wounded. On the whole it may, therefore, be admitted that the attack of the combined fleet failed, whatever may have been its object: the loss of men and the injury to the ships were not compensated by the damage inflicted on the enemy. We have reason to believe that Sir Edmund Lyons was not in favour of operations by sea on the 17th, unless either an assault was at the same time attempted from the lines, or the fleet was so used as to be maintained in a condition to renew the attack at any subsequent period when an assault became practicable. The result of the attack proved the soundness of his opinion.

By land little more had been effected than by sea. The explosion in the French lines was a serious disaster to our allies, and a source of considerable inconvenience to us. Some of the Russian batteries, which had been directed upon them, were then turned upon the English works, and inflicted much injury. We had several guns dismounted and destroyed, and suffered some loss in men, but less than might have been expected from the unceasing and well-directed fire of the enemy, of whose skill in gunnery we had now fresh proofs. The Russians may have lost many lives, and their works may have been damaged, but their fire remained unchecked. The only part of their defences completely disabled were the two stone towers. The earthworks, raised in a few hours around them, with others of a similar

* There is an impression that some, if not all, of the forts at Sebastopol are built of granite. Such is not the case. They are entirely constructed of the soft limestone found on the heights around the town. The quarries from which this material is obtained are now occupied by the allied armies.

nature, continued to defy all our efforts. Well might our engineers say, after our fire had been opened for some days, that if we could only reduce Sebastopol to the condition in which we had found it on the 26th of September, we might, with some chance of success, attempt an assault.

But with what means at our command had we undertaken to besiege a stronghold almost unequalled for its strength and the extent of its resources? History scarcely presents an instance of a more ill-digested scheme! We had brought with us a siege-train of sixty guns, including mortars, nearly all of a calibre inferior to those of the enemy. The French had a larger number, but they were of brass, and consequently inferior for all purposes to those of the besieged. In order to arm even three batteries we were compelled to dismantle our ships and to employ our seamen. More than eight hundred rounds can rarely be discharged from one gun, on account of its liability to burst and the enlargement of the vent. Few guns, indeed, will bear much above six hundred rounds. As during the first day we had fired above one hundred rounds from each gun, if we had continued at this rate, in less than six days our batteries would have been disabled. The amount of ammunition available was so small that it would have been completely expended in about five days. Some of the most useful guns had only been supplied with one hundred and twenty rounds each. The number of our artillerymen was so inadequate to the working of the siege guns that we were compelled to cease our fire during the night; and thus the enemy was able to repair unmolested the damage done to his earthworks during the day. Even to keep up a moderate fire from sunrise to sunset, and to have the proper reliefs for night-work, the officers and gunners were only every alternate eight hours off duty, which, deducting nearly an hour, the time required to go from the camp to the trenches, left but six for food and repose—an amount of labour which human nature could not long endure. Moreover, every day added to the list of the killed, wounded, and sick, and diminished the number of those fit for active service. Our materials were not only inadequate, but in many instances bad. A large proportion of our shells, owing to some defect in the fuses, either did not burst at all or not at the right moment. We understand that a British officer who was made prisoner states that nothing struck him more in Sebastopol than the number of unexploded English shells lying about—a cause of equal surprise to the Russian engineers. The newly-introduced Madras platforms for the siege guns proved a failure. Not only was it impossible to traverse the guns upon them, but they were soon broken

broken by the recoil. By the end of the second day of the siege scarcely one remained entire, and the engineers were compelled to substitute for them such planking as could be procured in the country. The siege-train had only been supplied with two or three spare gun-carriages; several having been soon destroyed, it was subsequently dependent upon those furnished by the ships. There were no adequate means of transport for the ammunition from Balaklava when it was landed: the shot was mostly carried by pack-horses in bags slung across their backs! With such materials and with such foresight did Government send out an army to capture one of the strongest fortresses and arsenals in the world! If any calamity should befall the British arms, the future historian will be at a loss for words to describe the incompetency, and to condemn the guilt, of those who thus exposed to destruction the most gallant army that nation ever sent forth.

It is but an act of justice to the engineers, and more especially to that brave, skilful, and zealous officer, Captain Gordon, who after the death of Colonel Alexander succeeded to the command, to add that our batteries were admirably constructed. No accident whatever has happened to our powder magazines, although more than once exposed to the test of the fall and explosion of a twelve-inch shell. When contrasting our works with those of our allies, it must be borne in mind, that whilst our batteries were from 1300 to 1700 yards distant from the enemy, those of the French had approached to within 800 yards, and were consequently far more exposed to injury.

The attempt to silence the enemy's batteries having thus proved hopeless, every means should have been employed in fortifying the ground held by the British army, and rendering it as secure as possible from attack. We have already stated that our position on the heights was considerably weakened by the imperative necessity of including Balaklava within our lines. The defences of that place had been entrusted to a young officer of Engineers, under whose superintendence were erected the redoubts indicated upon our plan.

About the 20th of October, a movement had taken place amongst the Russian troops on the right bank of the Tchernaiâ. On the 24th a considerable body of infantry, cavalry, and artillery was observed to have bivouacked at the mouth of a valley, through which the high-road from Simpheropol and Odessa debouches into a small plain. Deserters declared that a fresh *corps d'armée*, under General Liprandi, had arrived from the Principalities. The report was scarcely credited until it was too fully verified on the morning of the 25th October.

By

By referring to the plan, it will be seen that an isolated ridge rises from the left bank of the Tchernaiia, and advances towards Balaklava, ending abruptly in the valley: we will call it the Tchernaiia ridge. It is traversed by a deep ravine, through which runs the road from Simpheropol. Overlooking the valley of Balaklava, it is commanded by the heights occupied by the allied armies. Dividing the valley to the south of this ridge into two parts is the undulation, upon which had been constructed the four isolated redoubts we have described, held by small bodies of Turkish and Tunisian troops. This important position was so ill defended that only one regiment of Highlanders, and a single battalion formed of invalids from various regiments, could be collected in case of need. The camps of the Highlanders, of the Turks, and of the British cavalry were about a mile and a half in the rear. The whole position was, to a certain extent, commanded from the south by the redoubts on the high hills overlooking the harbour of Balaklava, held by a corps of Marines.

Soon after sunrise, on the 25th of October, the enemy opened their fire upon the foremost redoubts from a battery of heavy guns, which had been brought during the night to the southern edge of the Tchernaiia ridge. It was immediately returned by the Turks, and by a French battery on the Sebastopol heights. At the eastern end of the valley of the Tchernaiia, infantry, cavalry, artillery, were drawn up in several massive lines, in order of battle. This was the main body of Liprandi's corps. Behind the Tchernaiia, on the Simpheropol road, was stationed its reserve.

The firing from the batteries had continued for a short time without much result on either side, when a movement was observed in the enemy's ranks. A large body of cavalry advanced steadily down the valley, whilst a column of infantry moved along the foot of the hill to the first redoubt, which was now the object of their attack. The Turks maintained a well-directed fire for about twenty minutes, when the Russian cavalry, under cover of the batteries on the Tchernaiia ridge, turning towards them, they were no longer able to persist, but retired in good order, although suffering considerable loss. The Russian infantry took possession of the redoubt and deserted guns. Those who held the two following redoubts, seeing their comrades retire, followed their example, without an attempt to maintain themselves, and the works were speedily occupied by the enemy, the guns having been spiked, though ineffectually, by the English artilleryman, who had been placed in each. The fourth redoubt making a show of defence, the Russian cavalry did

did not persist in attacking it, and the enemy soon afterwards abandoned the third.

Much unmerited blame has been cast upon the Turks for their conduct on this occasion. Although undoubtedly British or French troops would have defended to the last, if necessary, the redoubts confided to them, yet we question whether any officer would have been justified in attempting to hold them under the circumstances. They were too distant to receive any aid or support from the small and totally inadequate force in front of Balaklava. They were so ill-constructed that the Cossacks had no difficulty in leaping their horses over them. Had the Turks remained a few minutes longer, none could have escaped, and an unnecessary and useless sacrifice of human life would have ensued. General Canrobert, on descending later into the plain, did not hesitate to declare that these redoubts were untenable, consequently no attempt was made to recapture them from the enemy. This opinion has, we understand, been fully confirmed by the highest military authority in this country. Sir Colin Campbell, in his despatch describing the action, says 'that the Turkish troops in No. 1 redoubt *persisted as long as they could, and then retired, and they suffered considerable loss in their retreat*;' and Lord Raglan observes 'that the means of defending the extensive position which had been occupied by the Turkish troops in the morning had proved wholly inadequate.'

We make these remarks because we believe that a very unjust and very mischievous cry has been raised both in the British camp and in England against the Turkish troops. We may add that those who held the redoubts were chiefly Tunisians, with a small body of Turkish militia, not one having, we believe, been under fire before. The officers were the first to leave their posts, and the men were left without any command whatever. The clamour of ignorant people in this country has unfortunately had its influence on public opinion. And yet, after the gallant stand made by the Ottoman army on the Danube, we should have paused before thus condemning by wholesale Turkish troops. This stupid cry, and a prejudice which exists in some quarters, may have prevented the British Government availing itself of the services of men who, if properly commanded, would not be exceeded in courage, devotion, and conduct by any troops in the world. Instead of seeking for Germans, we could have found 70,000 men already collected and partly organised, who only wanted better officers and regular pay to equal, if not exceed in efficiency, any foreign troops we can hire to fight in a cause not their own. We have the testimony of that distinguished soldier Major Nasmyth to the bravery and docility of

those who fought under him at Silistria. With such a leader as he has shown himself to be, the British Government might shortly be in possession of a Turkish contingent upon which every reliance could be placed. As it is, we have permitted Omar Pasha's army to be nearly broken up for want of money to furnish the necessary means of support; and, with an inhumanity disgraceful to those concerned, we have permitted thousands of miserable wretches to be cast upon the shores of the Crimea to be insulted and oppressed, and to die of exposure and starvation. We know nothing more shocking and more touching than the accounts transmitted to this country of the condition of the unfortunate Turks at Balaklava, and of the manner in which they have been treated. It is not unnatural that in a camp where heroic courage and devotion are the virtues of almost every man, those who abandoned under any circumstances, in the moment of danger, the post confided to them, should be received with some feelings of contempt and distrust. But the resigned, uncomplaining way in which these poor starving men, dragged from their homes, deserted by all, without pay, without food, without medical aid, and without shelter—dying in the streets and highways untended and uncared for—enduring privations and sufferings far exceeding those of our troops, greatly as even they have suffered—have borne the hard and loathsome tasks imposed upon them, ought to have shown their persecutors that they had in them some of the best elements of the military character. We trust that the ungenerous and unjust outcry will cease, and that the Government will not shut its eyes to the immense value of such men if properly led and adequately cared for.

But to return to the battle of Balaklava. The redoubts having been carried, the Russian cavalry, supported by a considerable force of artillery, ascended the low ridge upon which these works had been constructed. They then divided into two bodies; that to the left, the smallest of the two and consisting of about 400 men, charged down the slope towards the 93rd Highlanders, which, having at first taken up a position in front of the fourth redoubt, had now retired beyond the crest of the hill. That gallant regiment, led by Colonel Ainslie, was ordered by Sir Colin Campbell to receive the enemy in line. The Russian cavalry were checked by the first volley, and without it is believed suffering any loss whatever, fell back in some disorder. Perceiving that the Turks, who had formed on the right flank of the 93rd, were again retreating, they were encouraged to attempt a second charge; but the grenadiers of that regiment wheeling round and opening upon them, they again retired.

The second and larger body of cavalry, estimated at between
(40)

900 and 1000 men, turned to the right and advanced towards the camp of the Scots Greys and Enniskillen Dragoons. These regiments, returning from the position they had at first taken up beyond the ridge to the left of the line of redoubts, were just in time to form and to meet the Russian charge. For a moment there was a hand to hand fight, and the mingling of horses and men and the clashing of steel; but borne down by the weight and determined onslaught of the British squadron—scarce one-third their number—the Russian cavalry recoiled and were beaten back up the hillside. They made one effort to rally, but were again broken, and now fled in disorder over the plain.

The heavy cavalry was supported by the troop of Horse Artillery under Captain Maude. A shell bursting near that officer, deprived the army for a time of the services of one whose gallantry and noble bearing had earned for him the admiration of the whole British army.

The 1st and 4th English divisions, with a considerable body of French troops of the line, Chasseurs de Vincennes, and cavalry (Chasseurs d'Afrique), had descended from the heights to the support of the small force opposed to the enemy in the valley. The heavy and light brigades of British cavalry were drawn up in two long dark lines on the northern slope, between the third and fourth redoubts. The enemy kept up their fire from the second redoubt, in which they had placed artillery, and occasionally from the battery on the Tchernaiia ridge, without however inflicting injury upon us. Although two redoubts and seven guns remained in the possession of the enemy, yet as far as the defence of our important position and the conduct of our troops were concerned, we had good reason to be well satisfied with the results of the day.

Lord Raglan, with his staff, was watching the contest from the edge of the high cliff overlooking the valley in which the fight had hitherto been waged. The withdrawal of the Russians from the third redoubt, and an apparent movement in the next, led the English Commander-in-Chief to believe that the enemy were removing the captured guns. Under this impression the order which has been so much canvassed was addressed to the Earl of Lucan. It was confided to Captain Nolan, a cavalry officer serving on the staff, upon whom much animadversion has been cast as having been the principal cause of the catastrophe which ensued. But whatever may have been his conduct, and the irritation it may have caused, we conceive that the very fact of his having been the bearer of a *written* order relieves him from all responsibility.

By the time the Earl of Lucan received the order to advance

and to prevent the removal of our captured guns, the enemy had formed again in front, a dark mass of cavalry and infantry supporting his heavy artillery. A reference to the plan will show the position of the Russians at this time. The main body of Liprandi's corps d'armée was drawn up in order of battle at the bottom of the valley. Considerably in advance of it, and crossing their fire, were the batteries in the first two redoubts and that on the Tchernaiia ridge. The steep sides of the hills were thick with riflemen, supported by columns of infantry.

It was through this deadly approach and in the face of an overwhelming mass of the enemy that the Earl of Lucan, misunderstanding the order to advance—for the Russians, instead of removing the captured guns, as Lord Raglan had anticipated, had turned them upon us—directed the British light cavalry to charge. The Earl of Cardigan, its commander, ventured, we believe, to ask a very natural question, 'what his brigade *was* to charge?' The enemy, he was told, was before him, and the peremptory order was reiterated. Having like a prudent man remonstrated, he proceeded like a brave one to perform his duty. He led forward his squadrons in two lines at a steady pace. Calmly and undismayed they advanced, whilst those who looked down upon the scene watched them, motionless and with bated breath, as men who were hurrying to sure destruction. The white smoke now burst forth before them and on either side. In front rode Captain Nolan, waving his sword and urging his men to the charge. Suddenly his upraised arm remained motionless, and, as he uttered a cry of agony and despair, the glittering ranks passed on: a trooper held his horse, and he fell to the ground. Still the British cavalry did not quicken their speed until they could see each man in the lines drawn up before them. Then, amidst the smoke and roar of artillery, they rushed onwards. Soon reaching the gaping mouths of the guns, they scattered and cut down those who stood round them. The heavy columns behind swerved and opened their ranks to the impetuous stream. Regiments of Hussars and Dragoons sought to check their onward course, but in vain. They did not draw bridle until no enemy was left before them. Scarce 600 English light cavalry had broken through a Russian army!

But of what avail was this desperate deed? The heavy brigade had advanced in support of those who charged; but, checked by the heavy fire, they halted far behind. It was then that General Bosquet spoke those words which so well characterise the heroic valour of the British soldier, and at the same time the wanton way in which his noble life is too frequently sacrificed, '*C'est magnifique, mais ce n'est pas la guerre!*' He saw that if any had escaped from that
fearful

fearful encounter and sought to return, they would still be exposed to the undiminished fire of the flanking batteries. The 'Chasseurs d'Afrique' were, therefore, ordered to silence the guns on the Tchernaiia ridge. Sweeping down into the valley, this fine brigade of cavalry formed into line. Their commander, unwilling to sacrifice uselessly the lives of his troops, checked their ardour, and one squadron alone was directed to charge the enemy's artillery. With a courage and daring not even excelled by that of the brave men to whose aid they were sent, the gallant band struggled, through thick brushwood and over rocky ground, up the precipitous slope. As they reached the summit, each, singling out his man, rushed upon the rear of the battery, cutting down all who ventured to oppose them. For a moment they held the guns; but two heavy columns of infantry, hitherto concealed in a deep ravine, now appeared behind them. Concealed and sheltered by the thickets, they opened a deadly fire. The battery had been silenced and no more could be accomplished; the scattered horsemen retraced their steps to the plain, leaving two officers and fourteen men dead upon the field. They had performed a feat which, though eclipsed by the unparalleled onslaught of the British light cavalry, well deserved the grateful admiration of the British army. To them we owe the lives of those who came back, one by one, some on horse, some on foot, from that fatal charge.

The end of the valley was spotted with the bodies of men and horses. The Cossacks, who had quailed and fled before our horsemen, now returned with confidence. As the wounded lay writhing on the ground they pierced them with their spears; but, as if fearing them even in death, five or six together were seen to gather around one helpless and dying man,—not the only instance of that barbarous cruelty which will remain an eternal stigma upon the Russian name.

That evening nearly two-thirds of the British light cavalry were absent from the muster. It was matter of wonder how even those who survived had escaped. During the night and the following day others who, wounded and unhorsed, had crept for safety into the bushes and crevices of the rocks, straggled into the camp, and the army had fewer to lament than was supposed at first. But still above 230, of whom fifteen were officers, were killed and remained prisoners in the hands of the enemy. Twenty-seven officers were, moreover, wounded, several of whom are since dead.

After the charge of the light cavalry, the generals-in-chief of the allied armies left the heights from which they had viewed the events of the day, and, with their staffs, stationed themselves upon the

the ridge in front of the fourth redoubt. The fire of the enemy had ceased, and they stood, as if awed, in sullen silence. Sir George Cathcart now proposed to recapture by assault, with his division (the 4th), the redoubts and lost guns. But General Canrobert insisted that to retake works which, from their defective construction and their distance from each other and from every support, could not be held against an enemy, would only lead to a useless sacrifice of life. It was consequently decided that we should abandon altogether the outer line of defences, and should now concentrate and increase our forces on a narrow ridge which closes the mouth of the small valley ending in the harbour of Balaklava, and on the hills commanding the town, and should reinforce the British troops by some French regiments, who, aided by the Turks, should at once construct breastworks and redoubts, uniting the heights on either side. The important position of Balaklava would thus be completely enclosed by an adequate line of defences.

The result of the Russian attack on the 25th October may be summed up in a few words. The enemy were taught to fear our cavalry, and the great efficiency of that arm of the British army was proved beyond a doubt. Few Russian horsemen will hereafter stand before men who neither yield to numbers nor to weight. On the other hand, the enemy's cavalry had shown itself irresolute in action and wanting in courage, fully confirming the opinion which had been formed of it from its conduct during the previous part of the campaign.

We have already observed, that although the French had fortified that portion of the heights which was occupied by the 'Corps d'Observation' under General Bosquet, with trenches, earthworks, and redoubts, the English had completely neglected to protect the edge of the plateau held by our 1st and 2nd divisions to the north of the Woronzoff road; even two roads leading up from the valley of Inkerman in the rear of our second division had been left comparatively open. This neglect had been pointed out by Sir De Lacy Evans and the Duke of Cambridge; the former had endeavoured to throw up a few breastworks of stone and earth, but they were close to the camp and completely inadequate for the protection of this most important position. On the night of the 25th he had been called upon to furnish 800 men for the defence of the trenches; but impressed with the danger which threatened our army on this side, and the possibility of an attack at any hour, he remonstrated. In consequence of this opinion the order was rescinded, and he was thus able to meet on the following day what had been so long foretold—an attack upon this undefended part of our lines.

On

On the morning of the 26th several Russian columns of infantry, accompanied by artillery, were seen to issue from the eastern end of Sebastopol. It was at first believed that they were marching to join Liprandi's corps by the road, still open, through the Inkerman valley; but turning to the right they ascended the hill, and suddenly appeared on the crest which commanded the camp of the 2nd division. Another body at the same time approached by the road leading from the valley to the heights. They came somewhat by surprise upon the pickets belonging to the 30th and 49th regiments. The conduct of an officer at the head of one of these small parties excited universal admiration. Holding his ground with undaunted courage against an overwhelming force, he succeeded in checking for some time the Russian advance; and when the ammunition of his men was expended, charging the enemy with his sword, he fell shot through the chest: this was Lieutenant Conolly of the 49th. Scarcely less distinguished were Captain Bayley and Captain Atcherley, and a serjeant named Sullivan, at the head of the pickets of the 36th regiment. This handful of brave men opposed nearly 7000 men until Sir De Lacy Evans was able to mature his plans and to form his two brigades into order of battle. That commanded by Major-General Pennefather was placed upon the left in advance of the camp; that under Brigadier-General Adams upon the right, supported by the artillery of the 1st and 2nd divisions under Colonel Fitzmayer and Colonel Dacres. So admirably were the troops disposed, and so well were the efforts of their General seconded by those who, serving under him, were inspired with that confidence which perfect reliance upon a commander will at all times give, that the enemy was not only speedily repulsed, but, taking to flight, was pursued almost into the town, with a loss subsequently estimated at nearly 1000 men, whilst our own amounted to only 12 killed and about 80 wounded. One hundred and sixty Russians were left dead within our lines, and 30 prisoners fell into our hands. The second division alone, at that time scarcely 1200 strong, defeated nearly 8000 men. The Guards, under the Duke of Cambridge, although protecting its flank, took no part in the action, nor did the corps of General Bosquet, who, as was his wont, hastened to our aid as soon as the enemy appeared.

In this action, again, the execution of the Russian plan of attack was not equal to the conception. As it is impossible that the enemy could have contemplated, with so small a number of men, the permanent occupation of the position, it is probable that, after having reconnoitred it, they intended, having forced our lines in their weakest point, to take our batteries of the right
attack

attack in reverse, and having destroyed them and spiked the guns, to return into Sebastopol.

The attempt, although unsuccessful, should have been a further warning to us; but nothing was done towards fortifying these heights. It has been alleged that there was a want of men to construct proper defences; but after the 5th of November, although no new reinforcements had arrived, troops were found. In truth the position was of such vast and paramount importance that any sacrifice should have been made to protect it. The enemy, although they did not succeed in their attempt, so far profited by it that they ascertained the weakness of our defences.

In the meanwhile large reinforcements were daily joining the Russian camp to the north of Sebastopol. Extraordinary efforts were being made to bring down those troops which the Austrian occupation of the Principalities now placed at the disposal of the Czar for the defence of the Crimea, and all the resources of the country were employed for this purpose. Carts, carriages, post-horses, bore one corps d'armée from Odessa to the Belbec. Before we even received notice of their approach fifty thousand men were collected on the heights of Inkerman, the greater number of whom the generals of the allied armies had been assured from home were still watching the frontiers of Bessarabia in expectation of an Austrian invasion!

Prince Menschikoff resolved, by one great effort, to force our ill-defended position, which, once carried, would place the allied armies at his mercy. His plan was well conceived. Our front was exposed, our flank and rear open, and he could pour his columns from all sides upon our devoted bands, before we could even know that they were near. A despatch, written to the Emperor, his master, some days before the execution of his design, betrays the confidence he felt in its result, and the almost mad excitement of his brain at the prospect of success. 'A terrible calamity,' he wrote, 'impends over the invaders of your dominions. In a few days they will have perished by the sword, or will be driven into the sea. Let your Majesty send your sons here, that I may render up to them untouched the priceless treasure which your Majesty has entrusted to my keeping!' Two days before he was to fulfil his pledge, two imperial carriages, preceded by outriders, and accompanied by an escort of cavalry, were seen to enter Sebastopol by the high road from the north, and the sound of rejoicings came up from the city.

Soon after midnight, on the morning of the 5th of November, those who guarded the trenches and lay sleepless in their tents
listened

listened to the tolling of bells, as for some sacred ceremony. The distant sounds of chanting are even said to have been heard by persons who watched still nearer to the beleaguered city. The solemn peal ceased about two hours before daylight, and was succeeded by the bright flash and heavy report of ordnance in the rear of the British lines. After a little time there was again deep silence, only broken by a low rumbling heard by the furthest pickets, who thought it to be the noise of waggons laden with supplies entering the town.

The dawn long struggled through the mist which hung on the heights of Sebastopol. As daylight broke a party of unarmed men appeared on the crest of the hill, above the eastern end of the harbour of Sebastopol, and in front of the second division of the British army. They made signs as of surrender to the pickets which watched those heights. The officer believing them to be deserters advanced to receive them. Having thus been thrown off his guard, he and his men were suddenly surrounded and seized by a large body of troops who had lain in ambush behind the ridge. An alarm was thus avoided, and the first Russian columns were fast drawing near to the British lines, partly concealed by the mist, before they were perceived by the remaining pickets, which gave notice of their approach, and boldly resisted and checked the advance of the enemy. They only fell back when their ammunition had been expended, and when completely overpowered by the weight of succeeding masses of men. The second division, to which, though reduced to nearly half its numbers by battle and disease, was still confided the important post now menaced, had scarcely time to collect to receive the Russian advance. Their able and experienced commander, overcome by his duties, anxiety, and disease, was on a sick bed at Balaklava. General Pennefather had taken his place. He hastily formed the decimated regiments, and rapidly led them to meet the enemy who were pouring in dense masses over the hill. Soon they opened the deadly fire of the *Minie*, making havoc from afar amongst the approaching columns. The Russians, seeing that the British troops were now preparing to receive them, rushed forward with loud and discordant yells rising above the roll of musketry and the roar of artillery—a sound—how unlike the hearty English cheer!—never to be forgotten by those who heard it on that memorable morning. At the same time their numerous artillery, which had been brought to the edge of the hill over which they had been so noiselessly dragged, and the guns of the town and ships of war, threw an unceasing volley of shot and shell not only into our troops but even beyond their camp,
tearing

tearing to pieces the tents and killing the horses which were still fastened to their pickets. The batteries of the 1st and 2nd divisions soon took up a position on a rising ground in front of our lines, and sought in vain to check the heavy fire.

Whilst fresh columns ascended the hill facing the end of the harbour, others, winding round its base, threatened our flank by a road through a deep ravine, and our rear by a second track leading up from the Inkerman valley. Another large body advanced towards the five-gun battery through a narrow gorge, stretching from 'Careening Bay' almost into the centre of our position.* Thus was the right of the allied armies menaced on all sides by overwhelming numbers.

The Guards were in the immediate rear of the 2nd division, and consequently the nearest to the point of attack; the Grenadiers and Scots Fusileers lost no time after the first shot was fired in hurrying forwards. The greater part of the brigade had but just returned from the trenches, in which they had been exposed to rain since an hour before daylight on the previous morning. Benumbed with cold, wet, long without rest, and for many hours without food, they were led against the enemy. As they advanced, justly anticipating that the enemy would ascend in force by the road in the rear of the second division, they turned to the right. On a small spur, some way down the precipitous hill overlooking the valley of Inkerman, was a small battery built of sandbags and fascines: it had held two siege-guns, placed there to silence a gun which, mounted by the Russians on the opposite heights, above the ruins, had caused much annoyance to our camp. The desired object having been effected, the two guns, being required elsewhere, had been removed. The unarmed battery was occupied on that morning by a picket of the 55th Regiment. In front of it, before daylight, the enemy had brought up heavy guns, which opened suddenly upon this small body of men. Surprised by an overwhelming force, and unsupported by their own division, they were compelled to fall back, after making for a short time a vigorous resistance, and losing nearly two-thirds of their number. As they retreated the Guards were advancing to the spot: seeing that the pickets were retiring before the enemy, who had already taken possession of the battery, the Grenadiers, giving a loud cheer, charged down the declivity. It was the work of a moment. The Russians were driven headlong from the work. The three regiments of Guards, the

* In the plan we have given, to which we refer our readers, these roads are indicated, as well as the position of our army on the morning of the 5th November.

Coldstreams having soon after joined the rest of the brigade, held the battery, formed into line at right angles to it, and occupied the ridges of the projecting spur.

Then commenced a struggle which has rarely if ever been equalled in modern warfare. The columns of the enemy, unchecked by the English fire, again impetuously advanced with fearful yells up the slope, attempting to turn the right flank of the Guards. The Grenadiers, united with the Coldstreams, met the approaching columns with a second charge. Again the enemy were driven back, but again, urged onwards by the overwhelming numbers behind, they returned. The ammunition of the Guards was nearly expended, and their ranks broken and thinned by those who had fallen in this bloody contest; but still they held their ground—firing upon the advancing foe on one side, rushing with the bayonet upon those who attempted to surround them on the other. Fresh supplies and some reinforcements from the 4th division at length reached them. But still the Russians pressed on with undiminished strength. Again our brave men were in need of ammunition, and were fast falling before the unceasing fire of the enemy, who, concealed by the thick brushwood and by the undulating ground, had now succeeded in surrounding them. They could but give way. Charging with desperate fury, they bore their colours triumphantly through the dense mass. Reaching a breastwork which had been raised at some distance behind the battery, they formed again, and with the bayonet prepared once more to dispute every inch of ground. During more than five hours this heroic brigade almost alone resisted the attack of an overwhelming force, supported by a heavy and continuous fire of artillery. Nearly two-thirds of their numbers were mown down in this hand-to-hand fight. Yet they knew that the safety of the British army depended upon them, and they nobly held their own—each man performing deeds of almost unexampled heroism.

The 4th division, whose camp was far distant, had early hastened to the point of attack led by Sir George Cathcart, but they did not reach it until after the Guards had long been engaged in the struggle for the possession of the two-gun battery. One brigade under General Goldie was detached to the assistance of the 2nd division, now hard pressed on the left by the increasing columns of the enemy. The other, commanded by General Torrens, turned to the right and sought the Guards, who were almost surrounded. Sir George Cathcart believed that the most effectual succour could be given them by turning the enemy's flank, and thus compelling them to fall back from the disputed battery. Unwilling to credit the earnest representations made to him

that

that the Russians had already occupied the opposite heights, he placed himself at the head of a few companies of the 68th Regiment and with undaunted spirit entered a gully to the right of the earthwork. But he had scarcely descended far before he perceived the Russians on the ridges above him. He saw, too late, that he was surrounded. Attempting to lead back his men, this distinguished officer fell mortally wounded, and his body remained for some time in the midst of the enemy. His gallant aide-de-camp, Col. Charles Seymour, who had long shared the fortunes of his chief, and who stooped to receive his last breath, perished by his side.

But a contest no less terrible than that around the two-gun battery raged on the hill above the harbour, on which the Russians had first appeared, and which was separated by a deep ravine from that held by the Guards. The ground was covered with low and thick brushwood, and was much broken. A cloud of skirmishers thrown out by the advancing columns were thus able to keep under sufficient cover, and to inflict considerable loss upon our troops, who could with difficulty advance in line. The 2nd division had been joined by a brigade of the 1st—together they rushed upon the enemy, and for some moments held him in check. Their ammunition having been expended they even received the approaching columns with stones, until exhausted they were forced to retire. Under cover of the incessant and well directed fire of their artillery the Russians advanced with renewed confidence, charging our retreating regiments and redoubling their unearthly yells. Four of our guns were already in their possession, and they were almost in the midst of the tents of the second division. For a moment the issue of the day seemed doubtful, and the sternest heart felt a thrill of doubt and dread. But again, by superhuman efforts, our broken regiments rallied, charged into their dense ranks, drove them back in disorder, and recaptured the guns.

General Bosquet, as usual, had lost no time in ascertaining the nature of the attack, and had ordered two battalions of infantry to aid in the defence of the British position. He would have hastened himself to take part in the contest with a larger force, but, the Russian fire suddenly slackening between eight and nine o'clock, Sir George Cathcart, under the impression that the enemy were retiring, sent to inform him that there was no longer need for his immediate advance. At an early hour of the morning a movement had taken place in the corps d'armée, under Liprandi, in the valley of the Tchernaiia. A column of infantry, with riflemen, had advanced to the foot of the heights, and had exchanged shots with the Zouaves and French troops
defending

defending that part of the position. The batteries on the Tchernaiia ridge and in the redoubts, and some field-pieces, opened upon Balaklava and upon the edge of the plateau, in rear of our lines. This fire was returned, and having been continued on both sides for some time, without any apparent effect, the Russians fell back, but still appeared to threaten a further advance. Such being the case, General Bosquet could not withdraw the troops which defended this part of the position, and, for a time believing it possible from the slackening of the fire in front of the British camp that, after all, the real attack might be made in the rear, he speedily returned to his own post. But the Russian artillery had only ceased awhile, to draw nearer to the English camp under cover of the mist which still prevailed. Soon after it opened again with redoubled violence. Fresh bodies of men at the same time came over the crest of the hill and up the ravines. Our regiments, no longer able to oppose their shattered lines to the exhaustless stream of men, were forced back at all points, and were retreating mingled together in complete disorder.

This was the most critical period of the day. More than an hour had been lost by General Bosquet's return to the rear. He now learnt the magnitude of the danger. Presuming that General Liprandi's attack was but a feint, with the decision and courage of a true general he resolved at once to act upon the supposition. Leaving, therefore, his position almost undefended, he brought nearly the whole of his force to the aid of the English. Advancing to the verge of the range of the Russian artillery, he halted his troops, and, surrounded by his staff, rode himself into the midst of the conflict. At this instant the dispersion of the mist revealed the scene for the first time. He surveyed it with a calm and practised eye; he returned to his men, and, making the dispositions he deemed necessary, gave orders for the attack. The field-artillery covering the left of our position was now nearly overpowered by the superior weight and range of the Russian guns. A heap of dead and wounded men and horses mingled together proved the deadly nature of the enemy's fire. General Bosquet sent two troops of horse-artillery and one field-battery to protect and assist our guns. At full speed they swept before our almost disabled batteries, and taking up a position in front of them, amidst the cheers of our men, opened a rapid and well-directed fire upon the enemy's powerful artillery; but still the allies could not contend against the superior weight and length of range of the Russian ordnance.

It was, however, in the rear of the 2nd division, in the ravines, running up to the two-gun battery, where the Guards were engaged in the deadly struggle, that the danger threatened
most;

most ; and it was to that point that General Bosquet principally directed his troops. A regiment of Zouaves, and of Indigènes or Arabs, were accordingly ordered to charge the enemy, who covered in one dense gray mass the sides of the hills. Rushing headlong upon the Russians with an impetuosity that nothing could withstand, they drove them back in confusion. These brave and intelligent troops on this day well sustained their reputation. Not affecting the calm and steady advance of the British lines, they scattered themselves over the broken and undulating ground, seeking for every irregularity in the soil ; sheltering themselves behind the brushwood and rocks ; firing with deadly accuracy into the opposite columns ; then suddenly darting forward, and with irresistible daring throwing themselves upon the wavering ranks, they struck terror into the Russian infantry. 'See !' cried their brave general, as he gazed with admiration upon them ; 'see ! they bound like panthers from the bush !'

The French troops of the line, moving forwards more steadily in support of our broken regiments to the left, were exposed to a heavier fire from the Russian artillery on the ridge, as well as from the batteries of the town and ships. For a moment they quailed before it. Then with loud shouts of 'Vive l'Empereur !' and amidst the cheers of the English, they charged with the bayonet. Thus relieved, our disordered regiments were able to form again ; and when their allies, in their turn, were overpowered by numbers, they once more rushed upon the enemy. Soon the various uniforms of the two nations were mingled together : English regiments charging with French ; their shouts of defiance and of victory rising together, and their blood moistening the same soil. Both were inspired with a generous rivalry, and returned with fresh ardour to the fight. Nothing could resist such men animated by such a spirit. The vast wave, which threatened at one time to overwhelm the British camp, again broke upon these heroic bands, and rolled back over the heights.

The Russian artillery, however, maintained its position, and by its incessant and vigorous fire encouraged the renewed attacks of the infantry. It has been estimated that the enemy had no less than ninety guns in the field on this day, almost every one being superior in weight and range to those possessed by the English. A large number were 'guns of position,' that is, cannon of too large a size to be commonly used in the field, and intended for permanent works. Moreover, the fleet and town batteries threw a continual volley of heavy shot and shell into our lines. The contest at one time of the day, when a bright sun-
shine

shine had dispelled the mist, was becoming a mighty duel of artillery to be decided by the number and weight of the guns on either side. As yet the allies had been almost overpowered, and had suffered most severe losses. We had still two 18-pounders remaining in the park of the siege-train. Lord Raglan ordered them to be brought up to the front. The execution of this order was declared to be impossible, but Colonel Dickson had already anticipated it, and prepared to carry it into effect, Colonel Gambier, who commanded the siege-train, being wounded. By the help of men and horses he dragged the heavy guns through roads deep in mud, and over the rough ground. Reaching at last a ridge in front of the camp of the 2nd division, he proceeded, although exposed to the heaviest fire, with admirable calmness and judgment, assisted by Captain D'Aguilar, to place them in position. He well knew how much depended upon the steadiness and accuracy of their practice. They were opposed to a large number of guns of equal if not heavier calibre. The ammunition provided for them was limited, and not easily obtained; * not a round, therefore, was to be wasted. The unerring shot crashed through the Russian batteries, each one disabling a gun or destroying men and horses. Soon they began to waver. The horses were seen to move forward. Another well-directed shot plunged through them, and the artillerymen, harnessing their teams, fell back upon the edge of the hill where they had first taken up their position. But they were still within reach. Again their guns were overthrown, and tumbrils lay broken on the ground. Their fire slackened, and the heavy columns of their infantry, no longer urged onwards by it, were falling back on all sides. The Zouaves and Indigènes relentlessly pursued them. In a little while none were left on the hill facing the British lines, but the still powerful Russian artillery carried on the battle and covered the retreat. Three times were the entire detachments which worked the two English guns mown down before the enemy's fire completely ceased and their last ammunition waggon had disappeared over the crest of the hill, leaving in one spot a heap of dead, sixty-eight horses, six entire and several broken tumbrils, and the shattered remains of several gun-carriages. But no gun had been abandoned. By extraordinary exertions the Russian artillerymen had, as usual, prevented any such trophy falling into our hands.

The battle was now won. A heavy fire from the town and ships still covered the retreat of the Russians. Lord

* It will appear scarcely credible that these highly useful guns had been supplied from England with only 120 rounds of ammunition each.

Raglan, Generals Canrobert and Bosquet, surrounded by the officers of their staff, advanced to the edge of the cliff beneath the two-gun battery. Long before they reached the spot they dismounted, for no horse could tread there on that day. A heap of dead and dying, perhaps more dreadful than ever field of battle had shown before, encumbered the ground. On a small plain beneath, on the opposite side of the river, were gathered together the thousands which had been driven from the heights. Broken columns were hurrying in utter disorder over the narrow causeway which crossed the marshy valley, although there were none to pursue. A French battery advanced at full speed to the edge of the overhanging height, and poured its fire upon the panic-stricken crowd. It reeled to and fro, and then breaking up, the hill sides and the ravines were covered with flying men. No army had ever made a more disgraceful retreat! Before nightfall not a remnant of the mighty host which had that morning been led to battle could be seen.

Whilst the battle was raging on the heights in front of the second division, a large body of infantry with artillery, under General Soimonoff, attempted to turn our flank by ascending the valley to the right of the five-gun battery; but they gave way before the steady and well-directed fire of a small body of Marines, and of the first brigade of the light division under General Codrington. At the same time a sortie was made upon the extreme left of the French lines. About 5000 men issuing from the town under cover of the mist, surprised and entered two batteries; but they did not long hold them. General Forey, who commanded the division attached to the siege operations, quickly advanced. The Russians were driven back in disorder and with great loss. General de Lourmel, carried away by the ardour of the pursuit, fell mortally wounded under the very walls of the town. In him the French army lost a leader renowned for his chivalrous bravery.

Such was the battle of Inkerman, one of the most memorable in the annals of war. For nearly seven hours 8000 English and 6000 French soldiers sustained a hand-to-hand fight against nearly 60,000 men, supported by artillery vastly superior in number and calibre to any that could be opposed to them. Upon the issue of the struggle depended the very existence of the allied armies. Had the Russians succeeded in their attempt, the prophecy of their commander might have been fulfilled—their enemy would have perished by the sword or have been driven into the sea.

Again in this instance an admirably planned attack was ill executed. It owed its failure principally to two causes: the want

want of vigour in the attempt of General Soimonoff to turn the flank of the 2nd division by ascending the valley leading up to the five-gun battery, and the unskilful manner in which General Liprandi executed his ill-concealed feint. But it is principally to the latter cause that the complete defeat of the Russians must be attributed. Had the attack upon Balaklava and our rear been sufficiently persevered in, General Bosquet could not have moved his battalions to the assistance of the English. Without this aid, our troops could not have maintained their ground against the vastly superior numbers brought against them. The Russians, encouraged by the presence of the sons of their Emperor, blessed by their priests before entering into battle, and drunk with religious enthusiasm and strong drink, rushed with blind fury upon our troops. The foremost columns, when once engaged in the struggle, could scarcely fall back; there was no space for them to deploy, and the thick brushwood impeded their movements. Masses after masses of men pressed up the hill-sides, pushing onwards those that were in front, and leaving no room for retreat. Upon these dense crowds the Minié told with fatal effect, and when once they were broken, the most complete confusion ensued. Hence the terrible slaughter in the Russian ranks. The excitement of a first success having subsided, they rapidly gave way and fled panic-stricken before the impetuous and repeated charges of the French and English troops. Their artillery was well served, and inflicted great loss upon the allies. But again the fear of leaving a trophy made the gunners uncertain in their movements, and induced them to retire too soon. More than once the horses were led to the guns whilst the issue of the struggle was still doubtful. Colonel Dickson well divined the best mode of defeating the enemy, when, neglecting the columns of men, he directed his round shot upon their guns. The artillery once silenced or hesitating, the Russian infantry no longer fought with confidence, but soon fell back in disorder.

The British troops fought on this day with a calm and steady courage that has never been surpassed. Led on by their regimental officers, they charged over and over again the massive columns of the enemy, and drove them back with the bayonet. When, without ammunition, and borne down by overpowering numbers, they were compelled to retire, they formed again as soon as they were out of fire, and rushed once more into the fray. We owe our preservation to the indomitable courage and heroic conduct of the soldier; and well, therefore, was Inkerman called by one consent on the field 'the soldiers' victory.'

The imminent danger we had incurred on the 5th November

opened the eyes of the nation to the precarious position of the allied armies, and to the desperate nature of the enterprise in which we were engaged. No longer the besiegers but the besieged, with a force nearly twice as great as our own upon our flank, a fortress of enormous strength and an arsenal with unlimited resources in our front, and reinforcements and supplies pouring into a place which we were unable to invest—it was only by enormous exertion that we could continue to hold the ground we had occupied. When the time had almost passed, Ministers began to make their efforts, and it may be hoped that after all the sacrifices we have made we may succeed in our object.

The unexpected resistance which they had met on the heights of Inkerman almost paralysed the Russians. They made one more attempt upon Balaklava. From a hill commanding the height occupied by the Marines they opened an ineffectual fire of field-pieces. The day after, a crowd was seen dragging a siege-gun of large size up the precipitous ascent. It had nearly reached the summit, when the weight, overpowering men and horse, hurled them down into the ravine beneath. With these exceptions, and occasional sorties, principally directed against the French batteries, and all vigorously repulsed, the Russians have not again ventured upon an attack. The allied armies, at the same time, have remained on the defensive; each satisfied to hold their position until fresh reinforcements of men, and fresh supplies of the munitions of war, should enable them to recommence the siege with some prospect of success.

The approach of the stormy season further disclosed the neglect and improvidence in the Government, and the gross negligence and incompetency of the departments to which the details and conduct of the war had been confided. Our army was left without adequate clothing to protect them from the inclemency of the weather; with scarce sufficient food to sustain them; and without an adequate medical staff to care for those who were wounded in battle, or disabled by sickness brought on by the privations and sufferings to which they were exposed. From the absence of the means of transport and the want of a proper road, the operations of the siege have been paralyzed, our horses have been destroyed, the supplies, which might have preserved the healths and contributed to the comforts of the soldier, have been allowed to rot, and the sick have been left exposed to wet and cold in miserable tents* at Balaklava. The

* It will scarcely be credited that many of the tents sent out with the army were used in the Peninsular war. It need hardly be added that they afforded no protection whatever.

French,

French, more provident than ourselves, had foreseen the difficulties and unavoidable sufferings of a winter campaign. They had constructed roads between their lines and the place of disembarkation, and had moreover made depots for the commissariat in their camp, anticipating the possibility of a temporary interruption, from weather or other causes, of communication with the harbour: provisions for the men or provender for the horses have thus been at all times at hand. Large substantial sheds of wood were easily built for their sick and wounded, and afforded them effectual protection until they could be removed to Constantinople, where well ordered and well provisioned hospitals, furnished with all that humanity and medical skill could devise, were ready to receive them. Their shipping in Kamish Bay has been admirably managed; and although greatly inferior to ours in tonnage and in size, has never failed to furnish them with necessary supplies, whilst proper and well-enforced regulations have prevented confusion and preserved a commodious and unencumbered landing-place in the harbour. Contrast the condition of our army, and the management of the department connected with it, with that of our allies; the state of our roads, the sufferings of our sick, the harbour and town of Balaklava, our hospitals at Scutari, and the unparalleled sufferings of our men and animals! As in all the naval movements we have hitherto been behind them, so in all that tends to the efficiency and comfort of the soldier, we have shown ourselves infinitely their inferiors. These are humiliating reflections, and still more painful when it is remembered that they are caused by our own want of common foresight, and our obstinate determination to reject every warning and every counsel.

Before we conclude, we cannot but refer to the ready and truly considerate manner in which General Canrobert and his officers have assisted us in our wants. By his willingness to afford at all times that aid which our own negligence and imprudence have compelled us to seek at his hands, no less than by his eminent qualities as a commander, and the generous way in which he has always borne testimony to the courage and conduct of our troops, he has gained the confidence and esteem of our army, and has strengthened that bond of union which now exists between the two nations.

By the end of the year the allies, after extraordinary exertions, were, it would appear, in a condition to commence a second attack upon Sebastopol, and possibly, at the time we are writing, that event has actually occurred. We devoutly hope that it may prove successful. Indeed we can scarcely doubt that if our pre-

parations and resources are such as we are informed they are, the *south side* of the place must succumb before our fire and a subsequent assault. But we must be prepared for a heavy loss and for further difficulties. Whatever may be the result of this expedition—whether the fall of Sebastopol be but the first event in a long and bloody war, or whether the nation suffers a hollow and uncertain peace to be concluded, utterly inconsistent with the vast sacrifices it has made—the future historian of the campaign in the Crimea will record with mingled feelings the indomitable courage and long suffering of an English army,—the incapacity and neglect of an English Ministry,—and the generous forbearance and noble spirit of the English people.

ART. IX.—*Corsica.* By Ferdinand Gregorovius. Stuttgart and Tübingen. 1854.

FEW countries at all within the pale of civilization have been so little frequented and described by travellers as Corsica. Accessible by its position, magnificent in its scenery, remarkable for the moral peculiarities of its inhabitants, the birth-place of Napoleon, it has claims alike upon the pen and pencil which have hardly yet been recognized by any master of either competent to do them justice. We doubt not that the British Museum contains works from which very ample information may be derived on the subject, but we know of none—at least, in English—which, since Boswell's time, has attained notoriety. Though we cannot venture to assert that no one of the enterprising artists in the service of the Illustrated News has dashed off a woodcut of some picturesque feature of the island, some spell would seem to have protected it alike from the tourist, the book-maker, and such visitants as Stanfield, Roberts, and others, who on steel or stone have made so many glorious scenes accessible and familiar to sedentary men of moderate incomes. Other islands of the Mediterranean have fared better. We have explored, for instance, well pleased with Mr. Tyndal, those strange and unaccountable remains of antiquity, the round towers, which in Sardinia attract and puzzle the erudite. Corsica, indeed, does not abound in remains of classical or more remote antiquity; but, these apart, is far richer in materials for the pencil of the artist or the pen of the historian than its immediate neighbour. We can hardly account for this neglect. Corsica would certainly not be a judicious selection for a bridal tour; Brown, Jones, and Robinson might

might encounter there privations and inconveniences to which even the Procrustean beds and scanty toilette apparatus of Rhine-land inns would have failed to inure them. To Englishmen, however, in pursuit of novelty, excitement, or instruction—in an age when newspaper correspondents fling themselves into besieged towns and join in pitched battles—such difficulties as these are not worth mention. It is true that an unhappy reputation attaches to the Corsican for making free with the life of his fellow-man, and never was a reputation better founded. Still this peculiarity presents no just cause of hesitation to the traveller. The Corsican forest swarms with bandits; but the term implies there something different from its usual acceptation in Italy. It designates not a highway robber, but a man who, having attempted or committed murder, has fled to the mountain. That he may sometimes degenerate into the former character is probable, but we have no reason to suppose that an unoffending stranger is exposed to danger in Corsica equal to that which is daily encountered in Spain, and occasionally in parts of frequented Italy. The tourist must be very unlucky, or very imprudent, who makes himself obnoxious to the bloody code of the *Vendetta*.

Those who tread in the footsteps of Mr. Gregorovius, who eloquently vindicates the claims of the island to public notice and regard, will find in his volume little instruction for their guidance as to accommodation, diet, or conveyance. Mr. Murray must procure the materials for an eventual handbook by messengers of his own. To make up for these deficiencies Mr. Gregorovius is a diligent and enthusiastic collector of the traditions of an heroic race, a man of strong feeling for the great and beautiful, and an able historian. His preliminary sketch of the history of Corsica we consider a production of the highest order, though we are not disposed to overrate the relative importance of this portion of his subject. We bear in mind that this island, the poor and rugged nurse of a very savage progeny, never, like Greece, exercised an influence on the world disproportioned to its extent and material resources. The narrative of its fortunes from its earliest records is a somewhat monotonous tale of war and violence; but we cannot forget that the blood of its inhabitants flowed through centuries in a perpetual struggle for national independence with a series of unscrupulous invaders—the Moor, the Spaniard, the Pisan, the Genoese (who were the worst of all), the German mercenary, and the Frenchman. The history of Corsica is a long tragedy acted on a minor theatre, but very many of the actors were worthy of a more splendid stage

stage and a larger audience. Few have attained the notoriety which great deeds and high motives well deserve. Napoleon is scarcely to be considered an exception; for though the native disposition is to be traced in his character, and his military career commenced in the island which gave him birth, his fame is little connected with it. Those of whom we now speak lived and died for Corsica, and Paoli is perhaps the only one whose name has been made familiar to our ears. Even he is best known to Englishmen as the object of one of Boswell's idolatries.

Among the earliest writers who make any mention of Corsica are Seneca, Diodorus, and Strabo. The descriptions of Seneca, both as regards the inhabitants and the natural features of his place of banishment, are tinged with the ill-humour of the exile. Diodorus is more indulgent, probably more just: he is at issue with Strabo as to the character of the Corsican slave, defamed by the latter as sullen, obstinate, and a bad bargain. He notices, as universal in the island, the quality of strict respect for property, which our author asserts to be equally predicable of the peasant of the present day. The spoils of the bee belonged, without dispute, to the first finder. The sheep marked with the owner's symbol required no guardian. One curious custom Diodorus mentions, identical with one which early North American travellers attribute to certain tribes of Red Indians. During child-birth the mother was neglected, but the father took to his bed, surrounded by relatives, and went through all the forms of helpless sickness for a day.

A spirit of resistance to domestic as well as foreign tyranny was early rife in Corsica, which, if her coasts had been less accessible to invasion, might have made her an insular Switzerland, and a depository of settled free institutions in times when they were scarcely known in Europe. The island, however, at all times appears to have possessed a sort of magnetic attraction for the armed adventurers of many countries, both Christian and Mussulman. Here indeed, as elsewhere, the noble, in his fortified stronghold, long maintained a struggle for power, which he abused; but at no time was serfdom acknowledged as an institution in Corsica. The first of a long list of heroes and martyrs, of whom there is any credible account, was Sambuccuccio, who in the early part of the eleventh century overthrew the baronial oppressors, headed by the Lord of Cinarra. He is famous for the establishment of an elaborate system of free territorial institutions, of which the traces still remain in the designation *Terra del Comune* appended to the district
between

between Alexia and Calvi. The following is our author's account of Sambuccuccio's plan:—

'After his victory over Cinarra he established a rural league or confederation, similar to that founded, under analogous circumstances but much later, by the Swiss mountaineers. All the country, within a circuit embracing Alexia, Calvi, and Brando, united itself in a free community, and took the designation Terra del Commune, which it still retains. The structure of this union, simple and purely democratic, was regulated by the natural demarcations of the country; for the land was, by its system of mountains, distributed into separate valleys like the cells of a spider's web. All the hamlets of one valley were united into a parochial district, still bearing the Italian title, which it has borne from the remotest times, of *pieve* (plebs). Each *pieve* embraced a certain number of communes or hamlets (*paese*). Each commune next chose, in assembly held before the church, a *podesta* and two or more fathers of the commune, probably from the first, and certainly later, for one year. It was the duty of these fathers, in accordance with their titles, to exercise parental care over the welfare of the commune, to keep the peace, and protect the weak. They met and named a particular official called "*caporale*," who seems to have discharged the functions of a tribune of the people, and was specially charged with the maintenance of popular rights. The *podestas* again met and chose the *dodici*, or council of twelve, the highest legislative body of the confederation. . . . These seeds of a free polity were never stifled; they maintained at all times a love of country scarcely paralleled, and an heroic spirit of liberty which made it possible for Corsica, at a time when the principal civilized communities of Europe were still under the yoke of despotic institutions, to exhibit the pattern of the democratic constitution realized by Pasquale Paoli, which arose before America had won her freedom, or France had undergone her revolution.'

The victory over the nobles, on which this constitution was founded, was in itself no slight achievement. Few, if any, of these baronial tyrants were of native origin. They sprung, for the most part, from Italian adventurers, who since the year 713, when the island was first invaded by the Saracens, had waged war against the infidel on this theatre of action, and had won, in return for such service, or by force of arms, fiefs and dignities. To meet their growing influence, Corsica had none of those aggregations of commercial or manufacturing industry which on the mainland more than balanced the power of the feudal aristocracy. The rude and scattered peasantry had here a harder task, which, under Sambuccuccio, it brought to a successful issue.

We cannot follow our author step by step through his narrative, condensed and pregnant as it is, of resistance to invasion and tyranny. Its salient points are bright, its episodes are

are of romantic interest, but the page is unavoidably 'too much smeared with blood and dust' to invite transcription. Of all the oppressors under whom the island groaned, the Genoese were the most cruel, persevering, and successful. One episode of the struggle with that state we select as singularly illustrative of Corsican character. It concerns the life and adventures of Sampiero, a leader and hero of the sixteenth century. This extraordinary man was born A.D. 1498, in Bastelica, a village in the mountains near Aiaccio. Of obscure parentage and small means, like many of his countrymen in that day, he migrated in early youth, in search of military employment, to Italy. In the service of the Cardinal Hippolite de Medici he quickly rose to eminence as leader of the corps of Condottieri, known in Italian chronicles by the ominous name of the Black Band of Florence. He next found a wider field for his talents in the army of Francis I., in which he commanded a regiment of his countrymen. He became the friend of Bayard; and Charles of Bourbon was wont to say of him, that the Corsican colonel on a day of battle was worth 10,000 men. While thus acquiring distinction in foreign countries, he was not unmindful of his own. He returned home in 1597, and his reputation as a soldier supplying the place of titles and ancestry, won for him a noble bride, Vannina, daughter and heiress of Francis Ornano, a principal noble of the island. The Genoese, who were at this time in possession of the larger portion of it, had taken part against France in the great contest between that power and Charles V. The Genoese governor of Bastelica considered the soldier of Francis lawful prize. Sampiero was waylaid and flung into a dungeon of the citadel. Rescued by the influence of his father-in-law, he treasured up the wrong, and devoted his life to revenge it.

The first love (says a French dramatist) of a woman of
Aiaccio

Is like the strong hate of Aiaccio's men,
And Ætna's central fire a type of either.'

Corsican history affords ample illustration of the truth of both these assertions, and that of Sampiero specially confirms the second. We find him shortly after his liberation actively instigating Henry II. of France to the expulsion of the Genoese from the island. In 1553 a combined French and Turkish fleet, the latter under the famous corsair Dragut, with Sampiero and many other refugees on board, effected a landing near Bastia. The name of Sampiero roused the native population everywhere to arms. In a short time the Genoese were driven out from every stronghold in the island, with the exception of Calvi
and

and Bonifazio. The latter, after a splendid resistance to the Turk, was induced by stratagem to surrender, and Sampiero with difficulty saved a few of its inhabitants from the perfidious and unsparing vengeance of Dragut. Calvi still held out, and to save this last position, Andreas Doria, at the age of eighty-six, unfurled in the cathedral of Genoa the banner of the state, and conducted a strong expedition to the gulph of San Fiorenzo. The old man's skill soon turned the tide of success, the more easily as Sampiero had quarrelled with De Thermes the French commander, and had gone to France to counteract the intrigues of the French camp. His return revived the struggle. His absence was defeat, his presence victory. While wounds detained him from the field, the Genoese captain, Spinola, defeated the patriots at Morosiglia. When he recovered and resumed his command, a bloody overthrow of Spaniards and Germans at the Col di Tenda was the consequence. For four years from the date of this battle (1554), the struggle continued with obstinacy, but with such a preponderance of success on the side of France and Corsica, that it required only a little perseverance on the part of the former to bring about that annexation of the island to her powerful protector, and that political separation from the Italian stem to which by origin and language she belongs, which has since been effected. The peace of Cateau Cambresis in 1559 destroyed this prospect.—'Ibi omnis effusus labor.'—By one of its stipulations Corsica was abandoned to its worst enemy, Genoa. A groan of despair rose from the island, but despair was a word unknown to the vocabulary of Sampiero. For four years he wandered through the world soliciting aid from France and various courts of Italy. Failing in every Christian quarter, he betook himself to Barbarossa, at Algiers, and to Sultan Soliman, in Constantinople. The Genoese tracked his movements with ceaseless anxiety; snares were laid for his life without success; and the crafty senators devised a subtler scheme for striking at him through his best affections and neutralizing his patriotism by destroying his happiness as a husband and a father. During Sampiero's wanderings, his wife Vannina was living at Marseilles under French protection. Her eldest son Alfonso was at the French court, the younger, Antonio, with herself. Genoese spies and emissaries thronged around her. Among them was a priest, by name Ombrone, employed as tutor to the boy, and high in her confidence. This man and a subtle confederate unceasingly dinned in her ears the sad prospect to her husband, herself, and their issue, of a continuance of the struggle with Genoa. By taking refuge in that city, she would obtain at once the restoration of her children to a rich, ancestral inheritance,

inheritance, and the reconciliation of her husband himself with the republic would follow. He had toiled and suffered sufficiently for treacherous allies and a thankless country, and their latter years would be passed in the enjoyment of wealth, honours, and domestic happiness. She yielded, and prepared for flight. Before, however, she could execute the scheme, intelligence reached Sampiero, then at Algiers, of her intentions. His first impulse was to sail for Marseilles, but he was on the point of accepting the important invitation of Soliman to Constantinople, and he decided to send in his stead a tried friend, Antonio di San Fiorenzo. Antonio arriving at Marseilles, found Vannina's dwelling deserted. She had sailed only the day before for Genoa. He collected hastily a band of Corsicans, flung himself into a galley, and coming up with the fugitive near Antibes, arrested her in the name of the King of France. Brought back to France, she was offered the protection of a convent, but she was conscious of no failure in her love for her husband, and preferred to await his arrival and abide his resentment. Sampiero at length returned, and was met at Marseilles by Antonio and a relative, Giovanni di Calvi. In the conversation which ensued, the latter unadvisedly let fall that he had long suspected Vannina's intentions. 'And you were silent,' replied Sampiero, and stabbed him on the spot. Sampiero then took horse and galloped to Aix, where his wife awaited his arrival in the castle of Zaist. Arriving after nightfall, he remained under the walls of the castle till morning. He then entered and summoned Vannina to accompany him to Marseilles. No word was spoken by him on the gloomy journey, no intention was announced by him; and friends who knew their former affection, still hoped for a reconciliation. When, however, he crossed the threshold of his abandoned home, the demon woke up within him at the desolate aspect, and he stabbed the wretched woman to the heart. Her obsequies were sumptuous. A Corsican chronicler says he loved her passionately, but his love was Corsican. We have given this narrative at some length, for it supplies the place of a host of illustrations of native character which might be gathered from the volume before us.

The remainder of Sampiero's life was one struggle with Genoa, principally maintained on his own resources. The court of France, though it took no pedantic objection to the murder of Vannina, kept aloof from Corsican affairs. The Genoese were principally led by Stephen Doria, who advocated towards Corsica that policy which Athens carried out towards Melos, the massacre of the entire adult population. The name of Napoleon occurs for the first time in history as one of Sampiero's brave

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but unsuccessful adherents. At last, in 1567, the Genoese succeeded in ridding themselves of their indomitable enemy. He fell into an ambushade contrived and executed, as poetical justice demanded, by three brothers of the Ornano family, with whom the obligations of the Corsican Vendetta were stronger than the claims of their country. He died like a boar at bay, fighting to the last, and with his dying breath exhorting his son Alphonso to fly and reserve himself to revenge his father's death.

It would not be easy for a writer in the United States of America, however enamoured of republican manners and principles, to omit all notice of the institution of slavery. A treatise on Spanish history would be incomplete without some allusion to the inquisition. Corsica can boast of a system of self-inflicted torment, a misery which, though not, like these, incorporated into the written law, may take rank with either as an institution of the country. The unwritten code of the Vendetta has for centuries been the scourge and disgrace of the island. It was during the struggle of the sixteenth century that Sampiero's French ally, De Thermes, introduced into the island the firelock, a weapon which was ever after a ready instrument of lawless revenge. The habit of bearing arms of any kind engenders their abuse, but a deadly missile is a far more pernicious companion than a weapon like the knife, which requires proximity, some strength, and resolution for its effective use. A native historian calculates the assassinations committed between the years 1359 and 1729 at 333,000, but he also does the skill of his countrymen what we consider the injustice of supposing that the wounded who escaped with life may have amounted to as many more. We may question these figures, but the authority of Fillipini leaves us no reason to doubt that in his time the accomplished murders averaged 1000 per annum, and it is known that in thirty-two years of Genoese government, from 1653 to 1714, those recorded amounted to 28,715, and this in a population of 140,000. In many of these years there was not a single legal condemnation for the offence, if such it was reckoned. From 1831 to 1837 the administration of French law, aided by an active armed police, troops, and the guillotine, had reduced the annual average to 156, in a population of 260,000. In 1840 it had descended to 86. Yet even during these better times a man has lived for fifteen years without daring to cross the threshold of his barricaded house, and on leaving it after that interval has been shot down at his door. The possession of firearms is now strictly forbidden, and not a gun remains in the island. The prohibition
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has been popular with all but sportsmen, for the natives find the advantage of being relieved from the terrible effects of their vindictive customs.

The Corsican practice appears to resemble in some respects, and to differ in others, from the system of assassination which in disturbed times and particular districts has occasionally been a disgrace of Ireland. We are not aware that in Corsica a man himself unconcerned in a feud can be hired, as such often have been in Ireland, to execute sentence on a victim. The Corsican revenges his own wrong or that of his clansman or forefather. On the other hand, like the Irish peasant, he has no feud with the functionaries of the law. The latter does not waylay the judge or the counsel on their way to Clonmel, though he well knows the object of their journey is the death of his near relation on the gallows. Neither are the armed police or military in either country, though frequently objects of bloody resistance, objects of Vendetta. In Corsica the *gens-d'arme*, who in fair fight has shot down or captured a criminal, pursues his functions afterwards without fear of vengeance. A wild sense of justice would seem in both countries to protect the man who has not overstepped the line of his acknowledged duties, or acted from private malice.

We might puzzle ourselves with a speculation on the value of prolonged existence under such conditions. We lean to the conclusion that it would be better to go out in the street and be shot. We can conceive at least nothing more doleful than the existence of a man destitute of literary resources thus incarcerated, in a state of society in which the arts of social intercourse are little cultivated, and with the sole resource of a dirge sung by his daughter in the evening. Health under such circumstances must become a curse, and fine weather seen through the loopholes of such a retreat a bitter aggravation.

Benevolent functionaries have exhausted in vain all endeavours to procure the reconciliation of families between whom a blood-feud of centuries had existed. In one of these instances an amiable Prefect had succeeded in bringing two together at a festival. It went off to all appearance well, but when the Prefect interrogated a patriarch of the village as to his opinion of the result, the old man shook his head. They met again in the morning, and the old man's face was cheerful. It appeared that a fray had occurred on the return home of the guests, and that a young man had been shot, whose death exactly balanced an account of mutual homicide. It has been found necessary to exempt a family from taxes, because an order had been issued
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by an influential bandit that no rents should be paid them. This occurred in the town of Sartene, where the municipality was also forbidden to use as a town-hall a house belonging to the Quillichini, the family under ban. The authorities after full discussion obeyed. A French writer, from whom we learn some of these details, records another occurrence in which religious feeling plays its part, for it must be borne in mind that the Corsican is a sound and rigid Roman Catholic. A priest had been detected in betraying the confidence attached to his function, and the honour of a family called for vengeance. The direct assassination of a priest was however not to be thought of. It was ascertained that his guilty rendezvous was attained by a nocturnal ride along a narrow mule-track on the edge of a precipice. A mule was flayed, and the fresh skin, with the inner surface upwards, placed on a critical passage of the track. The priest's mule, as was intended, lost its footing on the slippery snare, and rider and mule were found dead together in the abyss below. Our author's first greeting, upon landing on the quay of Bastia, was an account of a recent murder. Two days later his morning walk on the beautiful marine parade of that city was arrested by the aspect of the guillotine. The ghastly spectacle is explained in the following dialogue:—

‘ Who is to suffer ?

‘ The Braccia mozzo. The man with the lame arm. He is twenty-three years of age. The Sbirri have taken him in the mountains. He defended himself like a devil. They broke his arm for him. It has been cut off and he is well.

‘ What has he done ?

‘ Dio mio. He has killed ten people.

‘ Ten human lives ! and from what motive ?

‘ From capriccio.’

But this instance is not to be put strictly to the account of the Vendetta. The young criminal, without an injury to revenge, acted from the ambition which has led English apprentices to emulate Macheath and Jack Shephard. He had admired a famous bandit, and to qualify himself for similar eminence, committed a murder and took to the *macchio* or bush. In a state of society like that of Corsica, the best qualities degenerate into the worst vices. The Vendetta is closely connected with the love of family, which in the Corsican is only equalled in intensity by that of country, and is especially conspicuous in the fraternal relation. The island poetry is for the most part a dirge, a song of grief and vengeance for one who has died by violence. The words are usually put into the mouth of a sister, but even the widow in the climax of her grief often
speaks

speaks of the departed as her brother. These female minstrels, and the female sex in general, have much to answer for in fostering and exasperating the spirit of relentless vengeance. The widow hangs up in the ancestral hall the clothes in which her husband fell, that her children may contemplate the rent of the knife or the perforation of the ball in the homespun brown cloth, or she sews a strip of the blood-stained linen into her son's garment as a memento of his duty to the dead. It is thus that in Borneo the women are the great obstacles to the noble efforts of Sir James Brooke, and one of the best of God's messengers on earth, the Rev. Mr. M'Dougall, for abolishing the strange practice of head-hunting. The plea of the young man, 'How am I to get a wife?' is difficult to answer. The most salutary operation of the Vendetta occurs when two bandits, standing under its relations to one another, take to the *macchio* in the same district. The Scotch proverb, 'Hawks will not pick out hawks' een,' is then reversed, and society is sometimes relieved on the homœopathic principle, *similia similibus curantur*.

Enough has perhaps been said to show that the story of Corsica is not a 'conte pour rire.' In one instance, indeed, the wildest romance of its history degenerates into the ludicrous. In 1736, at a moment when Genoa, assisted by Austria, was straining every nerve to quell the last embers of resistance, a ship, under English colours, anchored near Alexia. Some succours had been already received from private English sources, and the populace crowded down to the shore in expectation of further supplies of ammunition. They met on the beach a figure such as Bartholomew fair alone could match. A man of majestic gait and stature, dressed in an Eastern caftan of scarlet silk, Moorish trousers, and yellow slippers; on his head a voluminous wig of the day, upon the wig a Spanish hat and feathers; a sceptral staff in his hand, pistols in his girdle, and a cavalry sabre trailing at his heels. This description, which is authenticated by engravings of the time, reminds us of the stage direction for the entry of Dorax in a famous scene of Dryden's play 'Don Sebastian':—'Enter Dorax, having taken off his turban and put on a peruke, hat, and cravat.' This strange vision was the Westphalian Baron Theodore von Neuhoff, a ruined gambler, who had formed, with much deliberation, and now for a while carried out with spirit and success, the strange conception of making himself king of Corsica. A mountebank, but no common one, he had been intimate with kindred spirits of his day of greater mark, Alberoni, Law, and Ripperda. He came not empty-handed. The ship which conveyed him was heavily laden with warlike stores, and even with considerable sums in hard coin.

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This quantum of material aid, eked out with unbounded promises and pretensions, had instant success. Public opinion was unanimous and enthusiastic. Few elected sovereigns have been more fairly called to a throne than Theodore the first, and last, of Corsica. He threw off with great spirit: offices, titles, and decorations were invented and distributed with a broadcast profusion, which would have stocked a court of Versailles or Madrid with chamberlains and dignitaries. He is said, however, at the same time to have been unsparing of his person both in council and the field, and to have answered the Genoese proclamations not only with much force and logic on paper, but with some hard blows in battle. Thorns, however, soon sprung up in the crown of oak-leaves, which a wise economy had substituted for more expensive regalia. A party, called the Indifferents, was formed, which was joined by his own prime minister, Hyacinth, father of the famous Paoli. After eight months of government, Theodore assembled his parliament to announce the necessity of his departure in search of reinforcements. With royal solicitude he appointed a regency of three grandees, to be assisted by no less than twenty-seven counts and barons of his own creation; and, embarking at Sartene, laid aside his theatrical attire, and landed at Leghorn in the disguise of an abbé. Within two years the indomitable adventurer reappeared, and this time with three large ships of war and supplies, which in the first instance might have sufficed to drive the Genoese from the island. Circumstances, however, had changed; more powerful invaders, the French, had meanwhile obtained a footing on the island, and this attempt, and a third, were totally unsuccessful. The close of the clever adventurer's career may be traced in the pages of *Peregrine Pickle*, in which Smollet's readers will find him a prisoner for debt in the St. Helena of a London gaol. Walpole headed a subscription for his relief. He died in 1756, in London.

The churchyard of St. Pancras, in that city, contains the dust of one who, with reference to everything but final success and the relative extent of his theatre of action, well deserves the name of great, Pasquale Paoli, the Washington of Corsica. Our limits forbid us to do any justice to his pure and noble career and character. It is enough to state that the free constitution which he devised and organized for his country anticipated by nearly twenty years that of the United States; and that among the first objects of his life were the suppression of the Vendetta and the education of his countrymen. It must be admitted that the principal objects of Boswell's idolatry were well selected.

Among the more interesting chapters of our author's volume we recommend one which describes his visit to Stretta, the birth-place

place and home of Paoli. It was here that, when he was expected from Naples to take the chief command in Corsica, his brother Clement fitted the windows with glass for his reception. Pasquale condemned the luxurious innovation by smashing them with his cane. Some may consider that this exploit savoured of claptrap, and that it would have been wiser in Paoli to have promoted the introduction among his countrymen of one of those appliances of civilization with respect to which Gibbon pronounces, that an English labourer enjoys a superiority over the Emperor Augustus, who had neither glass to his windows nor a shirt to his back. In these matters, however, the circumstances of the moment, and the character of an audience, make all the difference between claptrap and eloquence—between the ridiculous and the sublime. Some of Napoleon's proclamations, addressed to English soldiers, would have been bombastic failures; but they ran like fire through French ranks, and stimulated his men to great exertions and great sacrifices. These windows, which remain unglazed, command a magnificent view of the Monte Rotondo, the Mont Blanc of Corsica. Paoli's portrait, in which our author traces a striking likeness to Alfieri, hangs here in the room in which, in 1724, he was born. His wooden chair, and the table at which he wrote, clad in the woollen peasant's jacket, and surrounded by his large dogs, are preserved to bear witness to the simplicity of his habits. Paoli never married; his only recorded intimacy with the fair sex was one, intimate and lasting, but said to have been Platonic, with a lady of the noble house of Rivarola, a nun. She was a person of superior intellect, and much of his political correspondence was addressed to her. By natural vocation Pasquale was more addicted to politics and literature than to arms. He directed public affairs with singular talent, he founded schools and universities; but his brother Clement was the soldier of the family, the Joshua and Judas Maccabeus of Corsica. Both were religious, but Clement's life was passed between the cloister and the field of battle—between the most rigid monastic observances and the fiercest exploits of arms. He fought with the rosary in one hand and the musket in the other. His skill in the use of the latter was unrivalled, and every shot he fired was accompanied by a prayer for the soul of its object. Our author remarks that, while Pasquale's prototypes may be found in Plutarch, those of Clement must be looked for in the Old Testament.

A few miles from Stretta the river Golo is spanned by the bridge of Pontenuovo, the scene of a fatal and decisive action, in which, A.D. 1769, the French, under Marboeuf, overthrew the Paolis and crushed the last effective resistance of Corsica. It is said

said that in 1790 young Napoleon passed some hours on this field in deep study of the ground. The father of Napoleon was much respected by Marbœuf, and it was to his protection, backed by that which it procured of the Duc de Biron, that young Napoleon owed his admission to the school of Brienne. It was, if we mistake not, this Duc de Biron who, by paying Rodney's debts at Paris, set him free to fight and conquer De Grasse in the West Indies, and who afterwards showed hospitality to Arthur Wellesley when a student at Angers.

It is our hope that the work of Mr. Gregorovius may obtain the compliment of translation, which we think it deserves. The chapters upon Aiaccio should be read in their integrity. We are unwilling to forestall the interest which attaches to their descriptions of the scenes of Napoleon's youth, and the anecdotes, which with great diligence their author has collected on the spot, of his Corsican education and adventures. They are pregnant with evidence of his early inclination for arms and for despotic command. One anecdote we select as new to ourselves and as favourably illustrative of his character. The last occasion on which he trod his native soil was on his return from Egypt in 1799. It was on the 29th of September in that year that he put into Aiaccio. He at first remained writing in his cabin and declined to land, but yielded to the wishes of Berthier, Eugene, Lannes, and others who desired to inspect the birthplace of their commander. A few years only had passed since he had walked those streets as a private citizen, or more proudly at the head of a militia battalion, to which he had been raised after a fierce struggle with rival factions. On one occasion a shot fired from the other side of a street had narrowly missed him. It was notorious that the hand which pulled the trigger was that of a priest. They now met and recognized each other. The priest was hastily retiring, when Napoleon overtook him and gave him his hand. Although he had landed with reluctance, he stayed six days on the island, visited the villa in which much of his youth had been passed, and stood the brunt, sometimes hard to bear, of the raptures of his nurse, on whom he afterwards bestowed a pension. The memory of Napoleon is in disrepute in Corsica for having neglected it during his greatness. The charge as regards the island is true. He showed no recollection of it in the way of endowments, monuments, or public works. From passages in that most valuable publication, his correspondence with Joseph, we infer that he had no great value for the Corsican peasant as a soldier, and he certainly valued peasants for little else. The list, however, of his countrymen whom he employed and promoted in

various capacities is not inconsiderable. A companion of his earliest fortunes, Colonna, was intimate with him to the last. He was the first confidant of the projected escape from Elba, and to his care Napoleon in his will recommended his mother Letitia. Antomarchi, Napoleon's physician at St. Helena, was a Corsican; and from a Corsican priest, Vignale, subsequently assassinated in his native island, he received extreme unction.

By one early and eminent rival, Pozzo di Borgo, Napoleon was pursued through life with Corsican tenacity of hate. The diplomatist did not forget his country in his elevation to influence and wealth. He was liberal of the latter to local institutions, and a splendid edition of the Corsican historian Filippini was published at his expense. These good deeds did not protect his nephew from the Vendetta, which was said to have been justly incurred. He was dragged from his carriage at noonday, near Aiaccio, and shot by a relative of a girl whom he had seduced.

The commercial policy of France towards the island appears to be based on the detestable principles which formerly governed that of England towards Ireland, and to be as effective in depressing industry and encouraging the natural indolence of the inhabitants. The wines of France, for instance, are admitted duty free, while those of Corsica and other products, such as tobacco, are contraband in France. We may well credit our author's assertion that fifty-eight years of French domination, however preferable in many respects to that of Genoa, has not reconciled Corsica to her present rulers. Still less has it produced any assimilation between the two uncongenial races which it has brought into contact; the stern and melancholy islander, sparing of the beautiful language which he speaks with great purity, and the lively and voluble Frenchman who pines for the cafés of Paris, like Seneca, detests the savage beauties of nature, and considers Corsica an abode of penal exile. The memory of Napoleon is honoured in one sense as that of the man who overthrew the power and liberties of Genoa and subjugated France; but if our author is to be believed, Paoli is, as he deserves to be, the hero of the island, and his defeat at Ponte Nuovo, to native apprehension, the darkest spot on the page of her annals.

Corsica, like England, has contributed one occupant to the papal chair, Pope Formosus of the ninth century. In the sixteenth century, one Lazzaro, a renegade from Bastia, became Dey of Algiers. In the present a Corsican woman has been Empress of Morocco. One of Napoleon's ablest and most respected generals, Sebastiani, was his fellow countryman, as

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was Casa Bianca, who, with his boy, stood and perished on the burning deck of the *Orient*. Upon the road which leads from Bastia to San Fiorenzo, Bernadotte worked as a common soldier, and thought it high promotion to be made a corporal and direct the manual toil of others. Here, too, he fell in love with a peasant beauty of Carolo. She who might have been a queen, was pointed out to our author engaged in the Homeric occupation of carrying water on her head from the public fountain. Calvi still asserts a claim to have been the birthplace of Columbus. The Genoese extraction of the family is admitted, but it is maintained that it was here that it had settled. Napoleon while at Elba directed some inquiries into this matter. There is a Colombo street in Calvi, and some inhabitants of the name, and a tradition that men of Calvi were the first Corsicans who sailed for America. It is affirmed that the Genoese seized and suppressed the archives of the family. In Corte flourished the Cervinis, a race of gallant men. One of these, Thomas, though at feud with Paoli, rescued the latter when besieged in the convent of Alando. His son was Napoleon's companion-in-arms at Toulon. He became commandant of Rome, was the terror of the Pope, and, as good Catholics may fairly assume, expiated his unceremonious behaviour in losing his head by a cannon-shot at Ratisbon.

The atmosphere of Corsica has not been one in which literature, art, or science, could be expected to flourish. The periodical press of the island now produces two weekly newspapers, one published in Bastia, the other in Ajaccio. A library of 16,000 volumes exists in Bastia, in a building formerly occupied by the Jesuits, who founded the collection. Our author furnishes a list of names of recent local literary reputation, principally for works on history and jurisprudence. Of these, Gregori, a Bastian, who died in 1852, president of the Lyons Academy of Sciences, appears to have been the most eminent. He left an unfinished work on Corsican history, and superintended an edition of the Corsican Thucydides, Filippini. This classic work, which consists of a history and description of the island, in thirteen books, was published in 1594. The last four of these books are exclusively his own; the preceding are avowedly a compilation from several older writers. At Vescovato the house is shown in which he resided as archdeacon, and the vineyard in which he was wont to compose, under the protection of its ball-proof walls, for the worthy ecclesiastic and historian lived under ban of the Vendetta. The excitement of danger may perhaps have lent vigour to a Corsican pen. We doubt whether any advantage would accrue to English literature, if Mr. Hallam were to

write under fear of any worse enemy than a reviewer, or if Mr. Macaulay were reduced to barricade his chambers in the Temple. The circumstance is the more remarkable, because the archdeacon waxes very wroth with an Italian writer, who accuses the Corsican of homicidal habits. 'Is there,' he writes, 'a country in the world in which a stranger is more hospitably received or travels more safely?' Three hundred years have not, as we believe, impaired the truth of this plea, which, however, with all respect, is and was no answer to the charge. Like Johnson, in Garrick's case, Filippini would not allow others to take liberties with his countrymen, but he is in other passages unsparing in his own censure of their vices, their indolence, their indulgence of revenge, their restless love of novelty, and their superstition. Seneca's distich was hardly more severe—

Prima est ulcisci lex, altera vivere raptū,
Tertia mentiri, quarta negare Deos.

The first address of Napoleon to Antomarchi, on the arrival of the latter in St. Helena, was—'Have you a copy of Filippini?'

Our author makes no pretensions to acquirements in natural science. The ample information which his volume contains, as to the geology and natural history of the island, is due to an acquaintance which he made at Bastia with an accomplished Florentine refugee and ex-colleague of Guerazzi, Francesco Marmocchi. Among other works which this gentleman has published, is a physical geography of Corsica, of which our author speaks highly. Metallic wealth appears to be denied to the near neighbour of ferruginous Elba. Its mines are few and of small account. On the other hand, in marbles, granites, and porphyries, it is inexhaustible. Climate, geographical position, and formation, are alike favourable to a rich and various vegetation, ranging from the palm and the cactus to the pines which flourish on the frontier of perpetual snow. Our author considers that nothing but more skill and industry than are now rife in Corsica, is necessary to make it a source of supply to France of many articles of West Indian produce, tobacco, cotton, sugar, and indigo. Seneca records in an epigram the non-existence of the olive in his day in the island. In dimensions and fertility the Corsican olive has now few rivals. In 1820 a census of its numbers was attempted. They were estimated at twelve millions. The date of its introduction is uncertain, but the variety most cultivated is said to have been imported by Agostino Doria. It is fruitful to the height of 4000 feet. The chesnut is productive some 2000 feet higher. The wild vegetation of Corsica is of that richly odoriferous character described in Milton's immortal lines, and which so often regales the senses of the Mediterranean navigator,

navigator, as well as of him 'who now has reached Mozambique.' Napoleon at St. Helena said that he should recognize his native island by its peculiar perfume if he were transported thither blindfold.

The island is fortunate in its immunity from the wolf. The fox, however, having an undisturbed sovereignty, becomes strong and insolent, and scarcely less destructive to the flocks in the lambing season than the wolf. The mountain sheep still haunts the granite peaks of the Monte Rotondo and other summit ranges. We are not aware that it exists elsewhere in Europe, unless it should be found to co-exist with the bouquetin and chamois in the mountains of Candia. Serpents are few and harmless; but there is a spider, the bite of which is reputed dangerous and even fatal.

We cannot doubt that French rule, with all its faults, and with the manifest injustice of its fiscal regulations, has done much for Corsica. The present ruler of France, with a stroke of his pen, might do much more for the country from which he claims his descent. His intelligence and decision of character could hardly display themselves in a more graceful act than the simple admission of Corsica to the industrial and commercial privileges enjoyed by their fellow subjects of the mainland.

ART. X.—1. *The Conduct of the War. A Speech delivered in the House of Commons on Tuesday, 12th December, 1854. By the Right Hon. Sidney Herbert, M.P. London, 1854.*

2. *The Prospects and Conduct of the War. Speech delivered in the House of Commons on December 12, 1854. By Austen Henry Layard, Esq., M.P. for Aylesbury. London, 1854.*

NEARLY two years have now elapsed since the majority of persons who had carefully investigated the Eastern question exclaimed against the blindness and apathy of the Government, against their unreasonable expectations that they could secure peace, and their want of energy in preparing for war. What had long been palpable to enlightened politicians became apparent to the entire country after the frightful hazards of the day at Inkerman; and for three or four weeks nothing was to be heard except the language of indignation and alarm. The pressing danger was removed, and the public, always far too prone to judge by events, have passed over more lightly than we can do ourselves the thoughtlessness which brought our entire army before Sebastopol to the very brink

brink of destruction. The ministers have been heard in their defence, and, singular to relate, every circumstance which they have opposed to the principal accusation is a confirmation of the charge. 'He was ready to admit,' said the Chancellor of the Exchequer, 'that what was to be expected from those entrusted with the political operations of the war, was not that they would be able to stand a minute scrutiny in every point of detail, but that their general measures should be taken to have been dictated by wisdom and prudence.' The same sentiment was uttered by other members of the Cabinet, and the question could be put upon no fairer issue; but the ground which the ministers have selected upon which to take their stand is precisely that which sinks beneath them upon the slightest pressure.

The remissness of the Government during the early part of the dispute has been forgotten in the excitement of subsequent events. Without recapitulating the numerous errors which they successively committed, it is natural to revert to the amazing inertness they manifested, now that we are feeling the effects of it. Lord Ellenborough, who has displayed throughout these transactions a singular knowledge and sagacity, stated in the second of his very able speeches on the 'Foreign Enlistment Bill' that he had warned one of her Majesty's ministers so far back as April, 1853, that war must come, for that he was convinced the Czar would never depart from his demands. In April, there were many who still indulged in the belief that the quarrel would be amicably settled; but on the 3rd of July the Russian army crossed the Pruth, and from that hour it was evident that the Czar was too deeply committed to recede. He had thrown down the gauntlet, and nothing remained for us but to take it up or submit to the aggressor. The Vienna note followed, and appeared, it is true, to promise a momentary success, which was solely due to the ambiguity of the language employed. It was an evasion, and not a settlement, of the dispute; and on the 27th of September the Porte declared war against Russia.

Ministers, said Burke, are placed upon an eminence that they may command a more extended horizon. Ours took up their position in a hollow, and, gazing upwards at the stars, indulged in dreams of serenity and peace. If their sluggishness in making those preliminary preparations which would have enforced the arguments of their diplomacy, was unwise before, it was little short of insanity when the fray between the principals had actually begun. The autumn of 1853 should obviously have been a period of superhuman exertion in raising and training levies for the field. Nor can we believe that a Cabinet of which Lord Palmerston and Lord John Russell were members—men who did not use to
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be wanting in promptitude and decision where the honour and supremacy of Great Britain were concerned—could have sat month after month with folded arms if the more far-seeing and spirited part of the Government had not been paralysed by the Arcadian policy of their chief. That Lord Aberdeen is an amiable, and, in some respects, an able and well-informed nobleman will not be denied; but of all existing politicians he was the very worst which could have been selected for an European crisis. Conciliation, which is an excellent peace-maker where all the parties are animated by motives of equity, is one of the most dangerous of qualities, unless united with invincible firmness, when dealing with the demands of unprincipled ambition. The most common—we will not say the invariable—characteristic of the foreign policy of Lord Aberdeen has been the refusal to push a threatening difference to extremities; to be content with verbal understandings when the sole security was in written pledges, or else to be satisfied to oppose remonstrance to action. In all the stages of the Eastern question, up to the breaking out of the war, his life-long habit was apparent; and had not the public possessed a spirit and determination greater than his own, he would, we are convinced, have continued as he commenced—attempting to untie the knot with his fingers until the Czar had cut it with his sword. Forewarned as he was above all by the Czar's private confidence, he almost alone was not fore-armed. There might have been no great cause to complain that the efforts to secure peace had been protracted after reasonable hope had died away, if the negotiations had been accompanied by the only thing which would give them effect—a preparation for war upon an adequate scale, by land no less than by sea. But while so little activity was shown in recruiting the army, and in organising the commissariat and means of transport, that we could hardly appear to be in earnest, the imprudent language of Lord Aberdeen confirmed the impression that at the last we should rather make concessions than fight. When he touched upon the differences, he had nothing wiser or more momentous to tell than that he wished for peace! This languid iteration, puerile if it had not been mischievous, was the burden of every speech, and gave the Czar no slight ground to believe that if he pushed forward his armies, the gentle shepherd at the head of the administration would come forth to meet him bearing an olive-branch in his hand. So passed the precious months of the autumn of 1853 and the winter of 1854 away. Does any man, except the Chancellor of the Exchequer and his colleagues, think now that the inaction was 'dictated by wisdom and prudence'?

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How soon her Majesty's ministers came to see with the eyes of the rest of her Majesty's subjects does not appear, but we know now from their own declarations that they had lost all hope of peace when the Guards were embarked for Malta on the 20th of February. On the 3rd of March 15,000 additional soldiers were voted, and on the 28th war was declared. The first requisite was to provide forces for the contest, and Mr. Sidney Herbert told the House of Commons on the opening of the present session of Parliament that our troops had been so reduced by the improvident economy of successive governments, that an army had to be created.* The Duke of Newcastle acknowledged more than once during the discussion on the 'Enlistment of Foreigners Bill,' that it required six or seven months' training to make a recruit an efficient soldier. A government thus impressed with the twofold conviction that they had an army to create, and that half a year must elapse before the first recruit they enlisted would be ready for the field, would, we may take for granted, devote every energy to repair the deficiency and atone for the evil consequences of their own delay. How far this was the case may be gathered from what was said by the Duke of Newcastle during the debate on the Address. 'At the first declaration of war recruits came forward freely, but they soon relaxed, and during the summer months they were few indeed in number—so much so as to cause very considerable anxiety on the part of the government.' He ascribed the falling off to the then comparative stagnation at the seat of war, but no sooner was it known that the siege of Sebastopol was likely to be protracted and to afford full scope for hazardous enterprise than again the recruiting trade was in the ascendant. 'Week by week it has been progressing, until last week, I believe, we more than doubled the number of any previous week since the commencement of the war, and enrolled six or sevenfold the number which we had the power of recruiting some five or six weeks ago.' That there is some truth in this theory we do not at all question. It is actual fighting, and not marchings and countermarchings and listless encampments, which forms the attraction to men of a martial temperament. But there was, we suspect, another and less chivalrous cause at work in bringing such an unwonted crowd of recruits to the aid of the country in the week between the 3rd and the 10th of December. The Government, alarmed into unwonted exertion by the battle of Inkerman, had offered in the last week of November an augmented bounty to the militiamen

* The Coalition Ministry were indebted to the government of Lord Derby for the militia and the war-steamers, without which the war could not have been carried on at all.

who should volunteer into the line, besides placing an ensigncy at the disposal of their commanding officer for each set of seventy-five volunteers. Ministers anticipated that their bounties and ensigncies would operate as an inducement, as well as the prospect of a stirring campaign, or they would not have proposed them. But why then did they wait till the army was imperilled and the country drained of troops to offer the stimulus of a further reward? Why did they not apply the remedy 'during the summer months, when the recruits were few indeed,' and the Government was oppressed in consequence by 'considerable anxiety?' They had engaged in a tremendous struggle, and, by their own confession, had an army to create. Was it 'wise and prudent' to let the summer months slip away without furnishing their contingent, or would it not have been more wise and more prudent to have gone on raising the bidding for recruits until men were obtained?

The militia is the grand magazine from which our active troops are replenished in war, and the Government which felt that they had an army to create did not ask leave to bring in a Bill for the embodying of this force till the 3rd of May. On the 6th of February Lord Palmerston announced that the militia force would be organized in Scotland and Ireland, and when the Duke of Newcastle is asked in the middle of December why no steps had been taken to effect in March or April an object which had been determined on in February, he answers that Parliament did not confer the power till the summer. In other words, the Ministers who had declared war, and were sensible that they had to create an army to carry it on, 'in their wisdom and prudence' allowed months to elapse before they proposed this pressing, this vital measure. Until Parliament was called together on the 12th of December there was but one method of explaining the conduct of the Government. It was supposed that they had limited their notions of a first campaign to the pitiful project of awaiting the enemy at the gates of Constantinople, and that they had been forced by the sudden retreat of the Russians and the clamours of the public to engage in schemes of unexpected magnitude. But this is an apology they have disdainfully rejected. From the very outset, we are exultingly told by the Duke of Newcastle, they had made up their minds to the attack on the Crimea. In planning the expedition they had not, moreover, been misled by the common opinion that the enemy was less formidable than was supposed before he had been foiled in the trial of arms with the Turks. Mr. Sidney Herbert claims to have been prophetic on the point. The public, he said, had chosen to assume that the Russian power was waning if not extinct, but

but he himself, in the last session of Parliament, had been reproached for maintaining, what events had verified, that the army of the Czar would defend their country with their old tenacity. Having framed so vast a project, and being thus conscious of the array of might which would be required for its execution, they could yet put off from month to month the most essential measures for providing the very staple of war. Their excuse is their condemnation. The more they take credit for being wide awake to the danger, the more culpable they become for dozing at their post.

That the Government conception of the arduous nature of the contest was much larger than their preparation for it we readily admit; but notwithstanding their boast that they had taken an accurate measure of the crisis, there is abundant evidence that their views fell exceedingly short of the truth. The whole of the reinforcements sent out from June to the close of the year amounted, according to the Duke of Newcastle, to 20,000 men, or rather less than 3000 a-month. Of these, 12,300 were despatched in November alone, and a large proportion of them under the pressure of the alarm created by the news of the battle of Inkerman. So far was the Government from having anticipated even such a demand as this, which exhausted their reserves, that the Duke of Newcastle confesses that a considerable portion of the force consisted of imperfectly trained recruits, whom he had intended to keep back for the next campaign. Our original army was small, and it was not only gaps in the existing ranks that we had to fill up, but we had to swell our contingent to dimensions more commensurate with the resources of the country and the power of the Czar. What ideas could Ministers have framed of the colossal strength of Russia when, in furnishing 20,000 troops for this double purpose, they had to include the recruits whom they never dreamt could be wanted until the next campaign? Professional men are agreed that the entire force sent out to the Crimea is still inadequate for the siege of such a fortress as Sebastopol, and it is difficult to comprehend the infatuation which could set at defiance all the ordinary calculations of military science. Hardly any limit can be put upon the results which may accrue from occasional feats of heroism, from effects of panic, or the accidents of war; but as no ruler of a great country would place the slightest dependence upon such desperate chances unless in the extremities of despair, the data upon which the Ministers based their calculations remain an enigma to this hour.

The reinforcements they did despatch were sent out with a slowness which, but for the unparalleled exertions of our heroic
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army, would have left every man of them a prey to the sanguinary ferocity of their brave but brutal enemies. For this the Duke of Newcastle offers a threefold excuse. He says that before the battle of Alma six or seven thousand troops were under orders to sail for the Crimea, but there were not sufficient transports at home to convey them to their destination. If the Government had no vessels in September, was it not possible to have concentrated a reserve at Malta or Gallipoli in the months of July and August?—or if they had been as sensible of the necessity of the precaution as they became after Inkerman, and had made equal exertions, might they not have collected at any moment out of our vast marine some means of carriage? It is notorious that they could; and the true cause of the negligence is to be found in the second and third apologies of the Duke. 'We did not,' he says, 'expect that a Russian army could be moved from Odessa to Sebastopol with the marvellous rapidity with which that movement was effected.' This only proves that the Czar knows how to wage war, and that the Duke of Newcastle does not. To make unwonted exertions, to execute movements with unlooked-for celerity, to bring an overwhelming force upon the enemy before he can gather together his legions to meet it, has been part of the tactics of every modern commander of eminence. The Duke of Newcastle thought that their Lordships would be surprised to hear, that by means of cars the Russian troops had been carried forty-two miles in a single day. When will the Duke on his part display an energy which will surprise the Czar? Instead of quoting the quickness of the Russian movements as an apology for the slowness of his own, he ought rather to have blushed that the enemy were so much more diligent in collecting cars than the English Minister of War in securing a convoy of ships. His final argument in extenuation of the delay is, that Government believed Sebastopol would have fallen long ago. To hope, to expect it even, might be excusable, but was it 'wise or prudent' to take it for granted? and to make little or no provision for the possible, nay the probable, contingency of its holding out? They knew it to be one of the strongest fortresses in Europe; they expected the Russians to defend it with tenacity; and it required neither military science nor statesmanship to discover that the Czar would strain every agency at his command to retain this keystone of his power in the East. Every motive of interest and pride impelled him to send division after division while the road was open and a soldier could be spared—to exhaust almost the empire to save the Crimea, and with it his prestige, his navy, his arsenals, a large part of all which made him great and dreaded throughout the territories washed by the waves of the Euxine.

Euxine. The only secure policy on our part was not merely to rival but to surpass the Czar in such self-evident tactics, and to go on concentrating the means of attack in a greater ratio than he could accumulate the means of defence. The time to stop is not while the struggle is pending, but when the end is gained.

Soldiers are useless without equipments; and when the 20,000 men were embarked in the spring they were so scantily supplied with the materials of war, that the notion was confirmed that they were to await the enemy in the trenches of Gallipoli. But the Ministers had contrived a campaign of a more adventurous kind. 'They had,' says Mr. S. Herbert, 'a distinct plan, which was—first, to secure the Dardanelles; next, to defend Constantinople; next, that capital being safe, to defend the lines of the Balkan; and lastly, to be ready to attempt to strike a blow at some vital part of the Russian empire.' Yet the army which was to accomplish these vast designs was utterly without the means of transport; and when it arrived at Varna was as incapable of moving against the enemy as the ground on which it trod. The siege of Silistria was raging, and it was universally supposed that the place must fall unless it was instantly relieved. No means of locomotion existed in Bulgaria, none had been provided, and our soldiers were in consequence condemned to inaction, while every day they were expecting to hear that the fortress had been taken. 'I had warned the Government,' says Mr. Layard, whose political views we do not share, but who, it must be admitted, has shown upon this question a prescience worthy of his singular knowledge of Eastern countries and affairs, 'that our army would find no means of transport in Bulgaria.' But though they had a 'distinct plan,' in which waggons were as necessary as swords and muskets, this 'wise and prudent' Ministry were deaf to counsel, and made no attempt to supply the want.

In many other respects the army was deficient in the necessary equipments. In military stores as in men there has no doubt prevailed under various administrations, as Mr. Sidney Herbert alleges, an imprudent economy. For nearly a twelvemonth before the war broke out, it was, to say the least, no unlikely contingency. A man so sensible of the dangerous poverty of our arsenals even for a time of peace, and who saw the possible demand that might be made upon them, might have been expected to avail himself of the opportunity to accumulate materials which in any case he maintains to have been needed. From the spring of 1853 to the spring of 1854 we should suppose him incessantly occupied in remedying the defect; and the only valid defence he could have made for himself, and the Cabinet to which he belongs, would have been to show that they did as much as
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men could do in a single year—that they asked of Parliament ample supplies, and that they spared neither pains nor expense in filling up the voids at Woolwich, Portsmouth, and Plymouth.

But whatever else was lacking, the Government could boast that in one thing they had been bountiful to excess. Lord Granville feared to tell his auditors the quantity of ammunition which had been shipped, lest the statement should sound like the tale of Baron Munchausen. That he might not put the credulity of the Staffordshire yeomanry to too severe a test, he was satisfied with saying that it was sufficient to wear out the 60 heavy guns which accompanied it. Wonderful to add, the earliest want felt was the scarcity of ammunition, and we learn from the speech of Mr. Layard, 'that had we continued the fire we opened the first day, and which barely sufficed to keep down that of the enemy, our ammunition would have been exhausted in six days.' The batteries in consequence had not been a fortnight at work when an order was given that each gun should be discharged only twenty times per diem, or once in every half-hour. Even with this excessive economy the firing had not continued three weeks when, as we read in the letters of the correspondent of 'The Times,' we had consumed a large part of a second supply of ammunition, nearly equal to that which had been originally despatched. When it is remembered that at the siege of Valenciennes in 1793, the allies kept up an incessant firing for *six* weeks from *four* times the number of cannon which the English have placed in position before Sebastopol, it is evident that the amount of powder and ball which staggered the imagination of Lord Granville must have been exceeding moderate, and might safely have been specified without endangering his character for veracity. Far different from the conceptions of the Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster are Russian notions of what constitutes a well-filled magazine. Though they have considerably more cannon and of heavier metal than the French and English combined—though they have suffered more from explosions than ourselves—though they had been drawing upon their stock for days before we discharged a shot—and though they fire furiously at hours when our guns are silent—they as yet practise no economy and fear no exhaustion. 'I have no hesitation in saying,' wrote a French officer as early as the 4th of November, 'that since the invention of gunpowder there never was so much wasted before.'

The stores which were sent were rendered unavailing through mismanagement. A complaint was made, which excited great indignation, that the sufferings of the wounded soldiers were exasperated from the want of lint. It was understood that the Government pronounced the rumour to be a calumny, the public
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were discouraged in their design of supplying the deficiency by private charity, and were told that their minds might be at rest upon the subject. Miss Nightingale sailed with her devoted band, and on her arrival found that the charge was not only true, but though weeks had elapsed nothing had been done to remedy so cruel a neglect. Now, we are informed by the Government that 36 acres of lint were shipped from England, but the lint was consigned to Varna and the wounded to Scutari. Orders were given that the stores should be removed from the former place to the latter at the time when the army embarked for the Crimea; 'but,' says Mr. S. Herbert, 'that order, in the hurry and bustle of departure, was never executed.' Who then is the delinquent that receives such pressing orders and neglects to execute them? or were the orders given and the means to execute them withheld? Is no one to be responsible for such misdoings, and is it enough for Ministers to dismiss a neglect which caused enormous suffering, and lost numerous lives, by simply pleading 'hurry and bustle?'

In another instance, the little consideration which was shown in securing the commonest care for the men who were the victims of a battle fought for the benefit of their country is really aggravated by the defence which has been offered by the Government. It has been often asserted, and Mr. Layard told the House of Commons that he was a witness of the fact, that many of the wounded after Alma were left for two nights on the field, while our allies immediately collected and relieved their disabled comrades. 'The French army,' retorts Mr. S. Herbert, 'took fewer men than we did, and carried their ambulances,' which is equivalent to saying that the French were considerate, and that we were not, that they held ambulances to be an essential part of their equipage, and that we could tamper with the lives of our soldiers to avoid the incumbrance of extra baggage. No stranger specimen of parliamentary logic could anywhere be found than this attempt to explain away the disadvantageous contrast by alleging that the French had been provident and we had been reckless. Nor, as we have touched upon the subject, will it be amiss to add from the speech of Mr. Layard another circumstance connected with these ambulances, which, in the language of the honourable member, 'illustrates the manner in which the Government has managed details during this war. Instead of young and active men having been sent out to attend the wounded, old pensioners, who, after long service, had retired to pass the remainder of their days in the sanctum of the public-house, and most of whom were suffering from *delirium tremens*, were selected. They were expected

pected to take charge of mules—animals of all others the most difficult to manage, and what they had probably never seen before. The result was that the woods about Varna were soon full of wild mules and fragments of harness, the pensioners were found dead by the road-side, and the ambulance corps became perfectly disorganised and useless.' The same want of discretion and system has been manifested throughout. No one will have forgotten the description by the correspondent of 'The Times' of the reckless waste and confusion which disgraced the harbour of Balaklava, and we could fill pages with statements of similar thoughtlessness and incapacity, derived from published accounts and private communications. The Government were called upon to make timely exertions to put a peace establishment upon a war footing, and they neglected to do it. They had men to recruit, they had stores to provide; they began the work late, and when it was commenced their exertions were fitful. The soldiers collected, they had to make a wise distribution of them—to have an army in the field, a reserve at Malta or Gallipoli, and regiments of recruits in training at home. The reserve was small and retained in England, the reinforcements were delayed till we had narrowly escaped a terrible defeat, and when the recruits fell off in the summer the alarmed Government took no effectual measures to attract them to the service. The stores had to be shipped betimes, to be conveyed to their destination, to be placed under the control of responsible authorities to be regularly dispensed and carefully husbanded. A vast number of them on the contrary were tardily sent; and because no thought had been taken for the supervision of them after they left our shores, they miscarried, they were lost, they were spoiled, they were left behind, they were even overlooked, and brought back in the hold of the ship which took them out, or being conveyed to the spot where they were to be used were piled up or hid away like so much lumber. What, then, are the 'general measures' of this Cabinet, which the Chancellor of the Exchequer assures us 'have been dictated by wisdom and prudence?' Neither he nor any other member of the Government has yet ventured to name them; and when it is demonstrated that army and equipments, men and *matériel*, have all been neglected and grossly mismanaged, it is mere hardihood to reply that Ministers do not profess 'to be able to stand a minute scrutiny on every point of detail.'

The gist of the charge against Ministers was admirably summed up by Lord Derby in his powerful and eloquent speech on the first night of the session. 'My complaint,' he said, 'against the Government is this, that they have from the commencement,

mencement, and before the commencement, of the war, lived, as it were, from hand to mouth ; that they never anticipated in due time the contingencies of the struggle in which they were about to engage ; that they never considered the greatness of the undertaking upon which they were entering ; and that they never made adequate and timely provision to meet, not the contingent exigencies of the day, but those exigencies which the fortune of war rendered inevitable.' When a crisis arose, the Ministers were active ; they were active in despatching troops in the spring, when at last they discovered that we must fight ; they were active in sending out reinforcements after Inkerman, when they saw that the army was on the verge of annihilation ; they were active in endeavouring to obtain recruits when they found that the reserve was about to embark, and that our dépôts were drained. But these are the qualities of a clerk, and not of a statesman. It is within the capacity of the lowest official in the War Department, with unlimited funds at his command, to issue orders when the want is specified, and he has united England to tell him what to do. What is expected in men who assume to regulate vast and complicated transactions in an hour of peril is that mental sagacity which can anticipate wants ; that wisdom which can contrive the means of supplying them ; that administrative ability which can organise agents to carry into effect the intentions of their superiors ; and in all of these points the failure has been complete. Never were any set of men at the outbreak of a war in so advantageous a position. Domestic difficulties they had none whatever ; the country, with hardly a dissentient voice, practically placed the whole of its resources at their disposal, and urged them to use the confidence, without stint or measure, for the public benefit. But the power of England is nothing better than a name unless it is brought to bear upon the scene of action ; and this duty, which is the only one they have had to perform, has proved beyond their strength.

Where the mistakes have been so capital and glaring, the little which Ministers have effected is no set off against the much they have left undone. In a struggle of life and death those who assume the responsibility of conducting affairs must display a prescience and an energy commensurate with the magnitude of the stake. It is a prerogative of superior minds to rise with the occasion, and the men who seize upon the post of honour must show themselves worthy of it or incur a censure as overwhelming as the calamities they cause. Until a second Minister of War arises as great as himself, the first William Pitt will be the standing example of the victories which a master intellect secures by providing the means for them. Never since has the power of Great Britain

Britain been in the hands of a civilian who had the strength and skill to wield it. Yet if his genius is not hereditary, it is still possible to imitate the general principle upon which he proceeded of developing the entire force of the country and directing it against the enemy.

But will the Ministers, profiting by experience, act upon past warnings and make ample provision for future emergencies? Constituted as the Government is at present, we have not the slightest hope of any such result, for the very nature of their errors betrays an utter ignorance of the first principles of war, and an obliviousness of the most obvious wants of an army. Their latest proceedings with reference to the supplies which have been forwarded to the Crimea are of a piece with all which has gone before. 'The want of clothing,' writes the correspondent of 'The Times,' 'the want of fuel, the want of shelter, the want of food, which have cost the army and the nation so dearly, might, I sincerely and solemnly believe, have been obviated by a small exertion of ordinary *prévoyance*. The articles which are arriving to-day (December 4) in the Belgravia should have been here long ago, and the supplies we are expecting daily, however welcome, are late. They will be of service only to those who have survived, or have maintained health and strength under cold and wet. We have tents, but cannot get them up to the camp. There is a great deficiency of hospital marquees; and, horrible as it is to think of such a thing, it is no less true, that according to information received from no doubtful source, five men of a battalion of the Guards were found dead outside one of the tents within the last thirty hours.' Precisely a week after these Guards had perished from want of shelter, Mr. S. Herbert was triumphantly declaiming in the House of Commons upon the alertness he and his colleagues had shown in providing that shelter for the lack of which so many brave soldiers had already died. 'Then with regard,' he said, 'to providing huts for the troops, what have the Government done? *They felt that, in this particular, time was everything.* To have them built here at home, and then send them out to the Crimea, was felt to be a process that would occupy much too long a space of time; *but the moment the requisition for huts arose*, we telegraphed to Lord Westmoreland at Vienna, and to Lord Stratford at Constantinople, desiring them to send out instantly such huts as they could have constructed in those countries.' 'They felt that time was everything,' and not a hut had arrived up to the middle of December! The next sentence explains the anomaly; according to their custom, they did nothing till 'the requisition for huts arose.' Well might Lord Grey observe that the necessity of providing for the wintering of the troops ought to have been foreseen, and the measures taken months

before; that even if Sebastopol had fallen there was a probability that it would be reduced to a heap of ruins and afford no shelter to our troops; or supposing them to have been withdrawn altogether from the Crimea, they must still have required accommodation elsewhere. A Government which cannot attain to the conception that winter quarters will be needed for the troops until they hear that winter has overtaken them, has so much to learn, that we trust they will not be permitted to have our noble army for the *vile corpus* upon which to practise, even though it were certain that death and disaster would finally teach them common foresight and prudence.

Heavy accusations of neglect and incapacity have been made against the commander of the expedition. This excellent nobleman, who is placed in a situation of extreme embarrassment, and whose moral fortitude has been most severely tried, has not, like the ministers, had the opportunity—we cannot in their case say the advantage—of speaking in his own defence; and everybody knows how often apparently unanswerable charges are triumphantly refuted when the other side of the question comes to be heard. But it is palpable upon the face of the statements we possess, that most of the evils complained of are to be ascribed to the Government, and were neither caused, nor could possibly be cured, by the officer in command. A writer who asserts that Lord Raglan is getting into disrepute with the troops for want of proper attention to their comforts, and who cannot therefore be considered a favourable witness, specifies the miseries from which they are suffering as follows:—‘Fever and rheumatism become general—just what one might expect from the fact of men being hard-worked, ill-fed, ill-clothed, and never dry. Hardly an officer, and not a man, has a dry bed to lie down upon. Many of the men have not been really dry for now close upon three weeks: added to this is another misfortune, in the shape of scarcity of fuel, which compels a great majority of the army to eat their rations of salt pork uncooked.’ ‘We have only one blanket,’ says another, ‘to wrap round us when we lie down; and our tents, owing to so much rain having fallen, are very damp. Many of our poor fellows have scarcely a bit of shoe to their feet, many others not a shirt to their backs, and the consequence is, that our men are dying quite fast.’ A third describes the Guards as tying haybands round their legs to keep their trowsers together; and a fourth, after stating that the stoutest men are giving way, asks, ‘How can it be otherwise, living, or trying to live—most naked in mud, and worked to death in spongy ground?—the officers about them, and covered with Russian furs, and the men were without clothes, and that they had only shirts, or shoes, or shawls, or blankets, or nothing at all.’

only a blanket to cover them, was not, as has been asserted in some of the letters from the Crimea, the fault of Lord Raglan, but of the Ministers, who forgot to forward proper supplies till so late in the season; and it is hard, indeed, for the commander to have to bear the blame of a negligence which has added immensely to his difficulties, and made his position more anxious and critical. Far different was the condition of the army of our allies. 'We are neither in want,' writes an officer in the camp, 'of provisions, tents, fuel, nor clothing; and but for the rain, and the atrocious mud which it causes, we should be comfortable enough.' General Canrobert does not assume the credit of these results. He ascribes them 'to the wise foresight of the Emperor and his Government,' as the absence of every necessary in the English camp is due to the blindness and procrastination of our own.

A charge which seemed to touch Lord Raglan more nearly is to be traced back to the same source as all the rest of the grievances. The men were put upon half or quarter rations because—although there were plenty of provisions at Balaklava—the mud tracks, which are there in the place of roads, did not permit them to be brought to the camp. The French in the fine weather had made an excellent road to their own quarters. Why, it is asked, did not Lord Raglan do the same? Evidently because the ministers whose duty it was to furnish him with reinforcements had not sent him sufficient to guard his trenches; and, far from having soldiers to spare for road-making, he had not enough by many thousands to watch the enemy and man his lines. 'All the trifling detachments sent out here,' writes an officer, 'are but as a drop in the ocean. . . . The duty is so hard and harassing that the same men who come up from the trenches at daydawn in the morning, shivering and wet, have to return frequently to the same post in the evening.' Every account reiterates the story. The sheer fatigue, apart from every other privation, is almost beyond the powers of human endurance, and it is a certain proof that Lord Raglan had no force at his command for supplementary purposes, that when the road became a matter of life or death it had to be constructed by the French.

The condition of our horses, like that of our men, is wretched in comparison with the beasts of burden in the camp of our allies. Over-worked and under-fed, exhausted by hunger and toil, they drop down by scores and die in the mud. How much of this proceeds from the scanty forage transmitted from home does not appear; but an English officer attached to the Turkish army shows that there is another reason for the contrast. 'The English horse, accustomed to warm stables, good food, and groom-

ing, cannot stand the rigour of this climate, exposed as he is in the open air to rain, cold, and snow, often up to his knees in mud, and not half fed. The French cavalry stand it better than ours, a great many having African horses, which never stood in a stable, and can bear the cold better.' That something even here is due to the better management of the French may reasonably be presumed. They far excel us in cleverness of contrivance and completeness of organisation; and it is one of the many advantages of the alliance that we shall learn very valuable lessons from the contact. But a general is not to be condemned if in the midst of a harassing siege he has failed to infuse the national peculiarities of the French into the English soldier, especially as the larger part of the superior arrangements of our allies depends upon stores and training, which no commander can supply at will.

It is one of the characteristic differences of the nations that a French commander shows himself more among the men than is usual with English generals. The Duke of Wellington was never in the habit of mingling with the troops for the purpose of conversing with them. He seldom appeared in the ranks unless to reconnoitre or command; and if Lord Raglan, during the suspension of active operations, has seldom ridden along the lines, he is only conforming to the example of his great master in the art of war. How far the contrary practice is desirable we cannot undertake to pronounce; but of this we are confident, that as the omission is not a personal peculiarity of Lord Raglan, so neither does it proceed from heartlessness or sloth.

When Lord Raglan was appointed to the command of the expedition not a single whisper was heard against the choice. No Marlborough or Wellington was set aside in his favour, nor has any risen up to take his place if he was removed. He was selected on public grounds, because he was believed to be the fittest man for the post. He was the friend and companion of the Duke in his glorious campaigns of the Peninsula and Waterloo; he not only witnessed his proceedings, but he had the inestimable advantage, both then and ever after, of listening to his views and instructions; he was possessed of all the old traditions, and, from his official position, his knowledge had never been permitted to slumber. There was no other person who possessed equal advantages, or gave equal promise. His courage and calmness have even surpassed what was anticipated from his former chivalrous career, and though errors may have been committed, as inevitably they must, nothing has yet occurred to convince us that he has deserved to forfeit the confidence of his countrymen. It is the Government that are to be blamed for the sad condition of our army; and whatever sympathy Lord Raglan may

may have felt for the misery they have endured, it has been out of his power to alleviate it.

The enormous extra cost at which purchases and contracts on a gigantic scale are made on a sudden is a minor, but nevertheless no insignificant evil, and is not to be forgotten in the estimate of Ministerial mismanagement :—

‘I saw,’ says Mr. Layard, ‘a letter a few days ago from a merchant at Liverpool, who, being himself a gainer by the prodigality of the Government, would not have written as he did were not the facts of the case as gross as he stated them to be. After describing the manner in which, at the last moment, transports had been taken up by the agents of Government in the most reckless manner, and contracts for horse-boxes entered into without any stipulations whatever, he ends by saying that this lavish expenditure of the public money had almost turned his hair grey. I need scarcely remind the House of the fate of those horse-boxes. The first time the vessels in which they were fitted up were exposed to a slight sea, they all gave way, and above two hundred of our cavalry horses were thrown overboard, at a time when cavalry was of the utmost importance to our operations in the Crimea. Scarcely a day passes that I do not receive from some quarter or another letters from persons who bring to my notice, because I have taken a part in this question in the House, similar instances of wanton extravagance and culpable neglect. Up to the present moment the Government have endeavoured to carry on this war upon principles of economy utterly inconsistent with its objects and the magnitude of the undertaking. Now they find that the nation is indignant at the shameful instances of mismanagement and negligence which have occurred, they are rushing into the wildest extravagance. Any proposal, however ridiculous, any invention, however absurd, is taken up.’

To do too much at one time and too little at another—to squander twice the sum in haste that would have sufficed if it had been expended with prudence—to procure what is useless and overlook what is needful—to be served with articles, like the horse-boxes, of which the quality is in the inverse ratio to the cost, and which entailed the ultimate destruction of both horse-boxes and horses—to lose half the benefit of the purchases by postponing them till much of the evil has accrued which they were designed to prevent—such are the inevitable consequences of a system in which nothing is foreseen, and the negligence of months has to be repaired in a week. A statement made by Mr. S. Herbert in his speech, as an evidence of the consideration he had shown for the soldiers, is a singular proof of the extravagance which is put in the place of knowledge and exertion :—

‘The Government have been charged with being ignorant of the severity of the climate of the Crimea, and with not adopting those measures which are best calculated to protect the troops from its injurious influence. Now what is the position in which we have been placed?

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I have a letter from a gentleman, a member of this House, but whom I do not now see in his place, but a gentlemen whose opinion is always worth having, who says, "*Experto crede*, I know the climate of the Crimea well; don't believe the accounts that are published about the temperature; but whatever you do, follow the custom of the country; they must know best, and they clothe themselves in skins and not in woollen." I then requested the opinion of a person of great experience in Arctic researches, and he came to me and said, "Don't dress the men in skins, stick to wool, that is the only thing to keep them warm." (Laughter.) I ask the House how was I to decide between these two authorities? Without attempting to do so, I thought the safest thing was to take the advice of both, and to send out both skins and woollen (cheers); and my hope is, that before long every man in the army will have a change both of woollen and of skins from top to toe.'

The House, it will be seen, cheered what sounded at the moment a generous sentiment. But is it fitting for a Secretary-at-War, intrusted with the expenditure of public money levied upon thousands who pinch themselves to pay it, thus to send out clothing for an entire army, one-half of which, according to his own representation, might not improbably prove unsuitable, merely because a couple of gentlemen differ as to which material is best? This is an easy method of conducting a war—it saves inquiry and does away with the necessity for a decision; but though those who adopt it may sometimes be right by chance, the general effect must be a frightful waste of the money of the nation, and a constant inappropriateness in the nature of the supply.

It is doubtful whether the Government are not at this moment sacrificing economy, security, and convenience, by their neglect to establish magazines upon the shores of the Euxine. 'Sinope,' we quote again from Mr. Layard, than whom, on this matter, there can be no higher authority, 'had been pointed out as a port in the Black Sea nearer than any other to the Crimea, communicating with the fertile provinces and large cities of Asia Minor, from which not only cheaper and abundant provisions but supplies of all kinds might be obtained. But these warnings and recommendations were made in vain.' There would might have been procured in endless abundance, the cost of the huts would have been comparatively trifling, and many a soldier would still be living who has perished in the mire on the heights before Sebastopol. 'Beyond Sinope,' writes Mr. Curzon in his work on Armenia, 'where the flat alluvial land stretches down to the sea-shore, there are forests of such timber as we have no idea of in these northern regions. Here there are miles of trees so high, and large, and straight, that they look like minarets in flower.'

If we turn from the incompetency which Ministers have hitherto displayed, to glance at the existing requirements, there

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is nothing to re-assure us. We are coping with a foe whose resources are immense, and who is lavish of them to wastefulness. While materials remain, his reparations will be equal to the magnitude of the ruins we may cause. His hollow negotiations and pretended concessions are only stratagems of war; and if we refuse to come to terms until we can make a secure peace, the question is nothing less than whether the Czar will be exhausted sooner than England and France. At every pause in our proceedings he is accumulating odds against us, and we run a risk of succumbing because we have opposed the little finger of England to the right arm of Russia. The amount of our armaments should have no other limit than our means and the demands of the crisis. Soldiers, arms, ammunition, reserves—all must be furnished on the largest scale that, upon a liberal calculation, can probably be required. That there may not sometimes be deficiency there must often be excess. Economy, as we have already intimated, is one of the main duties of a long and costly contest, and never should the expenditure of a government be scrutinised with more jealous eyes. But it must be economy in the right place—economy in its modes of management, in its bargains, in its direction of expenditure to useful ends—not economy of men and of stores, which means loss of life, disasters, perhaps defeat and disgrace. If soldiers and all the *matériel* of war could be had at an instant's notice, by sending down an order into the manufacturing districts, Ministers would doubtless be equal to the crisis. Everything, on the contrary, depends on steady foresight and sustained exertion; and the greater portion of what the occasion demands still remains to be done. Sebastopol has not yet fallen; and notwithstanding the risks which were incurred by neglecting to accumulate the means of transport before the commencement of the campaign, yet will it be believed that down to the present moment and ten months since the war began, the army is not even now in a condition to move ten miles from their present position? Before Russia can be forced into a peace we must be enabled to follow her troops, to push forward inland, and make her feel that she must yield, or lose the fairest part of her dominions. Next year the shores of the Baltic also must be the scene of a contest as arduous as that which is going on on the shores of the Euxine, if only to prevent the concentration of the forces of the Czar against the allies in the South. Nor have we only to attack—we must defend. It is maintained by Mr. Layard that the Turkish army in Armenia will melt away unless strongly reinforced; and that there is nothing to prevent the enemy next spring from overrunning the whole of Western Asia. Thus while we are struggling to make good our footing on the Russian soil, the Czar may

may richly indemnify himself by seizing upon this wide expanse of fertile territory. It is not for us to attempt to sketch out a plan for the campaign. It is one of the reasons which make a wise and provident Ministry more than ordinarily necessary that they alone are in a position to estimate thoroughly the situation of affairs. They have means of information at their command, which we fear have been neglected, but which should have enabled them to take a more extended view than any private individual, however able and experienced. Their decisions and schemes must often be secret; and whether they are doing much or little, are proceeding wisely or foolishly, can only in general be known by the event. No substitute can, therefore, be found for their incapacity in the wisdom and vigilance of Parliament; and looking at the vastness and difficulty of the undertaking, and the utter inaptitude which the Government has hitherto displayed, it is impossible to have any belief in their ability to conduct the war.

We have spoken throughout of the Government as a whole, and as a whole they are responsible. But practically the largest part of the arrangements must depend upon the Minister of War. To think for him, and to control him on all essential points, is in fact to depose him; and though an energetic Premier might be expected in such a crisis to exercise a constant and active supervision, the other members of the Ministry can do little more than assist in framing the general policy for the year. The Duke of Newcastle, who holds the office which at the present moment is the most important in the administration, has not the faculties for the task, and to this sole circumstance must be attributed many of the mistakes which have been committed. The talents which are required to carry on a war are of so exceptional a kind that it is no disparagement to a peer, the whole of whose experience has been derived from the functions of peace, that he should not be equal to the emergency. He becomes blameable only when in an hour of peril he clings to a post for which he is universally pronounced to be unfitted. His appointment when he was nominated gave general dissatisfaction. All parties were agreed that Lord Palmerston was the member of the Government whose previous career afforded the best hope that he would prove an active and intelligent Minister of War. Lord Aberdeen was not bound by this strongly-expressed opinion of the public; but when he acted in defiance of it, nothing could justify him except the signal success of the man of his choice. Personal courtesies are crimes when they are paid for by the lives of hundreds of our soldiers; and not an hour ought to be lost in cancelling an arrangement which has turned out so unfortunate. Lord Ellenborough spoke of the great mischief which
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was occasioned by having so many persons in the Cabinet of nearly equal ability, without one statesman of pre-eminent capacity to keep them in order. Unless there is either subordination or unanimity of opinion the public business must be impeded; but it is at least an equal evil that the most important offices are not held by those who are most competent to fill them. The indignation which broke out after Inkerman has subsided into murmurs, but distrust and dissatisfaction are widely spread; and though the public, in spite of unavoidable errors, will support a Government which does its duty, it will take little more to raise a tempest of anger against men who jeopardise everything out of delicacy to one colleague or jealousy of another.

A re-distribution of two or three offices might be attended with beneficial effects; but it demands no exorbitant patriotism to go further still, and form a War-Government irrespective of party. The distinctions of Whig and Conservative are suspended for the time. No great measure of civil polity could now be entertained until the national struggle in which we are engaged takes a decisive turn. The experiment was tried by Lord John Russell, and neither the Parliament nor the country would listen to his proposal. While all domestic questions which can raise party differences are thus in abeyance, men with a spark of love for their country can surely act together for the common good. In truth, a War Ministry would have the advantage of a unanimity upon the business of the hour, which we venture to assert has never been enjoyed by the present Cabinet. Nobody supposes that the sentiments of Lord Palmerston and Lord John Russell, for instance, can have been in unison with those of Lord Aberdeen, although they may have managed to keep up a semblance of agreement, and no little mischief has already arisen from the attempt to combine these jarring elements of hot and cold. In the actual state of things the country loses the services of the statesman who has the greatest knowledge of military affairs, and who is not surpassed in energy, courage, and independence by any man alive. It is no rash prediction to hazard that, with Lord Ellenborough for Minister of War, the whole of our proceedings would wear a new aspect before six months had expired. Not the least advantage of the appointment would be the pledge it would afford the country that the first draught of troops under the provisions of the 'Foreign Enlistment Bill' would be the last. No end could be answered by discussing here a question upon which argument has been exhausted. It is enough that the step was opposed to the feelings, in part it may be allowed to the prejudices, of the class from which recruits are obtained, that it checked their enthusiasm, and threatened to deprive us of English in the same degree that it furnished us

with German troops. Labour at home is abundant. It is not for subsistence but from a military disposition that our men are attracted to the ranks; and whatever has a tendency to quench the spirit, which is the strength of the nation, is fraught with peril.

It is not the immediate physical effects which are alone involved in such mismanagement of the war as we have hitherto witnessed. The feelings of the people will be abated in some quarters, and die away or become hostile in others. There are certain states of mind which have been epidemic with our public whenever a contest has been waged in modern times. The notion that our soldiers and sailors had degenerated is, for example, a perennial illusion. It arose at the commencement of the conflict consequent upon the French Revolution, and Burke then reminded the world that Dr. Browne, at the beginning of the Seven Years' War, had endeavoured, with the applause and assent of his countrymen, to demonstrate, in a philosophical discourse, that the distinguishing features of the people of England had been totally changed, and that frivolity and feebleness had become the national characteristic. Never, Burke remarks, did our masculine spirit display itself with greater energy than at the time when the kingdom was subscribing to speculative arguments to prove us ignobly effeminate. We have again witnessed the same misgivings in a minor degree till Alma and Inkerman dispelled the calumny. In contradiction to this notion, and yet in company with it, there has always prevailed at the opening of our wars a contempt for our antagonists—a belief that British bravery could contend against any odds, and that the enemy would be driven before us like chaff before the wind. This, too, we have witnessed. The unexpected success of the Turks on the Danube, the victory of the Alma, the false report of the taking of Sebastopol, all confirmed the disposition to underrate the comparative prowess of our foe. Invariably this over-confidence at the outset has been followed by undue apprehension at the first obstacle or reverse, and a few weeks ago there existed in the country a wide-spread alarm which almost amounted to pusillanimity. With such a repetition of former precedents, it is not very likely that one other will fail which has never been wanting—weariness of a contest which promises to be protracted, and a desire to end it upon any terms which are not absolutely disgraceful. It was well observed by Lord Ellenborough that the present was pre-eminently 'a statesman's war—a war far-seeing in its object, and that, though popular at first, unless there was a constant succession of successes to captivate the people, it would be extremely difficult to maintain throughout the steady support of the public.' If the war is sluggish and inglorious, as well as costly in money and blood, it will not be long before

before many will ask, with Mr. Cobden, whether the end is worth the sacrifice. The ranks of his followers—now few in number—will be swelled by fresh recruits, who will assert with him that we have already accomplished the object for which we took up arms, and a party will be formed which will clamour for a premature and ephemeral peace. Nor will the Government be indisposed to listen to the demand; for, harassed and perplexed by the embarrassments they have brought upon themselves, they will be glad of an excuse to escape from their difficulties. Even now the language used by Lord John Russell, in reply to Mr. Cobden, excites a misgiving as to the policy and firmness of the Government.

The energies of Russia have for generations been mainly directed to the development of her military strength, to securing old conquests and preparing for new. By violence, by threats, by falsehood, by bribes, by intrigues, she has incessantly extended the boundaries of her empire. The normal state of the Muscovite is war, and the secret of his success is, that he has always been able and willing to fight, while those who alone had the strength to resist him were anxious for repose. They remonstrated, but they submitted; right and reason were on one side, the victory on the other. Yet, as Russia had never laid aside for a single day her schemes of spoliation—as her occasional moderation at particular periods was only assumed to mask her ultimate designs—it was evident that the danger would become, at last, too great to be tolerated, and a stop must be put to concession. The Secret Despatches showed that the Czar imagined that the hour had arrived when he could grasp Constantinople; and the revelations contained in these papers, with other occurrences all tending to the same end, convinced the immense majority of Englishmen that we ought no longer to delay to beat back the aggressor before he could clutch his prey. But it was not merely the last injustice that we were called upon to redress. What we want is security for the future—to put a curb upon the insatiable rapacity of this invading nation, which will otherwise return to her old attitude and renew her former career. It is only at the end of a series of wrongful aggressions that we have taken up arms, and it would now be folly to lay them down again until we have come to a satisfactory settlement of the whole account. When, therefore, Lord John Russell declares that the Government do not desire to deprive Russia of any of her territories, we think that views so contracted indicate more eagerness to escape from the difficulties of war than ambition to extort a durable peace. There is no desire among the people of this country to reduce her from a first to a second-rate power; but if she is to be left with all her present possessions,

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what protection do we obtain against future encroachments? 'Russia,' said Lord Lyndhurst, in the wise and masterly speech he delivered last June in the House of Lords, 'carrying diplomacy to the extremest point of refinement, has introduced a new and significant term into that mysterious science, namely, the term *material guarantee*. If the Emperor will give a guarantee of this description, something solid and substantial, as a pledge of his fidelity—something that he would be unwilling to forfeit—such a guarantee might enable us to hope for a lasting peace; but to rely upon a mere paper guarantee—a mere pledge of his Imperial word—would, your Lordships must feel, be the extreme of folly and weakness.' Even though Sebastopol, as will probably happen, should be levelled to the ground, and every vessel within its harbour be destroyed, is it possible to doubt, if we are not to alienate one inch of ground, that the prediction of Mr. Cobden will be verified, that in ten years it will be rebuilt more strongly than before with money borrowed from the people of England? Or if it is to be a condition that Russia is to have no fortress in the Black Sea, the article would be violated on the first dissension between the other powers of Europe. 'You do not destroy or touch Russian power,' Mr. Cobden justly said, though for a different purpose from that for which we quote him, 'unless you can *permanently* occupy some portion of its territory, disorder its industry, or disturb its government. If you can strike at its capital, if you can take away some of its immense fertile plains, or take possession of those vast rivers which empty themselves into the Black Sea, then indeed you strike at Russian power.' This is so obvious that we cannot believe that the expressions of Lord John Russell are to be literally understood; but if indeed both he and his colleagues have dwarfed their schemes to bring them down to the dimensions of their management—if they are as hasty to conclude an abortive peace as they were slow to begin an inadequate war—then the interests of England are no longer safe in their keeping, and, whatever may be the difficulties attending at present an entire change of ministry, they can and ought to yield to the paramount necessity of a foreign policy in harmony with the expectations and present spirit of the nation.

The most moderate conditions that will afford a fair prospect of protection from the future encroachments of Russia are all that we ought at this moment to demand, but if we are compelled by the continued obstinacy of the Czar to protract the war, a new state of things will probably commence which must end in depriving him of provinces which by timely concession he has it in his power to retain. No pains should be spared to unite Europe in a general league against the common enemy, and
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injustice to one without obliging all to resent it, the feeblest member of the alliance has the strength of the whole ; and, unless some European convulsion broke forth, an effectual barrier would be raised against future encroachments. This is the method to obtain a speedy peace, and to preserve it when it is obtained. Russia, encompassed upon every side, must yield to the pressure, and will thenceforth be unable to break the bounds prescribed to her by Europe. But success in negotiations as in war must depend upon those who conduct them ; and, since men of all parties have supported the Government because this is a national and not a party question, it is not for ministers alone to show themselves wanting in patriotism by permitting their own political and personal predilections to stand in the way of the public weal.

Just as these sheets were being printed off, we received the intelligence that Russia had accepted the Four Points. If our article had been written with a knowledge of this circumstance, we should have endeavoured to enforce the same views we have already expressed, and should not the less have urged the propriety of some change in the Cabinet. We believe, indeed, that there will be greater need than ever for vigilance and firmness. We dread the diplomacy of Russia more than her arms. We are apprehensive that her submission is a device for detaching Austria from the alliance, and for paralysing our preparations for the next campaign. Hostilities, it is affirmed, are not to be interrupted ; but we are alarmed lest the Government should repeat their former errors, and, lulled into false security by the negotiations, should relax in their efforts to provide armaments against the spring. Any such suspension in our efforts would be the height of folly and false economy. The mere pecuniary cost of preparing for war is vastly less than that of war itself, and should Russia really yield to our demands, it will only be because we hold ourselves in readiness to exact what she refuses. In ignorance of the guarantees that will be asked of her, and the amount of the indemnity which will be required for the expenditure we have incurred, we can give no opinion upon the conditions of peace proposed by our Ministers. We trusted them to provide for the contingencies of war, and found ourselves deceived. If, taking advantage of the secrecy with which the negotiations must be conducted, they should again disappoint the reasonable expectations of the public and assent to inadequate terms, they will not, we venture to predict, be able to withstand the storm of reprobation which is justly due to men who, through weakness and incapacity, have betrayed their country.

THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.

- ART. I.—1. *The Assyrian Court, Crystal Palace.* Described by A. H. Layard, Esq., M.P.
 2. *The Greek Court.* 3. *The Roman Court.* 4. *The Pompeian Court.* Described by George Scharf, Esq., Junr.
 5. *A Handbook to the Byzantine Court.* 6. *A Handbook for the Mediæval Court.* 7. *A Handbook to the Renaissance Court.*
 8. *A Handbook to the Italian Court.* By M. Digby Wyatt and J. B. Waring.
 9. *The Alhambra Court in the Crystal Palace.* Erected and described by Owen Jones.
 10. *A Handbook to the Court of Modern Sculpture.* By Mrs. Jameson.
 11. *The Portrait Gallery of the Crystal Palace.* By Samuel Phillips.
 12. *A Handbook to the Court of Natural History.* Described by Dr. C. R. Latham and Professor E. Forbes.
 13. *A Guide to the Palace and Park.* By Samuel Phillips. Illustrated by P. H. Delamotte.
 14. *Geology and Inhabitants of the Ancient World.* Described by Professor R. Owen, F.R.S., F.G.S.
 15. *A Few Words, by way of a Letter, addressed to the Directors of the Crystal Palace Company.* From Samuel Leigh Sotheby.
 16. *The Crystal Palace, considered as a Mercantile Speculation, in a Letter addressed to Samuel Laing, Esq., M.P., &c., &c., Chairman of the Company.* By Samuel Wilson, Alderman.

THE Crystal Palace is in many respects a remarkable undertaking, but more especially in one. All civilized nations have recognised the amusement of the people to be a social and political necessity, or have suffered morally for the neglect. The mighty nations of the Pagan world showed their wisdom in the principle, and their depravity in its application; and even the history of Christian States, in the amusements suffered, if not enjoined, offers but a mournful commentary on the inherent corruption of man; for the mind proves its tendency more unmistakeably in the character of its recreations than of its studies.

It has been reserved for the promoters of the Crystal Palace, first, boldly to build upon that improvement in society for which Christians have hitherto been resigned more to wish than to hope, and, on this extended scale at least, first directly to attribute to a people the power of being amused without the slightest taint of vice, cruelty, or false excitement. Viewed in this light, who can doubt that our Queen did wisely in lending her ennobling presence to the opening of an undertaking which embodies the highest compliment yet offered to a people; while, traced to its true origin, who can forget that the compliment itself—the faith, hope, and charity of which it is compounded—first issued from the right hand of the throne; that the odium the original experiment incurred, and the risk it was supposed to incur, were first borne unflinchingly by the highest personages in the realm, and that it was their generous reliance on the true civilization of the people which first tested and proved that ground on which the Committee of the Crystal Palace have taken their admirable stand?

There are few of our readers with reasonable opportunities and propinquity who have not realised the spell of this remarkable edifice and of its as remarkable contents; and of such few will ever forget the bewildered flutter of the imagination with which they have entered, or the scarcely more subdued exultation of philanthropy with which they have quitted, this new and inexhaustible world of delight. The first visit is made up of the past as well as the present and the future; for, pleasure at recovering the old friend from whom we parted on that 14th day of October, 1851, never, as we thought, to meet again, forms great part of our enjoyment. And if, where the points of attraction in the old palace and in the new are identical, we pronounce them here to be more, and, where they are different, here, for the most part, to be still better, it is with no feeling of depreciation towards that which is gone before, but rather of gratitude that we should have been allowed to greet so much of it again.

The distance, of which we shall speak more hereafter, is the one great, first objection. The transit to Sydenham requires more money, more time, and a greater effort. Yet, when we see the grand edifice, as we approach, resting like a cloud on the horizon, or, touched by rays of morning or evening sun, glowing in lines of burning light—when we reach the forest eminence and perceive that blue line of horizon breasting our eye—when we have looked down on the mighty and misty panorama of London—have gazed above and beyond us at that foreshortened mass of airy structure, seen, as its precursor never could be seen, uninterrupted

interrupted and free against the sky, and have marked the scales of its transparent armour melting into a far more liquid atmosphere,—we feel well disposed to forgive the distance which separates the new Crystal Palace from our homes. The barrier of the entrance also once past, which requires a temporary return to the bustle and flurry of this earth, and that a pleasant reminiscence too, we are wafted into a region still more dreamlike than anything which even fond memory had retained of the past. More than ever are we astonished at the space which lies dim and mysterious before us—more than ever do we wonder at the quantity, not of fire, but of air, which this modern Prometheus has stolen from on high—and still more in character with the unearthly vision are the objects that meet the eye. No sign, at least at first, of the working-day-world here—no angular machinery, uncouth raw material, or gaudy manufactured wares—no things of use only, but not of beauty—but just that mixture of nature and art which gives fresh beauty to each.

And nature first catches the eye—happy as she ever is under the protection of man—all her sweets from all the four quarters gathered together here. Masses of dark American verdure, surmounted with tropical forms, beneath which nestle in fabulous profusion every plant that has been won over to adopt our English soil. Mysterious feathery reeds from Eastern rivers emerging from marble-bound waters, and flat formless leaves resting on their surface. Lines of luxuriant creepers turning formality into grace, and wandering like fancy from space to space on the slightest earthly support, while avenues of orange trees scent the air, and brilliant flowers sparkle from every nook and corner; and, last and loveliest, hundreds of fairy baskets, brimming over with gay colours, and tender redundant streamers of vegetation, each a flower-bed in itself, hang suspended by invisible cobwebs from the ceiling of light.

And now the realms of art open on the view—groves of sculpture, and crowded forms of beauty—some familiar to the sight, but more that are strange. No longer, like nature's gifts, unexacting to the mind, but requiring thought and memory, knowledge and learning; and whetting the appetite for new knowledge and new learning, even while they threaten to overpower the powers of acquisition with the quantity there is to acquire—till on the first visit we look on in bewilderment and almost in despair, for, if all be not a dream, life will never have leisure enough to profit by the opportunities offered. All the yet discovered history of the world, as written on relics of art, is here stored for our amusement or study. The new old world of Nineveh, recovered from the dust to which it had for thousands of years

returned—the image of a stern and perfectly developed pagan civilization now utterly passed away—showing refinements in knowledge which the world has forgotten, and barbarities in life which, to its shame, it has not—the remote progenitor of many a custom still in usage, and most of all, related to us in that art which alone has preserved it to us. Egypt! that ancient of lands, impelled by an overruling destiny to work out her instincts for art in the sublimity of size, and thus rearing up stern and imperishable monuments to point the contrast between her former and latter condition. Greece! with her forms of ineffable beauty, the perfection of which alike transcends imitation and comprehension, and which have served since their restoration to the world as a revelation to all true disciples of art. Rome! with her gallery of intense portrait individuality—the hard-working stoics who built her up, and the effeminate voluptuaries who pulled her down. Pompeii! the very dwelling-place of those who lived through the most momentous period of this world's history, and yet knew it not; and then the long line of Christian monuments of art, their stony stiffness, their vital strength, the timid gropings after truth and nature, the earnest beautiful bud, whether of ideality or reality—the glorious efflorescence of both!

But notwithstanding all the system and study evident in these consecutive periods, the facility offered for viewing a part, if not the whole, the mind does not recover from its pleasant tumult, nor fasten upon any one individual thing. On the first day spent in the Crystal Palace man never is, but always to be blest. Hour after hour finds us in wandering mazes lost—the sport of impressions gone as soon as formed, all rapid, vivid, but fleeting—glancing at what we are to see, tasting what we are to feed upon—all hope fixed upon some future which is to sort the present tangle of the brain. Were we alone in this new land there might be some chance of at once commencing a course of study, of at once referring to those little books which now strangely encumber our hands. But here, more than ever before, we feel that we are not alone, nor that our imaginary class of society is here alone—here, still more than before, we feel how good it is to be brought in contact with multitudes of our fellow creatures, otherwise too seldom met by us except in some form that appeals to pity or censure—multitudes of the humble and the unknown wandering like ourselves through a maze of innocent pleasures, and loving to have them so. Here, more still than in the old Hyde-Park friend, does the heart expand to find itself in a world where there is no longer one law for the rich and another for the poor; where for once there is space enough, and seats
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enough, and air enough (such air!) for all; and from which not only wind and weather are excluded, but every bad passion which intelligent amusement, and harmless enjoyment, and a sense of happiness, and a sense of gratitude can banish from the heart. Here, too, there are not only no misgivings as to the safety of such a commingling of all classes—for the experiment has been tried before, and the people not found wanting—but the very danger that might have accrued from sheer accumulation of numbers, when the immense body of people, as we have seen in Hyde Park, was like an animal too large for its cage; even this danger is obviated. For here, as a vast safety-valve before them, lies outspread a garden, free to the humblest feet, such as even the most spendthrift royalty of bygone despotisms never imagined; with every bounty of nature and appliance of art to tempt a multitude to disperse, and with the finest permanent band of music ever organised in England to gather them together.

Here, too, there is a crowning comfort denied before—the consciousness that there is no day looming like a ruthless creditor in the distance, when the lease will be up, when the ground must be cleared, when, like the baseless fabric of a dream, the glorious vision must dissolve and leave no wreck behind; but, on the contrary, that, all unsubstantial as is the chief material of the pageant, it is destined to endure for a term we need not limit—to receive improvements, encounter changes, and look down, as time rolls on, on wonders as great, and, it is to be hoped, as good as itself. While, therefore, we still summon those whom we love to come and share pleasures which are doubled with them; while we still coax the old and infirm to venture on fatigues we would otherwise prohibit—lest another year should come and find them no more here,—yet we securely trust that the infants now in the cradle will find their way to the Sydenham Palace after we are gone, and their great-grandchildren after them.

And now the first visit has come to an end, and, physically, less exhausted than might be supposed, for the glorious air has refreshed our strength as fast as we have spent it, we turn from the Crystal Palace with hearts full of the grateful conviction that it is destined not only to be a gallery of art and a museum of science—the turning point of a new architecture and the nursery-ground of new resources—but, with God's blessing, the temple of those healthy secular influences which help to work out His will in the civilization of a people.

Such is no fabulous estimate of first impressions in the Crystal Palace; and, although further acquaintance may give a verdict less sweepingly enthusiastic, it will scarcely be less favourable. Meanwhile, though opinions may differ as to those present or
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future wants of the community on which the success of such an undertaking depends, yet few will question that there have been mistakes in the past which contribute to favour its beginning. The well-meaning teachers of the lower orders, and of youth of all classes, for the last quarter of a century, have erred in their estimate of the average human mind. Mechanics' Institutes, lectures, swarms of new publications, and Wylde's Great Globe, have failed in their mission; and a pedantic period has disposed the world to give a warmer welcome to any scheme acknowledging our more poetic tendencies. We comprehend what is meant by instruction, and what is meant by amusement—each taken apart—as well as any people, and none have more perseveringly endeavoured to amalgamate the two; but it has been long our reproach that in the cultivation of a third beautiful element, in which alone their union can be successfully effected, we, of all nations, have been most in arrear. Now, the Crystal Palace is devoted, on a colossal scale, both to that instruction and amusement which, separate or united, various institutions already profess; but, if asked to define its distinctive aim and purpose, we should pronounce it to be the encouragement of that fairest ornament and purest luxury of a land—fine taste. However obvious and unavoidable, therefore, its shortcomings in this respect may be, the intention is in itself a benefit. Not that we are disposed to bow to the imputation just alluded to, of the undue delay of the cultivation of taste among us. One who was no less a poet than a painter has said,—

‘ Too long our isle, though rich in stores of mind,
Proud to be free, scarce deigned to be refined.’

Far, however, from regretting the delay, we imagine its solution to be of a nature for which we may rather be congratulated than reproached. There is as much of necessary precedence and sequence in the scale of a national civilization as in that of Nature's laws of development, though, from various causes connected with human imperfection, the scale may be disordered. Thus one nation, and we need not specify which, may be so hastily and insecurely compounded in its social structure as to be what the French have happily termed ‘*pourri avant d'être mur*;' while another may bear fruit the most beautiful and spontaneous, which must nevertheless be considered as premature. Little may be expected of the people who have tasted the refinements of the arts before they have worked themselves through the successive and stern schools of real civilization. The decencies, the comforts, and the substantialities of life must precede the ornaments—they will never follow. When we muse with
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puzzled hearts over the mysterious deadness of all sense and power for art in that land where its triumphs have been the brightest, we may well question whether the people who have so utterly forgotten what they knew, and so foully neglected what they possessed, could ever really have arrived at that stage of civilization and intelligence on which alone real taste can safely be based. Leaving the historian to prove whether the boasted enthusiasm of the Italian lower orders for certain great works of art be not traceable as much to indolence, superstition, and love of show, as to any form of genuine taste, we are prepared to deny even to the upper classes that ardent and soul-refining admiration which the mere scattered fragments of the great painters of Italy now-a-days inspire, no less than the principles of criticism by which they should be studied. Nor are we prepared to deny without due grounds. Not only the text but the commentators also of those times have descended to us. It is in the writings of the very Cinque-Cento period itself—penned as they were by the light of the greatest works of the world—not the comparative wrecks we now adore, but pure and fresh from the master's hand before their eyes—that we find no evidence either of that enthusiasm or knowledge which prompts the humblest amateur of the present day. Personal communication with and love for the artist did not even lead to genuine love for his art. Castiglione, the companion of Raphael; Lodovico Dolce, the friend of Titian; as well as Bocchi, the eulogist of Donatello; Doni, Borghini,—and others that might swell the list,—are all barren and unsatisfactory alike; mere affected rhapsodists, bent on pompous and far-fetched allusions calculated to glorify their own learning rather than the subject in hand—men who weary us with the coldness of their pedantry and the misapplied emptiness of their praise. We defy any one to extract from these writers, as regards art, one principle of criticism, one spark of emotion, or one grain of sense. Indeed, not only do the rules of sound knowledge and enlightened connoisseurship seem to have been unknown to the educated classes of Italy, but even those commonest laws for viewing the commonest things, which we should now think it superfluous to teach. In an edition of Ariosto* printed at Venice in 1566, the public were thus carefully informed in the preface, 'for the sake of those who know not the rules of painting,' that the woodcuts at the head of the cantos 'are executed with great attention to perspective, and that the figures of the men and horses at the foot of the picture are made larger, and that those towards the top' (or the horizon)

* Orlando Furioso, printed in Venice, 1566, by Valgrisi, edited by Girolamo Ruscelli.

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'are diminished in size. So that the figures which lie flat on the page are to be imagined as standing upright, and the reader, holding the book in his hand, is to understand that those which are lowest on the page are nearest to him.'

With our preconceived ideas of the enlightened taste of that period on matters of art, it is hard to believe that these instructions were addressed to the readers of Ariosto, eleven years before the death of Titian, and two after that of Michael Angelo!

That in the ranks of those writers on art who have led us to form these heretically-sounding opinions we should have excepted Leon Battista Alberti, Leonardo da Vinci, and Vasari, the reader will readily understand; for it stands to reason that, as professors of the arts themselves, they possessed both a love and a knowledge which was no standard for that of the non-professional world around them. It is, however, precisely the non-professional writers who must be our standard for the general existence and diffusion of taste at that time. While, therefore, we value this class of literature as containing historical records of the painter and his works, we should as little dream of applying to it for sound knowledge of art as we should to the writers on chemistry or astronomy of the same age.

The conclusion, therefore, that the period of the highest productiveness of art, and of its most plentiful patronage, necessarily implies that of its purest appreciation, is, we venture to suggest, fallacious. Great artists, like other great men, are born when it pleases God, always at a time when, for some reason, they are wanted, and when their materials most abound, but, as certainly, long before they are entirely comprehended. But true taste has her appointed season, and this may be said never to come round until every other extraneous motive for the encouragement of art has been cleared away. Indeed, if we look at the subject closely, we may doubt whether there ever was or can be any identity of time between pure taste and profuse creation. Nothing but the real feeling can make an artist, but anything but the real feeling may patronise the arts. Taste alone in the demand could never have raised the great Italian schools—more urgent motives were necessary for their support, and more urgent motives there were in abundance in the wants of a people to whom they were letters, instruction, warning, edification, and liberty. Such wants as these had to be fed without stint and without delay; but taste herself is a want which can wait, and even, if necessary, can be let alone. She is to the mind what ornament is to external objects, the essential characteristic of which is, that, however beautiful, it should be superfluous. Gratefully, therefore, as we recognise that intelligent taste

taste for the arts now widely diffused and rapidly increasing among the educated classes of the community, it is rather as the pledge that all its essential precursors in the scale of civilization are already secured to us that we hail its advent. When there is nothing that the arts are wanted to gloss over and conceal, to turn men's minds to or from, then is the time when they are most honourable to a land, and most honoured in themselves. Let us, therefore, no longer accept the reproach, nor join in the lament of an undue delay in the cultivation of taste in this land, but rather rejoice that England has bided her time, and that, by the blessing of our religious and civil institutions, she has not been driven to seek its aid at the cost of sterner but better things. Whether we be ever intended for a great creative people in the way of art is a question which does not belong here; but, meanwhile, the great old masters are fulfilling their boundless mission to a people they knew not of; and it is not too much to say that Raphael and Titian are ours by the right of a far higher worship and more intelligent knowledge than they ever found in their fellow-countrymen.

In dependence on this growing predilection, therefore, it is to the arts in great measure that the Crystal Palace Company have trusted to engage the attention of the public; and, inasmuch as any mistakes in the food can be far easier rectified than any deficiencies in the appetite, it may less be regretted that they have rather under than over-rated the public taste they acknowledge. With all the enlightened purpose to provide a place of entertainment alike desirable for high and low, for which we cannot give them too much credit, a fundamental error seems to have crept into their counsels as to the means by which this was to be effected. The visitor is struck, therefore, by the incongruity with which they have treated the department of art, which is offered on the one hand as a beauteous gift for the homage and study of the enlightened, and on the other as a gingerbread toy for the wonderment, not even the delight, of the vulgar. Under the high-sounding, but now ever ridiculous, name of Polychromy they have introduced an element which may be familiar to the sailor in his figure-head, to the mechanic in his tea-garden, and to the child of five years old in the picture-book he has polychromed for himself, but which is simply a puzzle to the ignorant and a torture to the enlightened. We shall be told perhaps that no such view to the accommodation of all tastes presided over the application of the paint-pot; but this would invalidate their only excuse; for if the investing Egypt and Nineveh in the gaudiest hues of Manchester cottons, if the colouring Anglo-Saxon effigies with a coarseness of illusion

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Madame Tussaud would disdain, and if the transformation of the glorious Panathenaic Procession into a bad Pilgrimage to Canterbury—derogatory alike to Stothard and Phidias—were not intended to please the ignorant, for whom could it have been designed?

Before venturing, however, further to condemn the mistakes of those who have laboured zealously, if not successfully, for our entertainment, we are bound to state something of those principles by which we criticise their labours. The first condition of every art is distinctness in the modes of expression proper to it. Every artist may be considered as having a tale to tell, and the grand essential is that he tell it clearly. In sculpture, where the means of expression are restricted to form and substance, distinctness is commanded by gradation of masses, position of shadows, and variety of surface. In painting—which possesses not only far greater power over light, and shadow, and form, but a full scale of colour beside,—by a strict relation of supremacy and subordination in the employment of those means. If, further, a new form of art be created by the combination of the two, it is again only the purpose of distinctness that can warrant it. A single statue is obviously distinct enough by its mere opposition to the nature of all things around it; nevertheless, to render it the more apparent, we studiously place it before a wall of a different tone, or even before a crimson silk curtain; but a flat relief which, opposed only to itself, is simply white upon white, may for distinctness sake require its ground to be slightly tinted: portions, too, whether in the round or in the relief, may need the accentuation of a line of colour to define a boundary, or explain a form; but the moment that distinctness which is the primary object of all art ceases to be the object even for the most partial union of the two arts, there can be no excuse for the union at all. On what principle, therefore, is the Polychromatist of the Parthenon frieze prepared to defend that application of colour, which has not only obliterated the means of distinctness proper to sculpture, but has supplied none of those proper to itself? Considered as a specimen of plastic art we utterly miss those informing, however delicate, lights and shadows, that intelligible allotment of size, and that expressive variety of surface proper to all sculpture,—and most of all to this unrivalled fragment which issued in restored beauty from Mr. Monti's hands,—while, regarded as a painting on the flat surface to which it is reduced, the eye is offended by a combination of crude and heavy colours, all so equal in their distinctness to the sight, that no one part can be said to be distinct at all. It is true that the horses are painted alternately of different colours, and that the colour of the ground

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is equally dissimilar, but if, as we have admitted, a white mass require a coloured ground to be distinguishable, a coloured mass, by the same rule, will require a white ground. When, therefore, as in this perverse hybrid, you have put a mass of heavy colour upon a ground of heavy colour, you have but returned to the same general indistinctness as when you started with white upon white. Even in such portions of this profaned frieze which, by dint of superior lightness or depth of colour may have been intended to be most obvious to the eye, no real meaning is conveyed. What analogy, we would ask, to hair is seen in those gilt bosses which repudiate equally the lines of sculpture and the colours of painting? Or what is understood by those dense black patches, which have not even the merit of being discernible—for they are undistinguishable against the heavy blue ground at a distance,—by which the artist has sought to convey here the crest of a helmet, and there the hoof of a horse? Surely if painting have the power of suppressing what is superfluous, she would hardly begin with the head and feet.

As to the ancient authority which is quoted for this incongruous jumble, wherever it is wrested against the higher teaching of the feeling and the eye, it ceases to be authority at all. There is no question that the Greeks did apply colour to sculpture, but only for that object of distinctness which was the source of all their beauty. When a row of figures, as in the pediments of their temples, ran the risk of being undistinguishable against the white ground, the tympanum was tinted with that slight degree of colour sufficient to relieve them; but there the artist stopped, for his purpose was accomplished. In an Epigram attributed to Virgil, the statue of Love is described with the tinted wings and quiver peculiar to the representations of that God—and here again the motive of distinctness may be assigned as defining these excrescences to be mere accessories, and not integral parts of the figure. As to the colouring of the figure itself as practised by the Greeks, there are truly in the notices handed down to us things hard to be understood; but of this we may be sure, that, even if they did amalgamate the two arts, they had but one aim. Praxiteles' work might be made over to Nicias to tinge, but both had the same feeling of beauty in the execution, and the same object of distinctness in the end; both knew, also, that where there was ideal beauty in the forms, there should be ideal beauty in the colour, or none at all.

And now, having defined the first object in art to consist in distinctness, which implies the setting forth of one part more than another, the question next occurs as to what it is that should be made thus distinct; nor have we far to go for a forcible lesson

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on this chapter. Surely, if conspicuousness to the eye were the end proposed, those two Egyptian giants were prominent enough in all conscience, without the help of polychromy. These were about the last objects in the Crystal Palace which ran any risk of being overlooked by the public. Before their colossal proportions the polychromatist might have safely rested from his labours. All that should have been done for them was to have let them alone in their enormity, and allowed their true characteristics—the sublimity of their size and the negative grandeur of their expression,—to speak for themselves; or, at most, to have added those scorched granite hues which have been painted on the original by the heat* of thousands of suns. But no; such a capacious field for the exercise of polychromy was not to be neglected: if it be right to paint the lily and gild refined gold, the larger the scale on which the operation is conducted the better. Red, blue, and yellow were, therefore, ordered by the hogshead; first, second, and third coatings of raw house-paint were poured in (for Memnons of plaster are thirsty souls), till at length the beau ideal of the new art was attained, and Gog and Magog sit there, shorn of half their size by the staring propinquity of their colours, and with no expression left in their features but that of a grin of delight at the gay clothes in which they are attired.

But in one respect, at all events, the polychromatist will urge, we have worked according to the laws you have just laid down. Do us justice in our Norman arches, and observe the unity of principle which now prevails. Far from sacrificing one iota of the expression proper to them, we have so far brought it out by our paint-brushes, that barbarity of colour has been superadded to barbarity of form, and, thanks to polychromy, what was simply grotesque is now unmitigatedly hideous. Alas, too true! but this is the unkindest cut of all. Even the humblest country visitor will wince here: the Norman arch in his village church is associated with the play of his youth and the rest of his age, and many an hour has he studied those delicate interlacings which are now cut up into flaunting modern ribbons, and pondered over those strange figures, vague and mysterious to him as the age to which they belong, which are now transformed into common but ill-favoured seamen, with red-striped Guernsey shirts and blue trowsers. Of all the vagaries of the polychromatist this, it must be confessed, is the most puzzling. There is no doubt that by putting light colour into the hollows of architectural ornaments, and dark colour on to the projections; that by intersecting relieved mouldings running one way, by patterns of colour running another, you may invert the intention and counteract the effect of the design as completely as if the object
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were viewed through a pseudoscope; there is no doubt that by such a process the very swallow might be bothered where to build its nest, and the sun where to cast its shadow; but *cui bono?* is all one can say: it was hardly worth while building a Norman arch for that.

Would that our strictures on this head could cease here! but there is an offender at the north end of the building who rears too unblushing a front to be overlooked. If Byzantium be barbarous, and Egypt savage, old Nineveh is absolutely ferocious—there is something in this untameable gaudiness which suggests the idea of a wild beast. We feel this to be the very ‘Assyrian who came up like a wolf to the fold.’ One shudders to think of the generations that groaned beneath the yoke of these sanguinary reds, implacable blacks, and cruel blues—each to the appalled imagination the type of some blood-thirsty monster who tortured his victims as they do us. Where also is the authority for them? Mr. Layard’s little book, written for the Crystal Palace, professedly explains, but literally condemns, all this vulgar fury of the brush. He describes the colouring of Nineveh to consist in ‘precious woods,’ ‘ivory’ and ‘gilding,’ ‘cedar, metal plates, sun-dried bricks, highly glazed or enamelled tiles.’ He mentions ‘immense numbers of coloured bricks found in the ruins,’ ‘terra cotta cones, with bases of different colours, embedded in clay, the bases being left outwards so as to form a kind of mosaic,’ ‘dentils covered with blue enamel,’ &c. What analogy, we would ask, have the colours of such materials with the crude lines and masses which affect to reproduce them? When did the brightest colouring of wood, metal, marble, terra cotta, glazed earth ever sanction the faintest approach to all this distracting discord so pompously set forth as their restoration? Again, we are told in Mr. Layard’s narrative of the effect of grandeur and solemnity produced by the great human-headed and winged monsters which guarded the entrances, between which the armies of Sennacherib went out to war and returned with their captives or spoil! We read also that such was the awe which the first-discovered colossal head inspired amongst the natives, ‘who believed it to be the head of one of their prophets or of an evil spirit, that it led to a temporary suspension of the excavations.’ But where, we would ask, is the connection between the ideas thus conjured up and the bedizened nondescripts which support this wonderful restoration of Nineveh? Strange and ridiculous as these monsters are, it is stranger still that the gentlemen who painted them up should for one instant imagine that any one in his senses would believe in them. Colonel Rawlinson might just as well improvise an advertisement

tisement for Jullien's concerts and try to pass it off on us as a translation of the hieroglyphics.*

As to the slabs in the interior, Dr. Waagen, in his description of the original monuments, dwells particularly on the correct laws of relief observable in them. But there is only one class of visitors who will discover the slabs in the Nineveh Court to be really relieved at all, and that is the blind. Their sense of touch may ascertain the inequality of the surface; but those driven to trust to their eyes only in the examination of works of art will take these famous restorations for nothing more than a flat wall painted, and that not precisely in a style calculated to atone for the sacrifice of the relief; for the same anti-Eastern gaudiness prevails here which characterises their gigantic neighbours. The remark of a neat little country maiden, 'These men look as if they 'd got on clean white pinafores,' is about the highest praise that can be bestowed on them.

The more one contemplates this great eyesore of the Crystal Palace—and unfortunately there is no avoiding it—the more must we wonder that any artists could be found to execute it. Want of time may be justly pleaded, and readily admitted, for many a deficiency, but no time at all is required to feel that your teeth are set on edge, and that your instrument is out of tune. Instead of too little time these gentlemen had infinitely too much, and, since taste could not stop them, it is pity want of leisure did not. It is not a question of colour or no colour, but only of how it should be applied; and though the experiment is, to a certain degree, new here, it has been settled over and over again elsewhere. The commonest village in Italy will decide the eye as to the principles of harmony; or, to come nearer home, it needs but twelve hours' journey to Paris to show us the successful union of architecture and colour in the new church of St. Vincent de Paul—entirely the work of M. Hittorf—or in the old chapel of Mary of Medicis in the Luxembourg. One thing should have been obvious at the beginning, and strictly kept in view all along, that in their, at best, very venturesome attempt to combine the forms of antique sculpture and mediæval architecture with colour, they had to deal not with the ivory, marble, or fine stone of the originals, all highly favourable to refinement of tone, but with a material the most coarse and intractable, viz., common plaster. The aim, therefore, had they really had the slightest deference for the authority they quote, should have been to apply only those

* It is solely of the colouring that we speak. Of the general merits of the restoration, which at least does great credit to the ingenuity of the able and accomplished gentleman who devised it, we may possibly have something to say hereafter in connection with the entire subject of Nineveh.

encaustic or tempera colours which antique usage sanctioned, and those, considering the untowardness of the material, with a discreet and sparing hand. Whereas the real history of all this offence is, that common plaster of Paris has been soaked with common house-paint, and forms, sacred to our imaginations, defiled with raw unbroken reds and yellows, and particularly with a blue, which, so far from being warranted by ancient authority, was only invented a few years since, and has, from its crudity, already palled on the public.

We turn willingly to another subject, though it cannot be entirely disengaged from that we have been considering. The courts of the Crystal Palace are real novelties, and considering the shortness of time allowed for their preparation, and the succession of experiments indispensable in the formation of structures untried before, the result is entitled to the highest eulogium. No contrivance for the separation of the different departments of interest, for the concentration of the attention, and for its relief, could have been happier. These courts may be considered as scenic effects, made up, more or less with the aid of the artist's fancy, from various models, but, with the exception of Pompeii and the Alhambra, not professing to be the imitation of any particular building. Nor will either of these two stand a scrutiny as to more than partial correctness; Pompeii being as much too large as the Alhambra is too small; each also ought to change places with the other, for the Alhambra has no business between Greece and Egypt, nor Pompeii between the mediæval screen and the Sheffield enclosure with the fascinating row of looking-glasses. Both, however, with their soft, subdued light, cool seats, and beautiful materials, are charming places of retirement from the rays of a Crystal Palace midsummer sun, and will be more so when the fountains play; and if neither be faithfully represented, no harm is done to those who can see the originals, and less to those who cannot. Literal correctness is indeed out of the question, and nothing is gained by the pretence of it. The public are none the better for those dark closets in Pompeii, which they take for strangely inconvenient butler's pantries, and wonder, as we heard a facetious livery-coat observe, 'how the servants could see to wash up;' while some one will some day be much the worse for that invisible step which all stumble at, up or down. If we were in the counsels of the Company, we should level the floor, throw open the black holes, and devote the space to a collection of those smaller works of art appropriate in a Pompeian room.

The walls of the Pompeian court offer no external attraction, but those of the Alhambra are a happy example of the real object to be attained in applying colour to architectural decorations.

tions. It matters not whether the original intention was to imitate the effect of carpets or tapestries depending from roofs or balconies; at all events, the intention of the arabesque patterns and reliefs themselves is seen with the greater distinctness for their hollows being intensified with colour; while as to the colour, however raw and gaudy in itself, it is so subdued by the small and separate fragments in which it is applied, and by the shadow of the reliefs cast upon it, as to present only those harmonious, broken tones agreeable to the eye. And here it must be remembered that this is the only instance in the Crystal Palace where there is some identity in material between copy and original. The lacework ornamentation of the walls of the Alhambra is only of stucco, and, doubtless, the original application of colour to it was mainly dictated by the knowledge that no beauty of surface was sacrificed by the process.

The Greek and Roman courts are commodious and refined resorts, holding and setting forth their contents with space and dignity. The painted decorations also of the inner walls are light and tasteful, but we cannot help demurring at the colouring of the mass of outer wall facing the nave. The inharmonious effect of this portion we are inclined to account for on the principle that, to ensure a pleasant appeal to the eye, the light colours, on which it instinctively first rests, should be warm, and the dark ones cool. Sir Joshua Reynolds so far upheld this principle both in theory and practice as to provoke Gainsborough to prove, in his famous 'Blue Boy,' that the rule might have a most successful exception. But the principle, if not stringent as regards the mixed and modelled execution of a picture, would seem to apply when mere flat local colours are in question. At all events a mass of dark brown or claret against a light grey or blue, as in the wall of the Grecian and other courts, is felt to be unsatisfactory to the eye, on the ground of its being first carried to the cold and dull tints.

As a specimen at which no stone of objection can be thrown, we are glad to draw attention to the façade of the Renaissance Court, than which nothing can more perfectly exemplify the compatibility of architecture and colour, and which is one of the most beautiful objects in the Crystal Palace; the cause of success here, as compared with the failures around, being, we apprehend, the preponderance of white, against which the tenderest colouring tells with a brilliancy otherwise unattainable. This is the secret of another form of olden art, as compared with the wretched modern imitations of it, viz. of old painted glass, in which a profusion of white will be invariably found to prevail. No intense scale of colour is needed where the artist starts with a ground of that which represents light itself: any colour is a
contrast

contrast to that which is no colour at all. This was the secret with Turner: light was his prevailing element, and every colour told, jewel-like, against it. On this principle also some of the most exquisite effects in natural objects are produced. How sharply delicate, for instance, are the veins in the pure white marble with which they contrast, yet what mere shadows, when considered separately! Here, on this façade, so light a colour as gold is the chief and sufficient relief, the contrast against the white being infinitely more vivid than the opposition of the intensest reds and blues of equal value.

Any representation of the Renaissance style conjures up sweet visions of forms, the amalgamation of which has been the work of centuries. The luxuriance of this growth of true architectural grace was ripened beneath the native sun of modern Italy; but its roots lay deep in the antique sarcophagus of a bygone period;—its strength was derived from the one—its vitality from the other—its ineffable beauty and elegance from the union of both. All Italy has a spell to the imagination and the eye, but we feel those scenes to be most Italian where this style prevails. As applied to this Court, however, the Renaissance style is excusably illustrated by a façade from that country whence the word, though not the thing, originally dates. The Hotel Bourgtheroulde at Rouen, one of the glorious works of the Italian architects under Francis I., has supplied all but the frieze of this elegant structure, and in the able renewal of the beautiful details which had succumbed to time and weather, we are, for once, presented with a real restoration. The little vestibule, or loggia, through which the visitor passes into the Court, was invented, we believe, for the occasion. It is designed in the style of the façade, and is light and graceful; but the coloured decorations of the ceiling—the little genii and the medallion portraits—are not calculated to raise our opinion either of the inventive or executive powers of the present day.

The Italian Court, though less peculiarly Italian to our feeling than the preceding, is not quite so successful in effect of colour. We learn that a liberty has been taken here, and that this façade, copied from the Farnese Palace, which is of the colour of the Travertine stone of which it is built, in other words of *stone* colour, 'has been fictitiously coloured in imitation of different marbles, so as to give the public the opportunity of judging of the effects so frequently produced in Italian architecture, both externally and internally, by the use of particoloured materials.' Though not unpleasing as a whole, we see the result of that arbitrariness in principle of action which has disfigured so many objects. The imitation of the *rosso antico*, which

forms the greater portion of the façade, is not agreeable; and the pale tones opposed to it are insufficient to give value to the quantity of warmth. Where, however, there has been a positive object to copy, as in the painted walls of the interior, which represent Raphael's arabesques in the Vatican, the effect is most agreeable, and the workmanship, as, indeed, with almost all these undertakings, very clean and careful. We miss, however, the pleasingly-subdued and unshiny effect which characterises the fresco or tempera material of the original,—a quality which, we believe, there is no difficulty in attaining, even with oil colour. Indeed it is admirably attained in a neighbouring work—the fac-simile of the ceiling of the 'Camera della Segnatura,' behind the Italian Court—which is one of the unique boons to the public to which particular attention is due: as a perfect rendering of the original, and also of the harmonious effect of fresco, it leaves nothing to be desired.

In taking a rapid survey of the interior of the Italian Court, we are at a loss to account for the introduction of English mottoes over the doors. Considering that these doors profess to be a direct imitation from the Vatican, both in form and decoration, it surely would have been more appropriate to have retained the original inscriptions. In a building where the Pope and Father Gavazzi are placed together in the friendliest juxtaposition, the public had nothing on the score of 'Popish tendency' to apprehend from a few Latin abbreviations regarding 'Sexto Pio—Pont. Max.' or some other pontiff. As it is, the English sentiments which have taken their place, 'Love thy neighbour,' 'Be just, and fear not,' 'Knowledge is power,' and 'Manners makyth the man,' however desirable to instil into the people, chime in as little with any notion of Raphael's day as with the painted decorations which surround them. We expect as much accuracy in the professed copy of a painted surface as in a cast from one relieved; and need only glance at the original incised inscriptions on the casts from the Doric doors, back to back with these in the Italian Court, to see how these accurate details complete the unity of the general effect.

Of the other Courts, as such, on this eastern side of the Palace, we can attempt no description. Our, at best, most irregular survey of this great building is limited necessarily to its salient points and general effects. In some of these enclosures the contents constitute the very structure; and it is on this account that the Byzantine and Romanesque, or what we call the Norman Court, is one of the most interesting, because the most genuine. The cloistered arcade, with the Shobden and Kilpeek doors, and the
doors

doors of the Prior's Entrance at Ely, the shafts of which, with their sculptured droilleries, are like the initial letters of many a contemporary missal, reflect the highest credit on those who planned and executed, and also on those who did *not* paint these by no means inconsiderable structures. But the object most worthy of attention, in point of beauty, in this enclosure is the open screen, dividing the Court from the gallery behind, consisting of a compartment of the cloister of St. John Lateran; the delicate twisted shafts of which, with bands of mosaic work, not counterfeited, but repeated in their original integrity, stands among all the grand but ruder objects around, like the turning-point between strength and grace,—that turning-point which occurred so much earlier in the south than in the north, as to save this screen from being an architectural anachronism in the company surrounding it, though it looks such. The beautiful mosaics will, perhaps, recall to the untravelled visitor one of the only specimens of mosaic work in this country—that on the tomb of Edward the Confessor in Westminster Abbey—and may be considered as the standard of what that was, the more so as both the mosaics in St. John Lateran and those in the Abbey were executed by the same school, and probably by the same family.

The Mediæval Court has the double disadvantage of having commanded fewer genuine materials for its formation, and those of a generally unattractive character. It is more of a *Pasticcio* than any other; and though in so far the merits and trouble of the superintending artist may have been greater, yet they have not sufficed to render over-florid architecture and inferior sculpture more palatable to the taste. We pass from this to the Elizabethan Court, which as a sample of what is most to be avoided in principle and detail, is wisely confined to a small space. Discarding the expiring weakness of the Gothic, which showed its senility in an incrustation of ornament it had not strength to throw off, and borrowing from the Renaissance only its liberty, this transition style stands here as a specimen of a vitality which animated, it is true, what was new in art, but only what should ever be new in art. A wall, covered to all appearance with Dutch tiles, is surmounted with a jagged frieze of half-moons and javelin-heads, intended, it would seem, to answer the modern purpose of broken bottles, while the arched arcade which divides the court reminds us, both in form and colouring, of a careful structure of mottled soaps. Multifarious are the reasons which may be assigned for the long depression of architecture and the formative arts in England, from which the country is but now emerging; but it is certain that Queen Elizabeth, who lies here in virgin majesty beneath the soaps, was so far

the natural predecessor of the Puritans inasmuch as she erected bad architecture while they pulled down good. The word 'Elizabethan' is often applied in ignorance to the beautiful Tudor structures which preceded her; but a true example, like this, of her own characteristics—that union of two incompatible styles which is rightly designated as the 'Romanized Gothic'—will hardly find favour with a cultivated eye, except for archaeological and historical reasons. It is worthy of note, that though Parliament, in summoning a competition among the architects for the erection of our new Houses of Parliament, left them at liberty to choose between the Gothic and Elizabethan styles, yet, in the plans exhibited, the Elizabethan was without exception discarded, not only from its little assimilation with the adjacent buildings, but, as an eminent architect expressed himself, 'from its being at variance with every principle.'

It is time to give some description of the separate and more interesting contents of these courts, and of the galleries behind them—very superficially, it is true, for anything like systematic detail would exceed all limit of an article. They are chiefly comprised under a class of objects more conspicuous in number and variety than any other in the Crystal Palace. For among the multifarious objects to which this immense space is applied, that of presenting a complete museum of Sculpture stands foremost in completion and promise. Sculpture is the only art which enjoys the prerogative of being fairly represented in the absence of its originals. Preserved through time by the durability of its materials, it can be repeated in the cheapest and yet most dependable form; and the gathering together of every example of the art yet known in the world was merely a question of accommodation which the union of glass and iron has now supplied. The eye may, therefore, now travel along the whole course that sculpture has yet run, reading in its records the salient features of each nation which has developed it, and beginning with the exclusive instincts of the nation which created it. When we take a general view of the specimens of antique sculpture in the Crystal Palace, numerous as they are, and comprising two-thirds perhaps of that which is yet known to the world, it is with a mournful sense of the perishableness of all things that we remember that, of the fertile harvests of art which once covered the Greek Isles, this is almost all that remains. From that vast quarry every motive of gain, rapacity, superstition, vanity, parade, and, lastly, taste, have helped themselves—and all, but the last, unsparingly—during a space extending over more than two thousand years. Piety has stolen, barbarity has plundered, conquerors have levied, brutality has destroyed; cities have been
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decked with spoils that have vanished as utterly as themselves; Rome and Byzantium have carried off with rude hands what they have been stripped of with ruder hands again. Sackings, and fire, and dark ignorance have swallowed up what pride had preserved, and greediness overlooked, and even time, the great destroyer, though here the least, had respected. Antique statues have been smashed in pieces to mend roads, or ground into dust to make mortar. Ivy and creeping plants have for ages overgrown the Penthellic quarries, while temples have been stripped of their wrought materials to build up the mushroom houses of modern times. Every one's hand has been against them, till what reverence has rescued are but the infinitesimal fragments of what are for ever gone. Yet such is the imperishable virtue in these scattered relics—such the inextinguishable heat in these ashes of the olden fires, that the spirit which has animated all subsequent plastic art has gone forth from them alone, and whatever can be called sculpture at all is descended from what the world has retained of the ancient Greek. We may sit, therefore, in this court, thronged as it is with forms of beauty and sublimity, and muse over that chosen people in whose hands the most perfect practice of art seems to have been but an easy handicraft, and in whose hearts its deepest philosophy but a natural instinct. Mysterious that revelation of plastic poetry to a race whose gods and goddesses in their fable and verse were simply bad men and women, and yet in their marble pure, immortal, and divine. In this material, at all events, the so-imperfect ideal god became the perfect natural man—every human energy and beauty exhibited—every human weakness and deformity concealed—no doubt apparent in the grand image that he was not Lord of the Creation, no sign that he was not lord of himself—a being who justified the homage he received.

It may be doubted whether any nation can be great sculptors who are not, in the sense of hero-worship, idolaters. Christianity is one great interdict to the glorification of man: humility, weakness, suffering, and self-denial, would make but poor types for the exercise of plastic powers. In two ways the exchange would tell to the disadvantage of art; for, while the finest subjects of the Greek—the grand undraped pride of the eye—are forbidden to the Christian on religious grounds, the unworthy subjects of the nominal Christian were equally repudiated by the Greek on artistic grounds. Not that we are unmindful of the noble and touching works which Christianity has especially inspired in a Flaxman, or which a pure classical taste is now inspiring in various sculptors that might be named; but this much may be said, that, but for the unrestricted field given, originally,
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to the perfect artist but unregenerate man, the full powers of sculptural representation could never have been developed, nor its proper limits defined. Nor is there anything in this apparently necessary connection between the highest art and idolatry to be interpreted, by those who love to reconcile the ways of God to man, save as the good which He is ever bringing out of evil—the gracious gift to those who otherwise walked in darkness,—and a standing lesson in the history of the world that, however the arts may be devoted to the service of religion, it is only idolatry, as we have hinted before, that can absolutely need them.

It is difficult to follow any systematic plan of enjoyment in the fascinating enclosure of this Greek Court. The eye roves from beauty to beauty—now wrapt in some mystery of deliberate grandeur, now caught by some marvel of momentary action. There is the grand Venus of Milo, whose dignity no mutilations can attain, and who, in her conquering attitude, shows an absoluteness which renders her supremacy not only irresistible, but respectable. No other Venus to equal her here, though they stand around her in close rivalry of loveliness and command, as if awaiting another judgment of Paris. Here is the fighting Gladiator—every muscle strained—the whole man flung from his centre in an action the laws of gravity forbid him to sustain—all the energy in the very moment, and in no more; and there the Discobolus of Myron—every limb delicately poised, with a relaxation of muscle more difficult to counterfeit than the tightest tension—all the energy in the moment that is to come. Further on, the Diana of Arles, with the energy, past, present and future; instinct with life, fleetness, and swiftness, to the very curled hem of her drapery, like a bird to the tip of its plumage. And there the Mercury, seated with indescribable ease and grace, yet ready to rise and skim along the air; for one needs scarcely remark those clasps under his feet which attach the talaria to his heels to perceive that the soles of those feet were never meant to touch the ground.

Among the larger works for which the English public is indebted, as a whole, to the Crystal Palace, is the Family of Niobe—thirteen figures together, larger than life. A Greek could alone execute this work, but a Christian invests it with feelings to which a pagan in the same degree was not sensible. He selected it as a fitting subject by which to commemorate one of the triumphs of Apollo; we view it in the light of a domestic tragedy, and that one of the deepest pathos. The intense isolation and self-sufficingness which characterises antique sculpture, which separates one subject from another, and all from one great portion of our sympathies, is wanting here. It is something new
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in Greek art, and to us inexpressibly attractive, to see weakness and helplessness portrayed—beings looking beyond themselves in despair, and forgetting self in the impulse to save another. The uncertainty regarding the real limits of the group which has restricted it to these thirteen figures—Niobe with six daughters and five sons, and the pedagogue—has accidentally, perhaps, increased the sense of an exclusively domestic scene. Nor would the outstretched body of the dead Niobid, nor the beautiful kneeling and much debated figure called the Ilioneus, interfere with the feeling; but the introduction of the two wrestlers—supposed to be sons of Niobe caught in the moment of pugilistic sport—and of the figure mounting a horse, would materially disperse our sympathy. In this view Mr. Cockerell's ingenious conclusion that the group occupied the pediment of a temple, as in the arrangement before us, and which leaves no room for the doubtful figures, but concentrates the interest to the mere terror-stricken family, appears at first sight the most complete and natural to a modern eye. Too much so, we venture to suggest, to be true. We incline to the view taken by an ingenious writer,* that the story, as it is, wants a meaning. We see not—what a Greek sculptor would never have omitted—the cause for the terror. The group of the Laocoon might as justly have been represented without the serpents as that of the Niobe without a corresponding motive. Granting that something is falling on them from above—it may be hail, fire, or ashes from a volcano; but nothing shows the direct arrows of offended gods. Granting even that the arrows were originally there, who has hurled them? The Greek artists never rendered their divinities invisible; the whole object and secret of the art was their impersonation. Apollo and Diana must, therefore, be admitted—placed somewhere on an eminence above the group, and accounting for the upward appeal of many of its members. This in a pediment would be obviously impossible. The execution of the figures also, and the delicate and comparatively unmade-out draperies, are not calculated for effect at a great height. We are disposed to acquiesce in the same writer's conjecture that the group comprised originally a far larger number of figures, and was placed in the hallowed precincts of the Temple,† on ground adapted to its representation; forming, not a straight line relieved by any background, but an open scattered party, as we see on a smaller

* Kunstblatt, 1830, p. 251 *et seq.*

† It is well known that the Greeks placed statues in the sacred precincts of their temples. When the Gauls attempted to attack the Temple of Delphi they were frightened by the multitude of figures before it, whom they took for gods.

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scale, numerically speaking, in the group close by, called the Toro Farnese.

This last-named splendid work is another unique boon to the public, only one cast having been taken from it before. Though not placed in the Greek Court, it belongs to the same category, as, whatever the restorations, sufficient remains to assign it to the finest period of art. Doubts have been raised by modern critics regarding even the subject of this work, which, as Pliny describes it, seem superfluous. But this uncertainty in no way interferes with the effect produced. The Mazeppa-like fate of the guilty Dirce is only prospective, the real interest is the subjugation of a wild and furious animal by human strength and energy. In this respect the intellectual vigour of Greek art could afford to part with one of the most formidable elements in the contest—the size of the bull,—which is here, for artistic reasons, greatly diminished, without diminishing in any way the sense of its resistance.

Another antique work of similar dimensions, and equally novel to the English public, is the group of the Colossal Dioscuri from the Monte Cavallo, which are conspicuous in the great transept. These Colossi enjoy the unfortunate distinction of having always been above ground, and so far the more exposed to the turns of fortune. Great have been their mutilations and restorations in the ordinary revolutions of time, men, and things; but their chief defacement is attributable to the actual journeys they have performed. Removed at various periods from one part of Rome to another—from the portal of the temple built after the battle of the Lake Regillus ‘unto the Twin Great Brethren who fought so well for Rome,’ to the Quirinal Hill before the baths of Constantine, by Constantine the Great; and then to their present place before the Quirinal Palace, by Sextus V.; the relative positions of men and horses have not only been shifted and altered to suit modern tastes and architectural purposes, but, it is believed, men and horses have been exchanged altogether; so that Pollux now leads Castor’s steed, and *vice versâ*. This would account for the awkward position of the animals towards their leaders, which will be obvious to many an eye learned in this, though in no other part of the subject. It becomes, therefore, a question whether the Company would not do well, considering the comparative ease with which their Colossi can be moved, to try the experiment of exchanging the horses, and also such other alterations as might restore the real beauty and intention of the originals.

Returning to the Greek Court, and passing on from the Niobe,
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the visitor runs an almost painful gauntlet between a row of objects, among which it is almost as difficult to advance as to halt. He pauses before the statue of Antinous, so much more divine than his attendant Genius; pores over small bas-reliefs of dancing figures—each a fountain of living art in itself—lingers entranced before that heavenly apparition in a halo of transparent drapery, who is descending, or condescending, to the sleeping Endymion; glances along a wall hung with morsels and fragments to which history can give no name, and for which art needs none; tracing in each that school from which modern Italy drew her inspiration, and which in its refined decorum—the only morality of art—was purposely fitted to guide the purity, the fervour, and the ignorance of Christian art; nay, in some cases identifying the very forms which have served as models: here, a figure all fluttering with heavenly speed, which, transposed by a Christian hand, became an announcing angel; and there, graceful maidens with musical instruments, who need but wings to convert them into adoring Seraphim.

It is here, with the eye saturated with beauty, that something like justice can be done to our matchless Elgin marbles. No matter how the taste may have risen with what it feeds on, Phidias still stands on a pinnacle above it. There lie those Fates—or whatever these figures may represent—like the petrifactions of a higher order of beings, headless, armless, footless, yet with that plenitude of grandeur in their rich ample laps which alike defies annihilation and analysis. Happy the artist, and modest and wise, who can study these unrivalled remains; mark their strength and glory, their truth and delicacy—follow the magical rendering of the form, trace the exquisite flow of the drapery, and so far forget all thoughts of self as to return home with inspiration in his heart and not despair.*

Pausing for a moment among the antique Greek portrait-busts—beings midway apparently between gods and men—living symbols of Poet and Hero, rather than dead realities; Homer, majestic and abstracted, with those downcast, sightless orbs through which all generations since have seen; Alexander the Great, grand and fiery, with upward gaze as if defying the sun itself to dazzle the offspring of Jupiter; busts, apocryphal it may

* Since beginning this article, tidings have reached this country of the excavation of 300 antique statues or fragments of sculpture on the site of the temple of Juno at Argos. We learn also that the Greek government will permit casts to be taken of these objects. With the spirit the Company have shown in obtaining casts of antique sculpture known hitherto but to the few, it may be anticipated that they will be the first to obtain casts of what are new to all alike—at least of such as best represent the new discoveries. No museum in the world is so fitted to welcome the new comers as this.

be, but what was convention to the Greek is truth enough for us—pausing but for a moment, where the visitor will do well to linger long, we enter the Roman Court, and find ourselves at once in a different atmosphere. Here the lapse of time no longer interposes a halo and a mystery; here we cease to commune with beings over whom is shed the grace of a life that is gone. The Roman is in us and of us yet—the lapse of ages between us has left him modern still. He it was who separated us from that beautiful antique world which was as foreign to him as to ourselves, and far less sacred. Here we see the men with whom the instincts of beauty and the reign of ideality ceased, but with whom the hard practical work and system of this world of ours began: progenitors of all that appertains to real business and action in the later races of Europe, and more especially in our own; for there is more of family likeness between these matter-of-fact physiognomies and ourselves than to the modern Italians who have inherited their soil and their sun, as there is also far more analogy between our respective positions. The Roman patrician of the vigorous times of the Empire had many points of coincidence with the English gentleman of the late and present day. He was free and he was wealthy—he was educated at a public school—was skilled in eloquence—took part in the making and administration of the laws—made his own will—washed his person—and dined—for his supper was his principal meal—late in the day. And there is no mistaking the analogy in all kinds of faces and in the most opposite men. Julius Cæsar—close shaven, eager and wiry, the man who never rested and never grew fat—is the true Englishman; and would that we had more like him in high places now! Augustus—grand, solemn, and thoughtful, one of the finest heads in the court—is the stiff, cold English senator all over. Antoninus Pius—a splendid head, upright-looking, gentle and just—is positively like Lord Shaftesbury. Marcus Aurelius—the type of a magnificent guardsman—would turn any modern Zenobia's head. Commodus—the handsome vicious youth—is exactly the tyrant upper boy at Eton or Harrow; while Trajan meets us at every corner of the court serenely smiling, with smooth hair like a self-satisfied Quaker. To such monsters as Nero and Vitellius we would fain repudiate any resemblance; but there is a large class of the old Roman world, with no very salient characteristics at all, who may still be seen alive at this day—some the prototypes of our sturdy magistrates, prosy manufacturers, bankers, brewers, what you will; others like our *blasés* noblemen, ruined spendthrifts, or elegant men of the world—faces jolly and selfish, such as are seen in every London assembly of those who love the good things of this life; and

faces

faces dyspeptic and nervous of those with whom they have disagreed. Refinement of soul is what we seek in vain, and also plain, simple, homespun worth; but if—to our shame be it spoken—we do not miss the higher physiognomical distinctions—that expression which ought more than any other to pervade a race privileged to raise altars to the known, not the unknown God,—it is because these busts prove to us that a life of active occupation, elegant tastes, and personal freedom, will, in the male sex at all events, go far to maintain that semblance of moral dignity which conceals the outward difference between Pagan and Christian, and supplies in appearance the absence of the higher springs of action.

We say the male sex; but if we wish to ascertain the real workings of a godless state of society; if we wish to convince ourselves of its effects on those who rule the rulers, and give laws to the lawgivers, and who, presiding over the very fountains of life, cast either their bread or their poison upon the waters, we have only to glance at the little boudoir which contains the busts of the other sex. Nothing can be more terrible than the tale they tell. No negative characters here, culpable enough towards society even in their nonentity; but women strong to evil, courageous to mislead, ruthless to oppress; the intellectual countenances wicked, the commonplace sensual; all restless, false, and cruel. Here, therefore, ends the fancied analogy between the physiognomies of ancient Rome and modern England—‘*non Anglæ sed Angeli*’ are our countrywomen compared with them. But if we seek for some female physiognomical representative of these imperial ladies, we are reminded of one still existing, which, if not so strong in its markings, is still undeniable in likeness—a woman, like them, semi-Asiatic in descent, lapped in luxury, absolute in power, utterly uneducated, surrounded by slaves, believing in divination, skilled in cosmetics, cruel and capricious, frivolous and intriguing—a woman of whom we should have said the same, war or no war—the Russian fine lady of the present day. But the comparison goes no farther. These elaborate wigs which, in their vain falsity, are in hideous keeping with the countenances beneath, the Russian princess would be the first to repudiate. It was reserved for the Augustas of Rome not to disguise, but rather to reveal, themselves in a coiffure of such indignity, and for the sculptors of their time to perpetuate it. So servile had the glorious art become, that Winckelman tells of a head of Lucilla in marble, which had a moveable wig of the same material. Yet what the reminiscences of Greek art could still achieve is shown in that seated figure of Agrippina, the very model of middle-aged beauty and high-bred

bred ease,—which Canova adopted in his Madame Lætitia—though no exception, in the small and beautiful, but false and avaricious, face, to the depraved standard of physiognomy around.

Interesting, however, as are the contents of the two last-mentioned courts, it is in the Renaissance Court opposite that we must look for the real novelties, as a class, which the Crystal Palace Company have brought together. Casts from the mother antique are comparatively familiar to the public—casts from the daughter Renaissance are comparatively unknown. We are not aware that the link between them—the school of Niccolo Pisano and of those who worked on the sculpture of the cathedral of Orvieto—is included in this great series. Probably these will follow in due time. Meanwhile we may be well content to start with the sculptors of the early part of the fifteenth century.

The fact that sculpture was as much the art of the fifteenth as painting of the sixteenth century has not been admitted into the average standard of the knowledge of art; nor was that to be wondered at while nothing short of a journey to Italy itself could, till now, introduce us to such men as Donatello and Luca della Robbia, nor in any way show their connexion with the standards of high art in painting which have succeeded them. The commonest investigator of art is often struck by the rapid strides in her progress, and by the promise, fulfilment, and decline which, in some schools, will be compressed into half a century. We long to clip her wings, and to spread her glorious youth and maturity over a wider span. But here our wishes are more than accomplished, and the marvel rather is how the feeling which inspired Donatello, born 1383, should not sooner have been followed by the feeling which inspired Raphael, born 1483. Not only is the purity and beauty of the Raphaelesque outline and composition anticipated in these exquisite flat reliefs peculiar to Donatello, but much of the naïveté of expression also. We can conceive nothing more sweet and engaging than the specimens given here of this sculptor: his circular Madonnas, the ineffably graceful profile of some high-bred lady called a saint; and that wonderful little Baptist, *bête* with inspiration,—a child dwelling apart, but as much in its childlike as in its prophetic capacity. Here too, in the centre of the court, is the statue of the same St. John and of the same child, only ten years older, with his tender frame and his earnest rapt face—faith alone there, but no knowledge—

‘Bold to bear God’s heaviest load,
Dimly guessing of the road.’

This figure illustrates what is said, and the only saying to the purpose,

purpose, by Donatello's eulogist Bocchi—that, wishing to ensure the safety of his works for posterity, he restricted his marble statues, as far as possible, to one solid piece, keeping the hands and arms close to the figure, so that no part should present an easily-fractured prominence. This is seen in his *S. Giorgio*, just without the Renaissance Court, another of his pensively grand figures—saint as well as hero—with his arms peacefully folded by and over his shield. Nor may we omit to remark the peculiar position of *S. Giorgio's* legs, wide apart, though united in the one desired piece by the solid shield before them, and which, we may suppose, furnished Perugino with the usual striding attitude of his *St. Michaels*.

Luca della Robbia's singers from the organ-front of the cathedral of Florence is another delightful gift to the public: the solemnity of an ecclesiastical act in those tender white-robed choristers, and the ardour of musical enjoyment in their eager gestures, the freedom of a pagan fête in those naked children, and yet the holiness of nature in their hold on their mother's drapery—all instinct with knowledge, beauty, truth, life, and sound. Strange is the coincidence by which the two most perfect representations of the act of singing were produced at about the same time, each master unconscious of the other's existence; for Van Eyck's angelic choir in the wings of his *St. Bavon* altarpiece, now in the Berlin Museum, must have been painted very shortly before, if not at the same period. The analogies between them in perfection of reality and execution being not more striking than their national differences in the expression of the same act: for Van Eyck's sublime angel-boys sing with knit brows and through closed teeth, while Luca della Robbia's choristers have flung open their mouths with the instinct of true Italians.

The original of this work is in marble, and uncoloured, but of the art peculiar to Luca della Robbia—the figures moulded in terra-cotta, with coloured glazings—though there are specimens here in form, there are none in colour. It is strange that in all the mistaken zeal seen around for applying colour to objects where it is at best superfluous, it should have been omitted in those where it is a principal characteristic.

Though Ghiberti is earlier than either of the foregoing, we have taken the beautiful bronze-coloured casts from his celebrated doors latest in order, from the fact that they alone of all the Renaissance sculpture of this time are comparatively known to the public by means of engravings and facsimiles. Magnificent casts of them exist elsewhere, and perfect bronze duplicates form the doors of the Kasan church at St. Petersburg. We
forbear,

forbear, therefore, to enter into any comment upon them, except as far as pointing out the remarkable illustration they afford of the advance of sculpture before painting at that time. When we look at the ease and grace of Ghiberti's forms and groups, and consider that he was earlier than Fra Filippo Lippi, earlier than Masaccio, earlier even than Fiesole, almost three-quarters of a century earlier than that grand, unformed Titan, Sandro Botticelli—all Florentines like himself, all struggling for the same reality, with the same life around them, and the same antique beside them—one is tempted to conclude that colour must have been an obstruction in art, and not an assistance. Figures move and walk with ease in Ghiberti, which stand still, and that stiffly, in many a painter later than himself.

The reason for this disparity in progress may be suggested in the fact that sculpture was not amenable to those strict ecclesiastic laws which laid traditional fetters upon the sister art. Thus it is intelligible that that ease of movement and grouping which constitutes the picturesque, should have found earliest expression in a plastic form. Indeed, Italian sculpture of the best time can never be said to have been quite independent, or restricted within the confines of its own style. We are not inclined to attribute this to any deliberate deviation from the antique, or to any direct ambition of treating nature in a different way, but how could an art be possibly limited to its own style, when the artist was not limited to his practice of it? Scarcely a sculptor can be mentioned of the Renaissance time who was a sculptor, and nothing more. We trace the practice of the goldsmith, and the eye of the painter in the backgrounds of Ghiberti, and in the colouring of Luca della Robbia; and the amalgamation of sculpture with both these arts, more or less in the picture-like effect of their works and those of Donatello. This amalgamation, which is the key to much of the unspeakable charm of the earlier Italian sculpture, and to the inevitable corruption of the later, is seen more and more as we go round this court, and examine the masters of half a century later. By this time painters had learnt much from sculptors—indeed we seem to have arrived at the boundary when the process began to be reversed; for while these specimens no longer, perhaps, display the freedom of their great predecessors, they show an earnestness of feeling, and simple unconsciousness of pathos which identifies them entirely with the painters of the time. Adoring and singing angels—glorious cherubim, all white though they be, with golden locks;—rapt saints and blissful virgins, bring before us the highest productions of such men as Benozzo Gozzoli, and Lorenzo di Credi. We converse in short with all that most strongly appeals to the heart

heart in such painters, through the medium of sculpture. Nor have their peculiarities been omitted, for a large bas-relief of the Deposition has an extravagance of gesture characteristic of the otherwise stately Crivelli; while close by, in high relief, as if to show that in the greatest composition in the world, sculpture and painting had completely joined hands, is a sculptured version—a close though not exact copy—of Leonardo da Vinci's Last Supper.

The many contributions from the Certosa at Pavia are one of the rich sources of attraction in this court. It is no little boon to have not only specimens of the sculpture, but of some of the loveliest architectural forms in this Treasure-house, given us in their integrity. One of the large windows from the façade, with the candelabra-like columns dividing the two lights, with its wreathed rows of kneeling angels, figures of ecclesiastics, heads of monks, medallions of saints, foliage and fruit, shields and devices, deep cut frieze, and antique cornice, is alone a morning's work. We give the Crystal Palace Company considerable credit for having, as regards their lady visitors, baited this court with specimens of art, which, at the Certosa itself, have the double attraction of being forbidden fruit to them. Not only portions of the tomb of the Founder, but other exquisite fragments—gems of art, and models of the carver's skill—are given here, which have hitherto wasted their sweetness on male eyes alone.

There is no estimating the importance of this richly-stored enclosure in assisting the taste of this country. Many a recently formed collection of pictures shows that the tendency for the highest feeling in art has fairly set in. Nevertheless, with all the liberality of private proprietors of the present day, there would be little opportunity for a large portion of the public to become acquainted with works of this class without the facility afforded by this court. There is no doubt also that the feeling of many of the rising generation is ready to take advantage of this facility. It is a pleasure to see young people turned loose among these monuments, and instinctively preferring what was caviare even to the experienced connoisseur half a century before them—afraid, in the modesty of a first love, to own that of all the art in the Crystal Palace this pleases them the best; and almost awed on discovering that they have that within them which has led them to recognise the true thing. Many a one in future days will trace their first realisation of the mysterious affinity of the best Christian art to the soul, to some sunny, dream-like visit to this building, when impressions were received which time has strengthened and extended, but which never have been sweeter than then.

But

But among all this good company, we must protest against the introduction of those delegates from the tomb of Innsbruck; which, like all foils, are intolerable where no foils are needed. Merits they have of their own, but this is the last place in which there is any chance of finding them out. With the eye once full of Italy, the Alps themselves, as many a tourist has found, are not separation enough to give such a class of subjects fair play. They and the '*Gänse Männchen*,' who with a dirty shirt, and his geese tucked under his arm, looks, on the pinnacle of a beautiful Venetian fountain, as much out of place as any beggar in an elevated position, should be allowed to retire into an humbler sphere.

Michael Angelo claims us next, but the sudden transition is not fair even to him. After an atmosphere all grace and feeling, it is difficult to do justice to one all strength and muscle. Nothing can be more beyond our puny dimensions than the mind and the hand here before us. Nevertheless we have fallen from angels to Titans—from Mount Parnassus to the Island of Lemnos. There were giants in those days—men who, like Michael Angelo, were not only sculptors and painters, but architects, musicians, and poets all in one. Still, they were of the same great family as the masters we have been considering; the difference between them and their forefathers being not in quality, but in degree. But Michael Angelo stands alone. Donatello and Ghiberti, all Florentine as they were, are no links in the chain which led to him. His genealogy of art o'erleaps them, and mounts straight up to the ancient Etruscans, whose only known characteristics, their power and their exaggeration, started to life again, and seem to have found a before unfulfilled development in the great Buonaroti. Strange the constitution of that man's mind, whose works, as the King of Bavaria says in his poems, show neither Pagan repose, nor Christian peace, and in whom sheer power was such an overwhelming and all-levelling element, as to render his ideal part less than spiritual, and his earthly more than animal. His very study of the antique contributed to foster rather than to regulate his ruling passion. Not only his male figures, but his female too, partake of the great Belvedere torso, while any solitary example of exaggeration in a Greek work found favour with his riotous chisel. This we see in his figure of Night on one of the Medici monuments, which was evidently prompted by the Ariadne,—as the reader may see by stepping over to the Greek court,—one of the only disagreeable antiques we know. No wonder that his very first work * in

* See Cicognara, plate lix.

which

which ignorance imposed no bridle on his powers, and his later works in which perfect knowledge had withdrawn all restraint upon them—in both of which extremes he seems as if he could only expend his strength in violence—no wonder that they should be little attractive to the feelings. In truth they offend one of the great heaven-born principles of our mental constitution. No extreme of grace, refinement, or purity, in a work of art can fall strangely on the heart, for all these qualities, partaking of the Divine, inspire trust and comfort as well as awe; but extreme power, seen alone, bears no such impress and gives no such assurance, and whatever our admiration for the knowledge that successfully wielded such a quality, our true human sympathies close against it. It is on this account that those early works in which he is seen as scholar to his art, and not as her master, are the most congenial to the taste. Let any one look, as they can only do here, straight from his *Medici* monuments to his *Pietà*, and observe the far greater beauty that was born of his restraint than of his liberty. We may feel inclined to criticise the face of the Saviour, which is both short and flat, as if he had not allowed himself marble enough, but it is in the dead, strengthless figure that we see that abnegation of his native exuberance of life and violence, which could alone lift him into refinement. The *Slave* again, so called, is another specimen of ‘the rich bounties of restraint.’ This grand form appeals more to our sympathies in a state of languor than in one of action—stir him, and he would probably become a mere type of rude life—while the beautiful passive head, departing as it does from his usual low ideal of large face and small skull, appears to us the finest he ever executed. The figure of the *Christ* close by, though also a youthful work, does not offer the same attractions as the foregoing. In the effort to divest it of that pride of life incompatible with the subject, the master has simply stript it of his energy, and left a clumsy figure, and an unmeaning head.

The close comparison here afforded between Michael Angelo and his enemy Torrigiano, may be pronounced as gratifying to the manes of the broken nose. The figure of *St. Jerome* is halting and irresolute; like the *Discobolus* in the suspended action of the limbs, though without any corresponding motive. Wonderful too as is the truth of nature exhibited in the anatomy of the form, this statue conveys no stronger impression than that of the want of taste which could select the wrinkled meagreness of old age as an appropriate subject for sculpture. In this respect we bear Torrigiano a double grudge, for it would not be difficult to prove this *St. Jerome* to have been the parent of all those

wrinkled, round-backed, undraped old men in whom the eclectic painters delighted—figures which painfully remind the spectator of the inexcusableness of the *nihil velare* of the Greeks except on the score of beauty.

Benvenuto Cellini catches our eye next—another of those fiery spirits who followed in Michael Angelo's train, and who wooed art with more of ardour than reverence. He is one in whom the union of goldsmith and sculptor shows a perpetual struggle between large desires and minute practice. His Perseus with the Medusa's head, in the nave close by, is an example of this. The figure of the Perseus is grand and effective, and calculated to tell at a distance, but the strange, coiled up, and headless figure of the Medusa on which he stands, with her foot in her hand, is unintelligible on this scale, and requires to have been wrought in precious metals and lifted to the eye to be really decyphered.

We have now reached the summit of Italian art as seen in sculpture, and so many beautiful objects gather round us that it is difficult perhaps to acknowledge that the downward course is not far distant. With such men as Bandinelli, John of Bologna, and Benvenuto Cellini, we tarry apparently on level ground, and if such as Sansovino and Fiammingo contributed to the decline of art, they at all events put a drag on her chariot-wheels. But there is no mistaking him who accelerated the speed with all the weight of a ready hand, a prolific fancy, and a long life. Bernini was the prince of degenerate sculpture. To him belongs the fatal distinction of proving that this stern and haughty art, which the ancients had scrupulously enthroned, which the Renaissance had kept distant from all sympathies except the highest, and Michael Angelo from all sympathy at all—that this haughty art could, not undexterously, be so degraded as to win the commonest eye, and to tickle the most frivolous fancy. There are two ways of pleasing mankind, though unfortunately not equally matched in the attainment of that end—the one by true being, the other by skilful acting. Bernini and his school show how much the latter can carry the day. All his figures are actors or actresses, doing their best to please. His chef-d'œuvre, the Pietà in the Italian court, is no exception. The Madonna stands there conscious of being looked at, addressing her sorrow to the spectator, but to nothing higher.

Independent also of the too easily imitated affectation thus introduced, the pernicious workings of the pictorial element to which we before called attention were beginning to be apparent even in works of great power and merit. Impoverished, as Quatremère de Quincy says, by her very larcenies, Sculpture had less

less and less excuse to steal from the sister art. Painters had degenerated in those highest qualities which are common to both arts, and had developed others which sculpture could in no way render. There is no pleasure in being reminded of Titian, Correggio, Albano, or Carlo Maratti, when we miss the better qualities of the first masters, and the only redeeming one of the last. Most of the sculpture of that time—the end of the sixteenth and beginning of the seventeenth century—reduced to outline, could be only taken for pictures, and those by no means of a high character. The very arrangement of their subjects show these artists as the most audacious violators of the laws of their art. What the pediments of temples were to the ancients, the entablatures of altars and monuments had supplied to the school of the Renaissance—shelves, as we may call them, on which to set their subjects. But the later sculptors disdained such appliances; to them a wall was a ground on which sculptured figures might be hung, fluttering, foreshortened, topsy-turvy,—in short as they never were before—like painted figures on a canvas. The great structures, by way of altars and monuments, with which Italian churches abound, offer frequently single figures of great originality and beauty, but their general arrangement is an offence to the very *a b c* of the art. In bas-reliefs, applied to smaller objects, the offence is less felt, and the Crystal Palace Company would do well to procure casts of the *Pergami* or pulpits of the cathedrals of Orvieto, Siena, or Florence, which, like our English fonts, embody the best art of the period. Another object also we miss, which is an exception equally to the pictorial and to the affected styles of the day. For that truth and simplicity did exist in solitary instances is proved by the touching and beautiful recumbent figure of St. Cecilia, by Stefano Maderno, executed amid the false glare of Bernini's reputation. With the eighteenth century, however, no such redeeming instance appears. The stage had become the school for sculptors—and it is no little proof of the dramatic powers of the French that they could contrive, as in their Roubillac, to extract beauty even from this. The worst feature we now perceive is that Sculpture herself has turned actor too—attempting not only parts beneath her to perform, but parts which not even the most abject perversion of her powers could enable her to perform at all. Figures wrapt in veils, and entangled in nets; busts in coats and waistcoats, neckties and pigtails, are distressing enough to the feelings, but when we see her, as in our Westminster Abbey and elsewhere, trying her hand upon impalpable objects, such as clouds and sunbeams, and that not in relief but in the round, we feel we have reached

that appearance of a 'manifest defect in the art, which is more hopeless than a defect in the artist.'*

Our subject has led us too far, and we have hardly an excuse for not referring our readers earlier to Mrs. Jameson's admirable little *Handbook of Modern Sculpture*. Under her guidance the novice in art will safely peregrinate the grove of white phantoms which crowd this building, and, having fought with monsters by the way, will, in the absence of Flaxman, who is strangely absent from the ranks which he really leads, find himself led back to the pure springs of sculpture in the works of Thorwaldsen, Rauch, Gibson, and of other living sculptors, among whom it is a pleasure not to see the English left in the rear.

We have thus drawn our notice on the sculpture in the Crystal Palace to a close, though far be it from us to be thought to imagine that the summary, however slight, is complete. We have touched on nothing that concerns the mere antiquary, or even that class of visitors whose feeling for early monuments of faith is independent both of lore and art. We have said nothing of a multitude of objects which occupy the galleries behind the courts, and the adjacent ample spaces, in which Icelandic, Irish, Scandinavian, Byzantine, later Classic, and early Gothic elements overlay and intermingle in the flight of centuries like geological deposits. Nothing of the Irish and Manx crosses, those grand and graceful time-marks, hewn in the hardest description of stone, which it was easier for violence to bury beneath the waves, as at Iona, than to reduce to dust, and which are among the most remarkable objects, and the most successful reproductions here. Nothing of the large school of Gothic sculpture, which repudiated both the beauty and the difficulty of the art by repudiating the nude—a curious specimen of which allied with Classic reminiscences may be seen in the angels on the Ely doorway, with wings, not in the usual fictitious position, but, like the Harpies, in the Lycian monument in the British Museum, along the upper arm: Nothing of the countless monuments of the dead; laid out here in their armour, their robes, or, as in the beautiful effigy of Marino da Soccino, only in their winding sheet. Nothing of the Hildesheim Christ-column, with the sacred tale wound in relief round it, like the victories of Trajan round his pillar—nor of the beautiful octagonal font from Walsingham, one of the best restorations in the Palace—nor of a bit of Venice herself, a column from the Ducal Palace, short and sturdy as they now stand, swallowed, and being swallowed

* Contributions to the Literature of the Fine Arts, p. 89.

by the sea at the rate of three inches in a century: Nothing even of the Nuremberg court with its intensely homely specimens of earnest and even grand feeling—only to be called sculpture by courtesy; for the pictorial feeling is stronger here than in the Renaissance court, though not of such a picturesque character, while the stiff and angular style of the drapery shows the handling of a class of artists, accustomed not to work in precious metals, but to carve in wood.

Compared indeed with the thickly garnered harvests of art which crowd this enormous area, our specifications amount to but a fraction of the real sum total, nor, with the library of fourteen handbooks which head this article, shall we need any excuse for not being more explicit.

A collection of art, however, which offers the comfort of being seen within the compass of a few steps, must not be passed over; viz., the copies, so-called, from the old masters. No one will be more ready than ourselves to acknowledge that the artist who executed these water-colour drawings has displayed powers which, applied to subjects of his own composition, or even of his own school, would have been entirely in character; as exponents, however, of the idiosyncracies of the old masters, it is difficult to imagine any which are more inappropriate. Nothing can be more creditable to a follower of the arts than to have mastered those qualities which the writer of the handbook on the Italian court, in which these drawings are described, justly eulogises as 'force and power, and freedom of handling,' but, at the same time, they are about the last qualities convenient in a faithful imitation of the earlier schools of pictorial art; and, even in the later, not two masters can be justly represented by precisely the same degree of 'force and power and freedom of handling.' It is no wonder, therefore, that in the seventy-two masters of different periods and countries, here ostensibly copied for our information, the public should discover that there is throughout but one and the same hand, and that, in short, no characteristics but those of the copyist himself should be discernible. Fra Angelico has as much 'power' as Giorgione; Luini as much 'force' as Garofalo; Mantegna's iron hand has as much 'freedom' as Rubens, not one fold in twenty of his classical draperies, where none can be spared, being rendered. No matter how cool, how delicate, how feeble, or how stiff the different originals may be, all are here represented as hot and heavy, free and easy alike; while even such painters as Titian and Watteau, with whom at least 'freedom of handling' might be in character, are rendered by the black and opaque colouring with which they are treated, as little like themselves as the rest. At a time when

so many young artists are glad to learn as well as to teach by the improving task of copying the old masters, it is strange that the company should not have been able to command more veracious transcripts.

But it is more strange perhaps that instead of attempting at best but slight, minute, and imperfect imitations of the schools of painting, the powers that preside over this department in the Crystal Palace should not at once have aspired to obtain original pictures. In a building which in great measure appeals to the favour of the educated classes under the character of a temple of the fine arts, it is surprising that that which the European world has learnt to look upon as the principal fine art of all should be altogether missing. The very interest, it must be remembered, which much of the sculpture in the Crystal Palace has excited, and the standard from which it has been viewed, are owing simply to the taste imported into this country by the sister art. As far also as pictures are concerned the world is accustomed to judge them without the aid of contemporary sculpture, but, when Italian sculpture is for the first time adequately exhibited, the schools of contemporary painting, as our notices have involuntarily shown, become an indispensable glossary. It is true that the acquisition of pictures by the old masters is attended with considerable outlay, but even if half the sum expended in these plaster casts were devoted to the purchase of pictures—and a magnificent collection might be had for it—there is that difference in their favour that they can always be reconverted into capital. There is nothing that attracts the world now-a-days so irresistibly as pictures—they are become a part of the pleasure, and the education, and the affectation too of a large class—and we unhesitatingly affirm that if the Crystal Palace were to possess itself of an Italian gallery, or even of one great and famous work of art, the additional number of visitors would soon prove the attraction, while an eager and profitable market would at any time prove the saleableness of the prize. But here, more than in any other department of art, it would be necessary to call in the aid of real knowledge. There are keen judges in the land, and the rising taste, which has already been promoted by the Renaissance court, points to the highest and purest schools of art. These are, however, by no means the most costly or the most difficult of acquisition, and the Crystal Palace Company have both the means and the liberty of selecting their ‘traveller’ for such orders, irrespective of many hindrances and prejudices which trammel both individuals and governments. Having, as the first indispensable condition, purchased the best knowledge, the plan would be to present themselves to the public with fresh pictures

pictures every spring, and to dispose of them the following spring; thus conferring no little benefit, finally as well as primarily, upon the country, by constituting themselves, as with their resources they ought to be, the purveyors of a succession of fresh treasures; while the shareholders, already, as we remark by some of the pamphlets heading this article, inclined to question their prudence in some of their transactions, may be assured that no part of the funds entrusted to the administration of the Directors, would bring in such an abundant and certain return. We understand that soon after the opening of the Palace a well organized scheme for this purpose was submitted to the company. The reason of its rejection we know not—at all events that delay has done no harm which has opened the eyes of the public to the absence of this great class of art.

For the class of visitors to whom we have hitherto addressed ourselves, what is called in Crystal-Palace phraseology 'the Exhibitors' Department' will offer at first but little attraction. Many a day will they spend in the building without knowing,—except, perhaps, in the instance of the glorious French and Venetian photographs,—that there are shops or exhibitors at all, or that they have anything to do with the Musical Instruments' Court, the Printed Fabrics' Court, or the Hardware Court, except to pass by on the other side. Nevertheless, the minds that have most revelled in the art-treasures of the Palace will do themselves little credit if they do not some day find a high and even a kindred pleasure here. The contents of these Sheffield and Birmingham Courts are truly our '*artes ingenuæ et liberales*,' in which, however connoisseurs may ignore and poets despise, there dwells a beauty and poetry, only overlooked because belonging to those

'Thousand joys in life
Which pass unnoticed in a life of joy.'

Pictures and statues are company that few can keep at their firesides; but these are the willing, ready, costless servants which throng the commonest homes,—the screws and springs, literal as well as metaphorical, of every domestic establishment; these are the good fairies which wait our bidding, and come to our sides, like Ariel, with a wish; ever ready to save our time, to spare our steps, to help the weary and the overworked, and to ease the original curse by which man was doomed to labour. There they lie in strange disguises and incongruous ranks, yet all united under the same banner of devotion to the wants, the wishes, and even the fancies, of the human race. There are the housewives' slender tools, from Cocker's smallest needle and
upwards;

upwards; here the workman's massive implements, from Onions' great smith-bellows, fit for Vulcan himself to wield, and downwards. There are the drawers of bright steel, the cases of limpid glass, and the stands of burnished silver; things for uses grave, and things for uses tender; Chubb's brass locks, and Baby's zinc cradle; that great, stern, steel screw, 6 feet long, on which the safety of a factory depends; and, close by, the case of miniature scissors, the holiday vagary of some Birmingham heart, the largest of which is fit for the little sempstress of four years old, and the smallest for her doll. Here is use, and beauty too, in all; beauty of no ordinary kind in that stall of wrought-iron articles—handles, hinges, keys, and ornaments—a new art to us, but recalling the hand of the Antwerp blacksmith;—in those French bronzes, Maltese gold fillagree works, Italian vases and tazzas, smooth-surfaced and harmoniously-coloured Dutch tiles, gorgeous Turkey carpets, and countless other objects, among which we wander; all reminiscences, and many of them results, of the Great Exhibition; for we need hardly add that most of these foreign-named goods are manufactured at home. Here, too, is the beauty, at all events, of fitness, if nothing more, in the stoves, ovens, gridirons, umbrella-stands, &c., with innumerable articles of prosy purport, all modestly appealing to be tried for some new merit in themselves, and some new convenience to us; not excepting even 'the noiseless sausage-making machine,' which aims to be the cook-maid's friend, and is so good as to chop and to fill at the same time.

There is no doubt that the stalls of these exhibitors form an important page in the calculations of the Crystal Palace Company, and that it is their interest in every way to encourage the manufactures to colonise beneath their roof. Another summer will probably prove how far they are likely to keep up the catalogue of six hundred exhibitors which now figure on their list. Meanwhile, like most tenantry in hard times, the exhibitors are calling for a reduction in their rents, and their claims are, we believe, now under consideration. As a body, it is right to say that they appear to share as much in the patriotic as in the commercial motives which have gone hand in hand in this great undertaking. There is something fine and heart-stirring in the spirit with which they have cast their little lots into the lap of the giant, content, in many instances, to give their rent and their attractions for the benefit of the Company, if they can but do so without actual loss to themselves. Some of the stalls, however, have realised unexpected profits: many a thing which it might be thought no one would dream of buying, except at the nearest shop in London, has found purchasers here; while, as a
tribute

tribute to the happy influences which thrive under this roof, it may be added that the stalls of toys in the Galleries have answered the best of all.

Nor have our allies deserted us in this Exhibition. The French Court, teeming with *or-molu* and china, is *bonâ fide* supplied by French speculators, who, even though they entered, from a delay in the accommodations, after the best summer months of last year, appear to have no reason to repent their enterprise.

Preparations are also making for an exhibition of Indian goods, to be placed, it may be concluded, under those copies of Indian wall-pictures in the Gallery, above Nineveh. For this purpose the directors have appealed to the public for loans or gifts of articles of beauty or curiosity; and there can be no doubt that with the immense treasures of this kind existing in private hands we may anticipate a renewal of the Oriental glories of 1851.

But if we cannot predicate with perfect certainty regarding the steady demand for many of the articles for daily use which are spread forth here, we may do so at all events in the case of one. Fresh air and unwonted exercise are sure and peremptory customers; and the support which the Refreshment Department has derived from the public, and the support which the public have derived from that, are not likely to diminish. Why the enormous consumption of last summer has not realised a handsome premium to the Company, and why, as Mr. Wilson informs us—with every crumb from the many tables, even to the last parings of the sandwiches, to our certain knowledge, converted into money—an outlay of above 24,000*l.* has only realised a profit of just 800*l.*, it might be difficult, or at least disagreeable, for the managers of this department to say. Under these circumstances there has been lately a change in the administration, and for the future the Company are to be better paid, and the visitors not worse supplied, by a lessee who undertakes to farm the whole Refreshment Office at the rather curious rate of a penny per head upon every soul, hungry or not, who enters the Palace—this poll-tax only ceasing when the number of visitors shall have reached 25,000 in the day. Thus the rent to the Company can never exceed the sum of 104*l.* 3*s.* 4*d.* per diem; and those occasions will be welcome in all ways when it does amount to that. Whether, therefore, things will be conducted as before; whether eating ices and drinking chocolate will go on under the club of the Farnese Hercules and the coat-tails of Sir Robert Peel; whether cold chicken and ham will continue to be discussed beneath the joint auspices of the Kings of England and those of the Cannibal Islands; whether too many cooks will still

still continue to spoil the broth, and mulligatawney soup be always served too hot to be eaten, but not too hot to be paid for; whether the young ladies who preside at the different tables will still declare themselves disciples of polychromy, and put on different coloured head-ribbons every day,—all this must remain a matter of suspense. The only items for which we can vouch as re-appearing in unchanged condition being the appetites which keep all this going. Such being the case, we may also take it for granted that the rate of consumption will not diminish; that 474 fowls, 327 lbs. of beef, 362 lbs. of ham, 237 lobsters, 350 quarts of ice, 85 lbs. of coffee, 2404 buns, 1034 rolls, and 887 lbs. of bread, besides a plentiful supply of other items, will daily, at the height of the season, according to the average of last summer, go the way of all eatables.

We have lingered long among the different phases of this world's civilization, each sufficiently illustrated by those arts and manufactures—their products as well as exponents—to inform our eyes and imaginations with their prevailing character; but we have only to turn to the south end of the building to see how inadequate is the same plan when applied to Nature, and how far from successful here. It is especially when compared with Art that Nature's grand characteristic, abundance, becomes manifest.

‘Art lives on Nature’s alms; is weak and poor:
Nature herself has unexhausted store.’

There is something, therefore, ludicrously disproportioned between the highflown descriptions of the natural history department given in the handbooks, and the comparatively parsimonious and miscellaneous display of stuffed animals and stunted rockeries which meet the eye. Judging from the classifications of different countries here announced as combining the advantages and supplying the deficiencies, in point of geology and botany, of the British Museum and the Kew Gardens, the very least the public are led to expect is as complete a separation between the different quarters of the globe, with their vegetable and animal kingdoms, to say nothing of climates, as between the periods of Nineveh and Nuremburg—the more so as Nature is as much more rigorous than Art in her laws of distinctness, as she is more exacting in her standards of profusion. Directed, therefore, upon paper, to ‘proceed rapidly amid European types,’ ‘to pass southward through the North African provinces of Egypt and Barbary, when we shall find ourselves in unavoidable proximity with the tropical countries of Asia,’ the visitor prepares to traverse a region abounding in the more familiar objects of nature, and that done,

done, to lose himself, in fancy at least, first in the Desert, and next in the Jungle. Far, however, from the smallest scope being allowed for such a vision, he suddenly feels himself, as Cassius said of Julius Cæsar, 'bestriding the narrow world before him, like a Colossus.' The Arctic Regions and the Torrid Zone are scanned in the same glance, and instead of realising the slightest separation between the Old and the New Worlds, he will find it difficult to place himself in any position where he is not in unavoidable proximity with both sides of the Atlantic at once. Setting aside, however, these pretensions,—which indeed would be a harder task to fulfil than all the Company have yet undertaken, and for which, with the ample grounds awaiting us without, there was the less need—there is much that is new, welcome, and interesting in the groups of animals, and in the cases of stuffed birds, marine plants, and live fishes here gathered together.

But we cannot agree that anything is gained in the aspect either of truth or probability, by the addition of another animal, whom the Crystal Palace Company pride themselves on being the first to combine with the faunas and floras of those wilder regions. With the desire to leave no section of society unattracted to their varied board, they have addressed themselves to gratify even the ethnological mania of the day, and side by side with stuffed tigers, monkeys, and kangaroos, have introduced what can only be designated as stuffed natives. For all purposes of mere effect, the ground these groups occupy is most unfortunately chosen. The kings of the Saxon heptarchy, tapestries from Raphael's cartoons, and restaurant tables crowded with guests, assimilate strangely with painted savages 'all in the Groves of Blarney.' No miscellany of objects can be well incongruous which have been enrolled in the great guild of civilization,—our commonest homes are one jumble of them—but the presence of the savage among them is an anomaly both sad and ridiculous, and the first by far the most. To bear the sight of the wild man at all, our world should be completely concealed from the view. However false in fact, he should be at least in appearance, monarch of all he surveys. On the other hand, man, in his only true state of Nature—civilization—is not intended to be brought suddenly into contact with these puzzling and pitiable parodies on his kind. Those who seek the savage in his woods have passed a gulf, sometimes moral, always geographical, which prepares them for the sight, while such as frequent those exhibitions which have been lately in vogue are to be justified, it is to be hoped, as followers of that unhesitating leader, Science, to whom may be sparingly granted

granted the dangerous prerogative of doing, if not evil, yet much that would be otherwise undesirable, in order that good may come. Without this plea, savage, on these occasions, may almost be said to meet savage, for there is a sort of moral cannibalism in the serving up of such food for mere curiosity or amusement. We are aware that we are impugning a class of objects in this Palace on which more than ordinary skill, trouble, and science, have been bestowed, but we venture to designate this as one of those cases in which the more successful the imitation, the less it is desirable for the public eye. Standing beneath those brush-defiled Egyptian giants, we have hoped that the common and more numerous class of visitors might imbibe from their frightfulness a greater horror of idolatry, and reluctantly scanning these benighted brethren, we have sought consolation in the idea that they might derive from their abjectness a greater sense of the blessings of light; but there is little chance of their reasoning thus, for the sight of such objects to the lower orders of society is far more likely to brutalise than to instruct. Even granting there are really some to whom these poor creatures will point a self-humiliating moral, this is a lesson which, in such a form at all events, is out of place. This Crystal Palace is full of food for thought and instruction, but we are not called here to moralise in the sense of monks of La Trappe; and even if so, the open grave and the death's head, which tell of the uncertainty of this life, would be less repugnant than that which tells of its utter degradation. Far also from the savage being sustained and kept in countenance, as these assumed classifications imply, by the presence of the wild animals around him, it is just the reverse. They are given under the highest aspect of life, energy, and enjoyment, of which their nature is capable—he in the very lowest. Is this the creature, crouching, cunning, stupid, with face bedaubed with blue paint, and features mechanically distorted, to whom the beast of the field and the birds of the air, all beautiful and healthy and true to their instincts as they are, were put in subjection! Why not rather studiously avoid a juxtaposition so false in its conclusions, in which as an animal he does not stand the comparison, and as a man he cannot keep his place?

Not that we want morbidly to banish all knowledge of the savage from our minds, but certain arts are fitted for certain classes of subjects, not only because they best express their beauties, but because they refuse to express their horrors. On this account description is the real form of portraiture for the wild man—all graphic accounts of savage life and manners are intensely interesting—the chapter on ethnology is an instance
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of it, and is one of the best of all the handbooks for the Crystal Palace. A book bestows on the savage all that isolation from other objects which he needs, while the necessary vagueness of language gives the mind the benefit of its own ready ideality. It is true that as regards the real abject misery of savage life, seeing may be the only believing; but what good is gained by such conviction? The missionary will not be prompted to his holy work by such groups as these—the educated spectator turns from them in pain, while, for such as make ethnology their study, the purpose would be better answered by removing these figures to some unfrequented part of the upper galleries, with their names ticketed on their heads, and their weapons and implements piled at their sides.

We turn to a class of objects in which neither taste nor morals can well go astray, and in which the question no longer is what should be admitted into this building, as what will be so good as to come. Much of the fascination of the effect of the interior of the Palace consists in the variety of vegetation here combined, but no part of the fascination offers such difficulties. The plants are the only dwellers here whose health and feelings require to be studied, and, with the best intentions, they seem to have been treated in a rather Criméan style. We alluded at the outset of this article to the happiness of Nature under the protection of man, but in these our cooler moments we must own that when he takes all power out of her hand, and undertakes, unassisted, to purvey for the wants of vegetable life, he must look well to his commissariat. The original proposal to represent all phases of vegetation, as all phases of art, was manifestly visionary in a building of one climate. We are quite sure that Sir Joseph Paxton is not answerable for such a scheme, though his skill and energy may at first have contrived to give it a temporary appearance of success. The question with any sensible gardener would be rather whether successful cultivation be possible within the Palace at all, and, if so, to what class of objects it can be applied. Now, of the essentials for plant life, the building affords light and shade, heat and cold to some extent, dryness of atmosphere, and an air free from chemical impurities; but what it cannot afford are just the most essential of all, especially to the class of vegetation to which it aspires, viz. humidity, and freedom from dust. If humidity be introduced, the courts are ruined—if dust be excluded, the visitors must be excluded too—which is a distressing circle of argument. The question, therefore, to be considered is, whether there be plants so constituted as to thrive in the absence of damp and the presence of dust. And we are at once reminded of a large class—favourites with our grandfathers
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in the times when old-fashioned stoves and smoke-flues prevailed, and before the novelty of hot-water pipes and tanks had extended our means and ambition—aloes, mesembryanthemums, portulaccas, oxalises, cactuses, stapelias, crapulas, and the like;—all natives of hot dry climates, all remarkable for their fleshy, fat leaves, and stems covered with a thick horny skin, which only imbibe moisture, as all sensible plants should do, at the roots, and neither inspire nor perspire, nor have any habits inconvenient to their fellow-lodgers. These vegetable tortoises which eat little, breathe slowly, and delight in dust, are by no means to be despised. Many have gorgeous flowers, which last a long time, and not a few can be trained and trimmed. To these may be safely added, in every possible variety of verdure, the myrtle, the orange, and other south European perennial shrubs of dry soil and climate; besides, Mexican yuccas, the proteas and heaths of the Cape of Good Hope, the Banksias, acacias, epacris, gum-trees, and many other showy shrubs from New Holland. Nor must we forget the Indian-rubber fig, which is a remarkable instance of an evergreen of damp climate thriving, apparently from simple motives of benevolence, in the dry impure atmosphere of London rooms. These and such as these may be safely considered as the fixtures of the interior, while constant importations of flowering shrubs from neighbouring conservatories, to be on duty for stated periods like Lords in waiting, and a plentiful growth of sweet annuals, nestling in marble basins below, and swinging in fillagree baskets above, with creepers carrying love messages from one to the other, would furnish all the mass of verdure and variety of colour that the hearts of smoke-dried citizens could desire.

Not that the statues would be perfectly safe even under these circumstances, for vegetable life introduced into a building has a trick of turning everything as green as itself; but this is a variety of polychromy for which the Company must prepare. At all events the mischief thus done would be comparatively under management, while there would be far more of that true beauty—

‘ . . . not too fair or good
For human nature’s daily food,’

in such a combination as this, than in the tropical palms, tree-ferns, and other delicacies from the antipodes to which they aspire.

It is probably owing to their difficulties in this line that the flower-shows, with which the Crystal Palace Company were at one time expected to supersede the Chiswick Horticultural Society, have not been attempted. No one, however, in the least familiar

familiar with the subject can visit the Palace without being struck by the unprecedented facilities it offers for displays of this kind, or without forming the involuntary wish that the two societies might be induced to join hands for this purpose. Why should not the Chiswick shows be given in the Crystal Palace itself?—all its scattered tents, so difficult to enter, gathered together under that mighty roof, and set off by the background of vegetation already there. The public would thus have that cover from the weather, and the plants that railway carriage, which is all that is wanted at the Chiswick shows for the comfort of both parties; while an effect would be produced which our most pampered floral imaginations have never conceived. As to the commercial advantages of such great days, their partition would be a matter of easy arrangement, and both parties, we venture to assert, would have reason to congratulate themselves on the result. Indeed we should be very glad if any extra profit were to accrue by such an experiment to the Chiswick Society, which by its liberality and energy, by the new plants it has introduced and distributed, the collectors it has sent forth, and the journals it has published, has done more to promote the taste for this most pure and peaceful of all arts than the public are aware.

Meanwhile it is no little proof of the resources and energy of the Crystal Palace Company, that the tropical plants should have been kept alive at all during the late severe winter. A warmer climate has been obtained at the north end for this class of vegetation, by means of a stupendous curtain, familiar to all winter visitors, suspended from ceiling to floor, like a dense, grey, perpendicular sky. But even behind this shelter it has been difficult to maintain a temperature above 50° by day, or so high as 40° by night, and the scantiness of the tropical shade offers little reward or encouragement for the expenditure of so much care and labour. All the real beauty will be found in the other two-thirds of the building, where many of the plants we have specified have, with the assistance of some miles of hot-water pipes, weathered the winter bravely, and are rejoicing like ourselves that it is over. Camellias and acacias are blooming, low heaths and tall pines pointing their tender buds, and the venerable orange-trees who have late in life adopted a new home, show by the succulent freshness of their green wigs how well it suits them. Indeed, despite the limits we defined above, a large margin must be left for the fostering and refreshing influences which are perpetually counteracting the trials to which vegetable life is here exposed. The vigilance of their nurses never slumbers: gentle syringe-baths applied twice a day refresh the upper plant,

plant, while fresh laid beds and judicious stimulants restore the lower one. In order also to case-harden the statues, liberal coatings of paint—monochrom not polychrom—are being bestowed on them, and any accidental share in the syringe-bath to which they may be liable is immediately removed by a tender system of shampooing.

The watering of the plants is a task of great nicety, ensconced as they are among miscellaneous articles and materials ill-fitted to bear wet or soil, while that of watering the 324 swinging flower-baskets is one of some peril. The upright fire-escape-like ladders, self-sustained, are nervous tottering things for a man to find himself projected upon at 50 feet from the ground, with the additional weight of a heavy vessel of water—strong heads, therefore, prefer climbing and creeping along the girders themselves. Indeed the ladder has more than once threatened to raise a rebellion, and ought not to be insisted upon.

Much remains to be, and doubtless will soon be, accomplished by the Company for the comfort and protection of their workmen and numerous staff of servants—the porters, gardeners, sweepers, and male housemaids engaged in the daily routine of this enormous establishment. At present the absence of all accommodation for them on the spot or in the vicinity entails great hardships. The men have, many of them, to travel 20 miles a-day, by rail and by foot, and with justice complain of this labour of supererogation. No time should be lost in giving them snug nests beneath the wing of the phoenix they have helped to rear. They are the first public to which the Company is bound to attend, as they are the first public on whom the beneficial effects of the great enterprise, as a means of social good, are evident. The moral and intellectual improvement observable among the men, as a class, engaged in the erection and care of the Crystal Palace, is an augury of very happy import, and the good that has begun at home, and especially at that end of home, may appeal with greater confidence to the faith and support of the world.

We do not, however, build any visionary hopes upon the magical effects of this new museum in stimulating the intelligence of the lower orders. Why should a poor man necessarily return from the Crystal Palace with his head stored and his mind enlarged, when so many of his superiors in means and opportunities will not? Nevertheless there are negative influences at work here for his especial benefit which cannot be over-estimated—influences which, like a new suit of clothes, assist to raise his self-respect as an individual,—while every holiday which keeps him restrained and leaves him sober is a gain to society. Numbers, therefore,

therefore, there are and will be, who wander vacantly, though well pleased, through—to whom a wonder, albeit in a crystal case, a wonder is, ‘but it is nothing more,’—and even of these numbers the more the better. Were it only for the air and recreation of this favoured region, we should say to the poor man ‘come,’ or rather to the rich man ‘send.’ In this view there was no little gratification in observing the shoals of poor parish schools which were poured last summer from the railway into the Palace; though, if the philanthropist were to have looked for his reward to that rapturous moment of astonishment when the wonders of the scene burst first upon their view, he would have looked in vain. We have watched the girl-schools—more impressionable than the other sex—as they have entered, hand in hand in rude irregular procession—a shabby, ugly, sadly unpoetic looking little troop, treading ruthlessly on each other’s heels—and not one in ten has raised her unsophisticated vision to the Paradise before her at all, or that one seemed to recognise that it was anything but what she might see every day. But if stupidity be an unstimulative quality, even in such an atmosphere, it would seem that pedantry is not. That little knowledge which is so comfortable a thing, which enters the Palace perfectly satisfied with itself, and leaves it in the same condition, may be heard holding forth to submissive, though sometimes incredulous wife, and unsuspecting children—or diffusing itself, in an unfertilising stream, through the ranks of a boy-school of a ‘Do-the-boys’ class, marched up and down the nave in durance vile, with a wretched pedagogue at one end and a female equivalent at the other. Happy is it for these, and such as these, juniors and seniors, that their day’s holiday is not confined to the Palace; but that, having stared and gaped—been urged and been checked—having felt that they were in a world beyond their comprehension, or having felt nothing at all,—they at last make their way to that happy land of which they have caught glimpses beyond the great cage, where space and freedom at once neutralize the zeal of pedantry and slacken the bonds of authority, where hands cease to be yoked and heels to be trampled on, and where the long pent-up denizens of garrets, cellars, schools, and factories, find themselves in comparative liberty in one of the loveliest spots on the face of the earth.

To us, we must confess, so long as we make the Palace its portal, there is no more difficult place to reach than that garden. There it lies, so fair and inviting, beneath the vast window from which we gaze, with its broad stone-terraces, smooth turf-banks, and graceful statues and vases—its stiff and stately character kept up as long as confined between those glistening wings of glass,

but spreading beyond them into a landscape character, till, mingling in unapparent conjunction with the wooded heights at its base, it flows with them into the sea of blue distance beyond, and brings the whole broad territory into subjection to the Palace.

There is nothing to regret in the unfinished state in which these gardens have been first presented to the public. They are not of that class of things which children and fools may not see half done, and this transition state has a charm of its own which we shall be sorry altogether to exchange even for the fulfilment of all that is promised. The time will come when art will have done so well that she will be paid the best of all compliments in being denied the credit of having done so much. For roseries, rockeries, waterworks of all descriptions—fountains bordered with liquid hedges, and temples cased in water, like clocks under a glass-shade,—she will have ready praise; and when hill and valley, lakes and islands are surveyed, it may be believed that she has been Nature's assistant, but never altogether her manufacturer. We see too in this unfinished state how tenderly she has done her work—no ejected Hamadryads here—no plaintive appeal of 'Woodman, spare the tree.' On the contrary, while scarcely a foot of ground has been left in its original outline, the beauties of time have been secured by the respect paid to every tree of the slightest pretensions to picturesqueness or years. Thus the grounds already possess that charm peculiar to this country, where the oldest and youngest elements of vegetable life are brought together—where venerable trunks start from the newest turf, and the growth of centuries is combined with the care of the latest hour. Indeed standing as one may do in an hundred spots in these gardens, where the Crystal Palace is seen with its undulating lawns, old cedars, and velvet banks, its grandly grouping wings, high-placed temples, and ever-changing and magnificent arched and terraced foregrounds, we may compare it from varying points to the Gardens of Frascati and Tivoli, or to any scene where art and nature have done their best; but, taken altogether, only to that which is but the feeble prototype of itself—and yet the most beautiful sight we know—a British nobleman's mansion and grounds of the grandest taste and keeping.

One feature however is novel here, which will be sure to attract even the laziest walker to the uttermost end of this ample domain. It is easy to foresee that the extinct animals which occupy the islands on the lowest lake will be permanent favourites with the public, not only because the rising generation may be better instructed in the science that has established their existence, but because they appeal strongly to that love of the
marvellous

marvellous which mankind, it is to be hoped, will never be too wise to indulge. This is one of the most successful hits of the Company, for ignorance and knowledge will be alike gratified here. And in this instance too, the unfinished state of the scenery about them adds a temporary effect. Doubtless an appropriate class of vegetation is intended to spring up around, and the time will come when sedges and rushes, and overgrown waters, will increase the probability of these swan-like reptiles and magnified frogs and toads; but, as they now stand, they harmonise singularly with the features in their immediate vicinity, for there is something in these dry water-courses, gaping caverns, and upturned geological strata which suggest the idea of a world that is extinct too.

Standing in these gardens with the eye and the mind overflowing with the most novel and grateful impressions, we feel strongly that the Company would do well to be guided solely by their own interests and convenience in the rate of completion of all they have undertaken. They have attraction enough and to spare already, for every class and any number of visitors. Time is the real capital, of which they need an unstinted supply, and it would be treason to ourselves to doubt that the country will give them the means to command it. 'An institution,' as the preface to one of the Guide-books says, 'intended to last for ages, and to widen the scope and brighten the path of education throughout the land, must have time to consolidate its own powers of action.' To want of time are mainly attributable those few mistakes which we here willingly confess to have unsparingly brought forward, while not one hundredth part of the good things have received justice at our hands. A new power stands among us, wondrous enough when considered as the result of foregone agencies, and little less than sacred when considered as an agent itself. And here we are reminded of the distance, which is believed to interpose a formidable barrier between the Palace and the visitor. But this objection, however reasonable in itself, is no longer so when viewed in connexion with the object in question, since without the distance we should also be without some of the most powerful attractions of the whole thing. Considering that such a Palace and Park would not come to us, but that we must go to that, the wonder rather is that anything so fine in position, air, and grounds should be so easily reached from this great metropolis at all. Time alone can enable the Company to bring it nearer still; meanwhile whatever may be said of 'the People's Palace,' there can be no question that its main support will be owing to the large, middle, and educated classes of this land, and to them it ought to be owing. They mainly support

schools for the young, hospitals for the sick, and institutions for the afflicted and destitute; and it needs no ingenious argument to prove that the same sentiment of duty or benevolence should lead them to keep up that small world of 200 acres, on which so many happy and healthy influences, scarcely accessible in any other form to a multitude of their humbler brethren, are sown broadcast. Enough has been said in this article, disproportioned as it is and must be to the immensity of the subject, to show that the Crystal Palace enlists every possible motive of intelligence, interest, pleasure, and curiosity in its favour; and if to this be added a feeling of duty towards society, its success in a worldly sense is assured. It is true that the commencement of this enterprise has fallen upon evil times, when calamities and disasters of no common kind weigh heavily upon the national mind, but these, it may humbly be hoped, are destined to pass away, and to leave us more free to perceive that it is quite as important for the promotion of true happiness and liberty that the glass walls of industry should stand, as that the stone walls of tyranny should fall.

ART. II.—1. *Four Years at the Court of Henry VIII.: Selection of Despatches written by the Venetian Ambassador, Sebastian Giustinian, and addressed to the Signory of Venice, January 12th, 1515, to July 26th, 1519.* Translated by Rawdon Brown. 2 vols. 1854.

2. *A Relation, or rather a True Account, of the Island of England about the Year 1500.* Printed for the Camden Society, 1847.

3. *Relazioni degli Ambasciatori Veneti al Senato.* Raccolte, annotate, ed edite da Eugenio Alberi. Firenze, 1839-1844.

4. *Relations des Ambassadeurs Vénétiens sur les Affaires de France au 16me Siècle.* Recueillies et traduites par M. N. Tommaseo. 2 tomes. Paris, 1838.

WHEN the genius of Walter Scott first put forth the historical novel its success was immediate and complete, because it gratified one of the strongest instincts of our intellectual nature, the desire of realizing to our imaginations a distinct image of those whose names and deeds are familiar to our memories. Its popularity subsequently declined, because few but the master spirit which discovered the new vein could work it to advantage. His successors, instead of the bright ore of reality, brought little to the surface but the rubbish of archæology. The reader refused to accept antiquated phrases as a substitute for sentiment, or the description of a costume for the portrait of a man.

a man. The historian has since caught the tattered mantle as it fell from the novelist, and it has become the fashion to write history on the model of romance. But the result is not happy. The narrative loses in truth more than it gains in interest ; and as the faith of the reader declines, even his amusement is proportionally diminished.

It is in the publication of contemporary records that we think this curiosity to realize the past finds its legitimate gratification. We do not indeed subscribe to the opinion of an ingenious and fanciful writer,* quoted by Mr. Rawdon Brown (vol. i. p. 205), who thinks that 'as we grow wiser' we shall discard all 'restored history,' and draw our knowledge fresh and fresh from contemporary documents. As well might we assure the hungry epicure that as he grew wiser he would eschew cooks and kitchens, and collect his dinner for himself fresh and fresh from the gardens and the markets. But we are quite alive to the advantage of testing the truth of our received histories, of enlarging our knowledge of detail, and of imbuing our imaginations with the spirit of past days, by occasionally recurring to contemporary records. The philosophy of history needs to be frequently checked by the facts of history ; and it is highly instructive to be able, at a given period, to draw up the curtain of the past, to hear the news of the day as it arrives, and mark the emotions it excites among those who were anxiously conjecturing the event, which to us is a matter of knowledge. Moreover, by the glimpses of reality thus obtained, better than by pages of ingenious speculation, we are enabled to compare the social happiness and moral condition of different countries and periods—the true tests of political institutions, and the safest data for estimating national stability and progress.

It cannot indeed be said that the tendency of the present age is to neglect ancient documents. In every country of Europe where any literary activity is displayed the publication of them has been frequent ; that it should always have been judicious could hardly be expected. Antiquarians occasionally need to be reminded that what is old is not necessarily curious, and that what is found in manuscript is not necessarily new. But on the whole their labours have been creditable to their judgment, and have met with a most encouraging reception from the public. Of late years indeed they have increased in value and importance as the field of archæological research has been enlarged. Many curious original papers have recently been brought to light, and the various vicissitudes of Europe, involv-

* Ruskin, 'Stones of Venice.'

ing great changes of property and of institutions, have exposed to public curiosity the secret archives of many corporate bodies, and even of sovereign states.

Among the latter, the most remarkable are the public documents of the Republic of Venice, which now—

‘ Her thirteen hundred years of freedom done ’—

are become the inheritance of the historian and the archæologist. The countless stores of the Ducal Chancery and of other national receptacles of state papers have been collected and arranged in the ex-convent of St. Francis, which has been fitted up for their reception. Proper officers have been appointed to superintend the establishment, and the whole collection has by an ordinance of the Emperor been secured in perpetuity to the municipality of Venice. The fact is well known, but nevertheless the ‘ liberal ’ press of Italy continues its complaints of ‘ Vandal spoliation,’ and its lamentations for an hypothetical removal of these treasures to Vienna.

In this vast accumulation of almost unexplored materials, our curiosity is chiefly attracted by the department of foreign affairs, as being the principal, though by no means the sole depository of what remains of the far-famed diplomacy of the Republic. Indeed it is singular that of the many Venetian MSS. which have been published since these archives were accessible to the learned, the greater part are derived from other sources. We have placed the most important of these publications at the head of the present article, but in order to afford a fair specimen of the diplomatic papers of the Republic, we shall confine our attention to a single period and country, and select for examination those documents which bear the earliest date, and refer to England. We must first, however, premise a short account of the nature and history of State Records, which hold out the promise of such valuable aid to the future historian.

The contents of the diplomatic archives of Venice may be classed as follows: First, the Letter of Instructions prepared by the ‘ college ’ or cabinet. This is merely the brief drawn up for the advocate, short and dry, and interesting chiefly as containing the key to the subsequent negotiations. Next, the Report delivered to the college and the senate by the ambassador on his return. And, lastly and chiefly, the Correspondence kept up with government while at his post. Mr. Rawdon Brown tells us—

‘ The ambassadors of the Republic kept up a double correspondence with the Doge (to whom by official etiquette all their communications were addressed); the ordinary and ostensible despatches were intended for the information of the college and senate, while the more secret
and

and confidential were reserved for the Doge and the Council of Ten. But besides this minute correspondence, which commenced on the ambassador's departure from Venice, and was not closed till he again reached the Lagoons, it had been enacted by the Grand Council in 1268, and again in 1296, that each ambassador on his return should make to the college and senate a general report on the government, condition of the country, and character of the potentate to whom he had been accredited. These, together with the instructions addressed by the Signory to its diplomatic agents, and all other papers connected with its foreign relations, were carefully arranged and consigned to the Ducal Chancery' (vol. i. p. ix.).

The archives of the republic seem on the whole to have been wonderfully exempt from the casualties which, by a sort of fatality, have thinned the state collections of other governments.* Nevertheless fires and removals have done their work. Of the three descriptions of diplomatic papers above mentioned, only the first, the least important, has been preserved, nearly entire, from the earliest times.

The '*Relazioni*,' which we think Mr. Brown properly translates '*Reports*' rather than '*Relations*,' were peculiar to Venice. They can scarcely be called state papers; they rarely contain any allusion to the objects of the ambassador's mission or its results. They are confined for the most part to a description of the sovereign to whom he has been accredited, his disposition and habits, his favourites, family, and court; and present such summaries of the institutions, resources, and statistics of the country, as an intelligent tourist might draw up. The latter, though only approximations to truth, are valuable; they display great impartiality, and seem carefully collected from such imperfect data as could be obtained at the time. The custom of making these reports to the senate was established in days when the intercourse with foreign countries was unfrequent, and the means of obtaining correct information were few, but it was continued not without sufficient reason till the latest days of the Republic. It had the good effect of obliging the ambassador to acquaint himself with the institutions and resources of the country in which he was resident; and though some of the information which he was expected to

* Neither before nor after the fall of the republic have any of the archives been sold. 'In England, in the year 1838,' says Mr. Brown in a note, 'no less than eight tons weight of curious documents were sold by the then Chancellor of the Exchequer to Mr. Jay, a fishmonger, at the price of 8*l.* per ton. Many of these have since been purchased at high prices by the British Museum, and by the Government itself. For some curious details on this subject see Mr. Rodd's narrative, 1846.' Mr. Brown might have added that a suit was instituted against Mr. Rodd to rob him of one of those documents which he had purchased by lawful sale of Mr. Jay.

collect is quite of an elementary character, yet we must own we have occasionally heard diplomatists in various parts of Europe betray a want of information which might raise a regret that modern governments did not exact 'a report' from their agents. The public perusal of the reports in the senate diffused a knowledge of the state of Europe among the ruling aristocracy, and it had the further advantage of conferring an air of business and importance on the ostensibly governing bodies of the Republic, while the real springs of action were moved by the inquisition of State.

In the public archives these reports are not to be found in the quantity we might expect. 'They have been,' says Mr. R. Brown, 'to a great extent lost or destroyed.' It is also probable that, being of no practical use after their delivery, they were not regularly deposited there. Fortunately they have been discovered in other quarters in great abundance.

'Before transmitting the official documents to the Government, it seems to have been the general practice to retain a copy for the family library, or muniment-room (the *archivio*), of the ambassador himself; and thence, or perhaps from the notes of some one who heard them read in the senate and committed their substance to paper, these "reports" not unfrequently even in early times, and despite the prohibition of the Signory, found their way to the public. It is surprising that a Government so jealous, whose omniscient activity and mysterious ubiquity were at once so much vaunted and dreaded, should have permitted its orders on so delicate a point to be infringed; but these interesting documents early excited public curiosity, and supply follows demand, even in the middle ages, and in spite of inquisitors of state' (vol. i. p. xi).

We suspect the inquisition of state would have deemed any amount of demand a poor excuse for supplying what it did not choose should be supplied. The simpler explanation of the phenomenon is, that the Government really was indifferent to the publication. It was for the dignity of the Republic to make a rule forbidding the divulcation of these reports;—it was for her convenience to connive at its infraction. It is true that in the statutes of the Inquisition, quoted by Mr. Daru (vol. viii.), but we think of very doubtful authority,* the publication of the reports is deplored and prohibited, but it is further ordained that the tribunal should inspect them previously to their delivery, and expunge whatever appeared objectionable; and this, whether the ordinance be genuine or spurious, is doubtless the remedy which was in fact applied, and is quite in accordance with the

* The Italian translator of Daru gives the strongest reasons for believing them to be forgeries, though by no means of modern date.

maxims of the Inquisitors, who were far too wise to expect secrecy from so numerous an audience as the senate, or to repress an indiscretion which so much contributed to the glory of the State. The fact is, that in the middle ages the Venetian executive roused an interest and admiration which contrast strangely with its disrepute in later days. To understand the curiosity which its mechanism and all its proceedings excited, we must compare it with that of other contemporary governments—we must remember that, at a time when administration in the feudal monarchies of the continent was very imperfect, the institutions of Venice had attained their highest point of vigour and efficiency. The Signory was despotic, but the despotism was of the office, not of the man. He who wielded the tyranny for one allotted period was the subject of it at another; and even during his brief term of power he was involved in a mysterious cobweb of surveillance to compel his integrity, or ensure his punishment. Never was there a government in which individual passion had so little play. 'In no history,' says M. Daru, 'does the name of woman so seldom appear.' In no other country of continental Europe at that period were life and property so secure; in none was the administration of justice more steady and less cruel. But Venice committed two errors. She affected mystery, and she aspired to rule by fear. Fear is a debasing principle, and in the course of time it degraded the national character, while the mystery which served her purpose for a time now gives a shelter to all the calumnies with which her memory is assailed.

Long, however, was she regarded by the statesman as the model of wisdom in administration, and of policy in diplomacy. Her ambassadors shared the prestige of their marvellous mistress, and they had besides no slight reputation of their own. They were commonly supposed to have gained more for the Republic by their address, than all her generals by their arms. Mr. Brown quotes Wicquefort to prove that in his day her diplomatists possessed an acknowledged superiority over their brethren of other nations, and in later times Lord Chesterfield recommends his son, at whatever court he may reside, to cultivate the intimacy of the Venetian ambassador.

It is not surprising then that these reports were eagerly sought after and multiplied.* Many manuscript copies of the same

* It is a proof of the vogue which these reports had acquired, that when the attention of Europe was directed towards England by the mighty preparations made by Philip II. for its destruction, a forged 'Report' was considered by a book-making speculator as the best means of turning the public curiosity to account, and was put forth accordingly.

report have been discovered, for long after the invention of printing, books continued to be transcribed by the hand for circulation, and not a few found their way into type.

'Orazio Busino, a subject of the Signory, who visited Oxford in the year 1618, mentions having seen in the Bodleian Library manuscript copies of many of these state papers, which had found their way there (he complains) "in the teeth of the senate." And in the year 1668 John Bulteale published in London a Translation of the Report on the Papal Court, by the noble Correr, whom, in admiration of his sagacity, he styles a "politique astrologer"' (vol. i. p. xi).

At Cologne in 1589, was printed '*Il Tesoro Politico*,' a miscellany, of which the staple consists of the reports of Venetian ambassadors. Cicogna says of it, that, though unfaithful to the originals, it is highly valuable. It had great success in its day, and in the course of ten years went through no less than seven editions. This was followed by '*Il Tesoro della Corte di Roma*,' a series of reports by Venetian ambassadors accredited to the Pope, which was published at Brussels in 1672, and also by several single reports which have appeared in various parts of Europe.

In modern times such publications have become frequent. A graceful custom which prevails at Venice, of printing some curious and ancient tract as a nuptial present, has brought a number of interesting reports to light; and a few years ago, in this country, appeared the '*Relation of England*,' which we have inserted in our list, though it does not lawfully come under our jurisdiction, as it was printed only for private circulation by the Camden Society. Such of our readers, however, as are able to procure it will thank us for drawing their attention to so agreeable a volume, and so elegant and spirited a specimen of translation. The '*Relation*' does not present the ambassador's own report, but the notices of England collected for it. Mr. Brown attributes the work to the secretary of Andrea Trevisan, who was sent as ambassador to Henry VII. in 1497, a conclusion which is quite borne out by the internal evidence, and may be confirmed beyond doubt by a reference to the diaries of Marin Sanuto.*

The work of Signor Tommaseo, which was commenced under the patronage of the French government, presents a series of reports, accompanied by a French translation, from ambassadors resident in France in the sixteenth century. The work of Signor Albèri, begun in 1839 and still in progress, derives its materials chiefly from the libraries of Florence, and is of a more miscel-

* Vide '*Ragguagli sulla Vita e sulle Opere di Marin Sanuto*,' a work of much interest by Mr. Rawdon Brown, written in Italian, and published in Italy, and for that reason less known in this country than it deserves to be.

laneous character, but as yet it contains little to illustrate English history. The first report, indeed, of the series relates to this country, but only in part; and if it does not present much of novelty or interest, at least it attests the habitual diligence of a Venetian diplomatist. It was drawn up by Vincenzo Querini, the ambassador at the court of the Archduke Philip and his consort Joanna, who, having been driven by stress of weather into Falmouth (1506) when on a voyage with the court from Flanders to Spain, employed the six weeks of his detention in collecting such particulars as he could of the country.* In the next volume, two drawn up by able diplomatists relate to the reigns of Mary and Elizabeth, and there is also another, anonymous, which we cannot agree with M. Albèri in thinking worthy of its predecessors. On the contrary, it appears to us too superficial and too careless to be the work of a Venetian—or indeed of any other—statesman.†

As materials for history, however, the reports are far inferior to the despatches, which form the third and most important class of diplomatic MSS. They rarely communicate events. They are useful to correct the impressions, not to amend the narrative, of history. A Venetian ambassador's despatch, on the contrary, relates the truth as far as it can be discovered from day to day by a sharp-sighted observer whose credit and advancement depend on his perspicacity, and it is communicated without disguise. He is not compelled to flatter the caprices of a prejudiced sovereign, or of his reigning favourite or mistress. He may even venture to contradict with a freedom which contrasts oddly with his reverential language. He addresses an abstraction. A careless reader might suppose that the Doge was the most despotic and most self-sufficient of sovereigns; he is addressed as all-powerful and all-wise, till at last the excess of the apparent exaggeration betrays the real truth. It is implied he is immortal. We meet such phrases as 'from time immemorial it has been your Sublimity's policy;' and we discover that the Doge is but the impersonation of the majesty of the republic—the figure-head at the prow of the Bucentaur. Moreover as an unbroken series of contemporary letters a set of despatches is most especially valuable. Its accurate chronology enables us to detect those mistakes on

* Some of the MS. copies of Querini's report contain an interesting account of the early Portuguese voyages. This has been omitted by the Florentine editor, who probably has consulted only the copy in the Magliabecchi library.

† A curious passage in Fynes Moryson (part 3, book i. p. 34) enables us with much probability to identify the writer with Sansovino, the son of the architect. Moryson upbraids Sansovino for his folly in publishing abroad that dying people were suffocated by their relations in England; and this same silly story is the principal feature of the report.

which,

which, though slight in themselves, the theories of later historians often are grounded; and whereas a single letter must present some very important fact or graphic description, in order to awaken the reader's interest; a consecutive correspondence gradually enlists his sympathies in favour of all that engages the feelings of the writer, and by slight and reiterated touches completes a picture of the men and the times such as no conscious effort of portrait-painting could have produced.

In the Venetian archives the diplomatic despatches bear the technical name of 'Registri.' The ambassador, in corresponding with the government, was wont to keep for his own use a series of copies or 'registro' of his letters. This, on his return, he was bound to deposit in the Ducal Chancery. In early times special envoys were sent on special occasions, and their letters were few. No registro can be looked for before the opening of the sixteenth century, when the system of what in modern times is called diplomacy was gradually formed; and none is to be found in the archives till the close of that century, nor even then for many years but in broken and imperfect order.* This defalcation is attributed to two conflagrations, one in 1509—an ill omen, it was said, which ushered in the disasters of the league of Cambray—the other in 1577, still more destructive to the muniments of the republic; but it is also possible that the 'registri' were not regularly deposited in the Chancery till further experience in diplomacy had taught the necessity of enforcing the regulation to that effect. Be this as it may, no registro relating to England† has been made public by the indiscretion of former days, or the industry of the present, till Mr. Rawdon Brown gave to the public his translation of the despatches of Giustinian, the first‡ of the long series of Venetian ambassadors in England. For though the stay of his predecessor Badoer was protracted by the force of circumstances, Giustinian was the first who left the shores of the Adriatic with orders to reside till relieved by a successor. Mr. Brown gives the following account of his discovery:—

* We quote from the programme of a forthcoming work by the learned director of the Venetian archives, the Signor Mutinelli. The plan of the work is happily conceived. It is entitled, 'Storia Arcana ed Aneddotica d' Italia;' and is to consist of extracts from the *despatches* of the Venetian ambassadors resident at the various seats of government in the Peninsula.

† And very few, we might add, relating to any other country; and that only in very recent times. In the second series, vol. i. of Alberi's collections, are ninety letters addressed to the Signory by Carlo Cappello, from Florence, 1529-1530. In the seventh volume of the 'Archivio Storico,' part II. (Florence, 1844), there are ninety-two letters from ambassadors accredited to Maximilian, from June to November, 1496; and in 1852 Mr. Cornet published at Vienna the letters written by G. Barbaro from Persia.

‡ The Portuguese ambassador expresses surprise at finding him resident in England, and asks an explanation of this novelty (vol. ii. p. 79).

‘In

'In the year 1843 the noble Girolamo Contarini bequeathed to the library of St. Mark his family collection of books and MSS. Amongst their contents was a bulky folio volume. . . . The paper is of the same manufacture, and bears the same water-mark, as that on which was written the letter of Henry VII. [this was the water-mark of Flanders, which easily at that time supplied the small quantity of writing-paper consumed in England]. The volume contains 226 letters, copies of those addressed by S. Giustinian to the Signory during his English embassy. They are transcribed by his secretary, himself a man of some note in Venetian annals. The copy is dated 1515 to 1519. It is headed, according to the pious form of the day, "In nomine Domini," and is thus attested by the transcriber at the end—

"Nicolaus Sagudinus, fideliter exemplavit."—vol. i. p. xxiv.

The translator, to make his work more complete, has judiciously added the instructions with which the ambassador set out, and the report he delivered on his return;* and has further illustrated the correspondence by various MS. letters, chiefly extracted from the diaries of Marin Sanuto.

The period to which this correspondence relates is one of which few contemporary records are quoted by the historian, and but few have since been recovered by the antiquary.† It is also a period of deep interest. It is that which has been selected by Robertson and Bolingbroke as emphatically the commencement of modern history, when the different members of the European family first began to understand their reciprocal relations, and to make those combinations which have subsequently formed the groundwork of their international policy.

From this time, to preserve the balance of power became the leading object of England. She had practically renounced the dream of French conquest. The key of her policy now was the dread of French aggrandisement. France, consolidated into a great and compact kingdom by the acquisitions of Burgundy and Brittany, sighed for further development, but felt that England was an obstacle in her path and a thorn in her side. It was the reciprocal endeavour of the two governments by every means in their power to impede the march and paralyse the activity of the other. To govern Scotland by an English party in the Scotch councils was to the sovereign of England a policy of necessity, and consequently the first object of the French cabinet was to encourage all Scotch malcontents, to aid them

* This is not wholly new to the public, as part of it is to be found in Sir H. Ellis's *Original Letters illustrative of English History*, vol. i. p. 177.

† Some interesting letters are to be found among the 'State Papers,' published by the Record commission; and also in Sir H. Ellis's publication above quoted, but they are few in number.

with all the arts of intrigue (the honest and intelligible phrase of 'moral support' was not yet invented), and occasionally even with supplies of men and money. At the opening of the present correspondence, Margaret, Henry's sister, left a widow after the fatal field of Flodden (which had been fought at French instigation), was struggling to maintain her position as regent, which was materially endangered by her second marriage. And accordingly the King of France had despatched the Duke of Albany, the next heir to the throne, but born and bred in France, to dispute her authority, contest the guardianship of the children, and in every way to embroil the government with Henry's cabinet.

Spain was at this time too closely allied with England, as well as too distant to excite jealousy; and the emperor, the necessitous Maximilian, could inspire neither respect nor apprehension. But it is surprising to find, on perusing this correspondence, how little at this time the attention of Europe was attracted to the young Archduke, the future Charles V., and how little England, in her balancing and conservative policy, seemed to grudge to Ferdinand and Maximilian acquisitions which must ultimately centre in this colossus of universal dominion.

To Venice, and to Italy generally, the moment was highly critical. To Venice the struggle was for existence. To Italy there was drawing near the *dénouement* of that perplexed and intricate drama which forms her early history; and the final struggle was commenced which at its close was destined to bring her tranquillity at the price of independence. But to understand the import of the negotiations detailed in Mr. Brown's volumes, we must pause to take a closer survey of the internal condition and external relations of the Peninsula.

Those who have gazed in wonder at the incessant warfare which the solar microscope reveals among the denizens of a drop of water will have no unapt image of the state of Italy for some centuries after it had been resolved into its discordant elements by the breaking up of the Western Empire. The only chance for her political reconstruction was to be sought in the preponderance of some one state, or perhaps of three or four strong enough to give the law to the rest, and wise enough to combine for mutual defence. But the rapacity to annex was exceeded only by the repugnance to unite, and a further obstacle to all consolidation was opposed by the vague feudal claims of the empire, and the worse-founded but better-enforced pretensions of the church. Italy was indeed, then as since, nothing more than what an eminent modern statesman* has been so unjustly censured for calling it, 'a geographical

* Prince Metternich, 'L'Italie c'est une expression géographique.'

name ;'

name; and mutual aggression and robbery became the normal condition of its constituent states. Time brought ceaseless change but no amendment; and the fatal practice early introduced and yearly extending of subsidizing foreign troops, multiplied the disorders and paralyzed the energies of the land.

At last approached the consummation which is so bitterly deplored by Italian writers, but which was distinctly apprehended only when it became inevitable. Ludovico Sforza, Regent of Milan, has the unenviable celebrity of having first invited the French to cross the Alps; but, invited or uninvited, the invader was at hand. As soon as the kingdoms of Europe had consolidated their strength by that amalgamating process which was denied to Italy, it was certain that the ambition of their sovereigns would guide them to that beautiful country which held out so tempting a spoil and so easy a conquest. The successful invasion of Charles VIII. was productive to himself neither of glory nor of more solid advantages, but it betrayed the secret of the weakness of the land, and henceforth the destiny of Italy became a matter of intrigue at transalpine courts. Very early in the sixteenth century the stranger established his rule at both extremities of the peninsula. Ferdinand of Arragon reigned at Naples in virtue of the double treachery by which he had first robbed his unsuspecting relation and ally the exiled king, and then the accomplice of his perfidy Louis XII. of France. Louis was in possession of the Milanese and of Genoa; while the Emperor Maximilian was, by fraud and by force, endeavouring to gain a footing in Lombardy, and recover the lost influence of the Empire in Italy.

In the midst of all this confusion and vicissitude, one state seemed advancing steadily in power and importance. Its augmentations were gradual, and made with circumspection. They were consolidated by its good government, and were durable. On impartially considering the history of Italy, it must be admitted that, if any Italian state could have obtained an importance sufficient to oppose a barrier to transalpine ambition, that state was Venice. But public opinion, no less than municipal antipathies, at that time resisted such a concentration of power in one hand. In the year 1500 Italian statesmen and patriots would have heard a proposal to secure the independence of Italy by its 'unity,' with the same disfavour with which the world in 1855 would receive a scheme to establish the peace of Europe by means of an universal monarchy. Venice was accused of being ambitious, and became the object of odium and distrust, because she was suspected of wishing, gradually, and as far as might be peaceably, to bring about that which the late King of Sardinia
a few

a few years ago was so vehemently applauded for attempting violently, and in defiance of treaties. And this suspicion was sufficient to arm against her all the states of Italy and all who looked on Italy as their destined prey.

A few years later Machiavelli's loathing for the foreign rule 'which smelt to heaven'* wrung from him the proposal to give up individual liberty in order to secure national independence; and in a passage of surpassing eloquence he exhorts the Medici Duke of Urbino, whom, as a pope's nephew, he deems secure of papal support, to consolidate a sovereignty which might be the bulwark of Italy against the barbarians. But so much stronger are the passions even of the wisest men than their reason, that we doubt whether the secretary of democratic Florence would not have thought the independence of Italy too dearly bought by the exaltation of the aristocratic Venetians.

Up to the close of the year 1508 all had prospered with the great republic. When Louis XII. invaded the Milanese, she had joined in the enterprise and had shared the spoil. A fatal fault: her excuse was the same which has often been alleged for all that is most dishonest in politics. She could not prevent the crime, and was therefore justified in sharing its profits. In the kingdom of Naples, she held five important ports which had been pledged—virtually sold to her—by the king; and when Cæsar Borgia fell she had secured a part of his spoils. These recent acquisitions seemed but the prelude to further encroachments, and exasperated the jealousy which she had long excited. Once before, at Blois in 1504, the emperor and the king of France had signed a treaty for the spoliation of Venice, but it was dissolved by the discord of the contracting parties before it could take effect. The Republic ought to have learned caution from this proof of the possibility of such a combination, but she also derived confidence from its failure; and never, it must be owned, was there less indication of a coming storm on the horizon than at this moment. With the King of France she was closely allied; with the Emperor she had just signed a long truce; with the wily Ferdinand she had a community of political interests, nor had she any cause to dread his hostility except that he owed her money. Pope Julius was indebted to her for his election, and the avowed principle of his policy was to drive the barbarians beyond the Alps. Yet the Pope was the first to propose the league for her ruin to the King of France; and, though he repented of his rashness before his messenger reached Paris, his repentance came too late. Louis XII.

* 'Ad ognuno puzza questo barbaro dominio.'—*Il Principe*, cap. xxxi.

eagerly

eagerly caught at the proposal, and instantly communicated it to Maximilian, no less eager than himself. The design was forwarded with all the zeal of malice by the all-powerful minister the Cardinal d'Amboise, who had been a candidate for the tiara, and burnt to revenge on the republic that preference for his rival Julius which Julius himself so ungratefully requited.

Maximilian instantly despatched to the congress his daughter Margaret, the Dowager Duchess of Savoy, in whose capacity he had the highest confidence. His choice of a representative proved his eagerness to those who were in the secret, and disguised the object of the mission to those who were not. She was governess of the Low Countries. Certain disputes in Flanders were assigned as the cause of the congress; and the place for its meeting was Cambray, whence this celebrated league took its name.

Never was so important a treaty so hastily settled. The lady's tact was consummate, her secrecy impenetrable, her impetuosity irresistible. She overbore all difficulties. When the Nuncio and the Spanish ambassador pleaded their want of full powers, she accepted the French cardinal's signature on behalf of the Pope and the ambassadors in spite of his protestations of its nullity, well persuaded that Ferdinand would oppose no iniquity which brought him profit. In vain the representative of the Signory followed the court, and haunted every antechamber, and cross-questioned every official. None betrayed the secret; few suspected that there was a secret to betray; and from the cardinal he received oaths and protestations, so cordial and so solemn, as to lull the suspicions even of a Venetian diplomatist.

The fatal league was signed on the 10th December, 1508. It proposed nothing less than the division among the high contracting parties, according to their respective convenience, of the whole of the Venetian dominions on *terra firma*. 'The restoration of the usurpations of the republic,' it was convenient to style this spoliation, and having by this act of sovereign justice re-established the golden age in the Peninsula, the allied powers pledged themselves to devote their arms to the service of Mother Church, and to expel the infidel from Christendom.

The success of this unprincipled league at its first outbreak was, as the reader will doubtless remember, complete and triumphant. In one fatal battle, the rout of Ghiara d'Adda, Venice lost the whole of her possessions on the continent of Italy—but not her firmness and energy. She rallied all her strength for a final struggle, and applied herself to divide the enemies whose union she could not resist. She first was reconciled to the unsteady Julius (chiefly through the intervention of the English

ambassador, Wolsey's predecessor in the see of York), and so dexterously did she play her game, that before the end of the year she found herself leagued with a section of her former enemies to drive the King of France beyond the Alps. The new coalition in its turn was successful, and early in 1513 Pope Julius could boast with his dying breath that the 'French were far from Italy.' But Venice soon found with dismay that her confederates were not less bent on her spoliation than her enemies. Maximilian announced his intention to keep all her best provinces, and to make her pay tribute for the remainder. The Republic hastily changed her policy and patched up an alliance with France, which circumstances had made equally necessary to both. This French alliance, to which Venice obstinately adhered, is the key to all the diplomacy of the time. To detach Venice from the French connexion was the grand object for some years subsequently of all who feared the aggrandisement of France or favoured rival interests in Italy.

We now arrive at the period to which the present correspondence relates. At the opening of the year 1515 much blood and treasure had been wasted, but the recovery of the Venetian provinces was still incomplete, when the Signory thought it needful to urge the return of the King of France to Lombardy, and for this purpose despatched a double embassy—the one to Paris, on the pretext of congratulating the king on his marriage with Maria Tudor, the young and handsome sister of our Henry VIII.; the other to England, for the purpose of maintaining a good understanding between the half-reconciled brothers-in-law; and of thus leaving Louis at liberty to turn his attention to his Transalpine conquests. Pasqualigo is appointed to Paris, and for the English embassy the Senate fix their eyes on Sebastian Giustinian, a veteran statesman and diplomatist, of whose family and early career an amusing account is given by the translator in a preliminary chapter. He had already passed the greater part of a long life in the public service. He had acted as Proveditor, under circumstances of great difficulty and danger, in Dalmatia, where much firmness and presence of mind were needed to make the civilised rule of the Republic respected by her semi-barbarous subjects. As a man of letters, he had been distinguished among the learned men who frequented the court of Ladislaus, King of Hungary, where he had resided as ambassador. At the explosion of the League of Cambray, he was governor of Brescia, and had been obliged to surrender the town on finding that the leaders of the Gambara faction had opened the gates to the French. He owed it to his personal popularity alone that he was permitted to return to Venice. In black serge, and with a beard of twelve days' growth,

growth, he entered the Senate to give an account of his disaster (vol. i. p. 10); but the Signory could distinguish misfortune from demerit: he was appointed to high office, and is now despatched on this important embassy.

He has hardly left the Lagunes before he is met by the news of the death of Louis and the accession of the youthful and high-spirited Francis. The real object of his mission remains unchanged. Its ostensible purport, with all the details, are immediately adjusted to suit the altered circumstances. The visit of compliment to Louis on his marriage is changed to one of mingled condolence and congratulation to Francis on his accession; and the rich present destined for the beautiful bride of the enamoured old king is withheld from his widow, now a dowager and person of little influence. His new credentials and instructions are promised him at Lyons, whither he proceeds by the circuitous route of Ferrara, Lucca, and Genoa.

But even by the shortest road a journey from Venice to London in the year 1515, in mid-winter, was no light undertaking. A letter from Giustinian's predecessor, Badoer (vol. i. p. 63), one of the most curious in the whole collection, enables us to say in how short a time it might be accomplished. In January, 1509, Badoer was despatched to England on the forlorn hope of persuading Henry VII. to make a diversion in favour of Venice by invading France. Not an hour was to be lost, and secrecy was not less needed than despatch. Venice was at war with all the continent, and a Venetian messenger, wherever discovered, would have been stopped. In modern days, a false passport would have smoothed all difficulties; but the passport system—that ingenious invention for impeding the tourist and expediting the fugitive—was reserved for our own enlightened age. Badoer spoke French, English, and German—a rare accomplishment in days when the facility of using Latin as an universal medium of communication among educated people discouraged the study of modern tongues—and one that did him good service. 'It behoved me,' he says (vol. i. p. 66), 'to give account to every one what I was doing, and not to change colour whilst telling my tale. Sometimes I passed for an Englishman, and sometimes for a Croat on a mission to the Emperor.' But, though his safety was endangered, his progress does not seem to be retarded by the wakeful suspicion he encounters. He rides to Basle by the Mount St. Gothard, and cuts his leg to the bone by a fall on the ice, while crossing the Pass at night. He dresses his leg himself, and hurries on, takes a boat at Basle, and rides from Cologne to Calais, through dangers multiplying as he arrives near the goal.

At last, in twenty-six days he reaches London, and what, he exclaims, could a man of sixty-two do more? We must own, to the honour of the Venetian patriot, that even in these days of established posts and excellent roads, few gentlemen of his age who travelled in the same way could accomplish the journey more speedily.

Our ambassador has no such occasion for hurry, and he has a good deal of business to do by the way. His progress through Italy strongly illustrates the sketch we have attempted to give of that unhappy country at this crisis of its fate. His first halt is at Ferrara, where the Duke and Duchess (the famous Lucrezia Borgia), who, as the translator observes, seem to rule together with remarkable harmony and equality of power, receive him with unbounded professions, warmly reciprocated by the ambassador, of devotion and affection. But, under all the verbiage of mediæval diplomacy, there is a deep meaning in the few words of business that escape: 'Both Duke and Duchess affirmed it was ever their intention to follow the same fortunes as your Excellency.' In ordinary times, the mainspring of the policy pursued by the sovereigns of Ferrara was jealousy of Venice, whose vengeance they feared to provoke, but whose yoke they were ever anxious to break.* The Duke had lost an important province (the Polesine of Rovigo) as the penalty of his union with Italy in 1484 against the Republic, and to regain it had joined the League of Cambray; but experience had shown him there were more formidable enemies to be feared than the insulted and injured Republic, whose fortunes were then too low to allow her to be vindictive. Ferrara, according to the notions of the day, was a fief of the Church; Modena and Reggio were held of the Empire. The Pope was in military possession of the two latter duchies, and ardently coveted the former. The Pope was the unprincipled Leo, the Emperor the needy Maximilian. The position of Ferrara was much that of a vessel entangled in a 'field of ice:' struggling to preserve her existence till winds and tides avert the danger, or hoping, by dexterous steering, to escape between the icebergs that threaten to crush her.

At Lucca, Giustinian finds the same disquietude and not less well-grounded jealousies and fears. The aversion of the inhabitants to their sister republic Florence was intense, and their dread of her was increased by the election of a Medici Pope. 'They well knew who it was had a design on their liberties' (vol. i. p. 36), and they are scarcely reassured by the reflection that the Pope had lately

* Up to the time of the league of Cambray the representative of the Republic was styled the Vidame, and had powers almost incompatible with the independence of the sovereign.

rejected a proposal for making Lucca a principality for Giuliano de Medici.* Giustinian has no further consolation to offer them than the assurance that the Pope (whom the Venetians were most anxious to conciliate) had been elected for his private, not less than his public, virtues, and was utterly incapable of any conduct that fell short of the most disinterested magnanimity.

With this cold comfort he leaves them, and goes on to Genoa, where he finds the Doge wounded and blustering in bed. How the Doge got his wound the ambassador does not tell us; and so frequent were disturbances in that restless city, that Mr. Rawdon Brown, with all his diligence, is unable to discover. In fact, the perpetual contests between the Adorni and Fregosi, and the alternate submissions and resistances to France, render the history of Genoa at this time as insupportable to the reader as its condition must have been to the wretched inhabitants. To complete the picture of these disastrous times, our ambassador finds that the road from Genoa to Nice is infested by a party of disbanded, or rather unemployed, soldiery who were committing the greatest barbarities. Giuliano de Medici, then on his road to Turin to claim his bride, had been obliged to return and reported that the 'condottieri' had been joined by the wretched peasantry, compelled to adopt this course as the only chance of saving their lives, and tempted, like their betters, to share the crimes they could not prevent.

Giustinian, thus prevented from continuing his journey by land, embarks for Nice; and as the shores of the Peninsula recede from his sight, we may imagine, from his impassioned pleadings with Wolsey subsequently in favour of 'this miserable and lacerated Italy' (vol. i. p. 226 and p. 234), and his harrowing description of the cruelties practised by the Swiss and German soldiery, with what feelings he looked back towards that beautiful but unhappy land, the—

'Sera Italia del dolor ostello.'

The Italian of the sixteenth century was goaded by a sense of moral degradation not less acute than that of social wretchedness. Vain of his pretensions to intellectual superiority, he blushed to receive the law from the 'barbarians' whom he affected to despise. He repented too late of having thrown himself unarmed on the tender mercies of venal traders in war,† and he sighed over the national corruption which he denounced in vain. In the state of

* This proposal did not take effect, and is not mentioned by historians; but that it should have been made is strongly illustrative of the state of Italy and of public morality at the time.

† Machiavelli, 'The Prince,' cap. xiii.

mutual wrong and ceaseless aggression which we have described, the standard of public opinion had been lowered, and good faith had been banished from the land. Fraud was opposed to force, and force did not disdain to call in the aid of fraud. The Romish See, far from opposing a barrier to the torrent of immorality, is denounced by Machiavelli and other contemporary writers as the centre of corruption. She set the example, and gave the sanction of religion to that systematic breach of faith for which Machiavelli's own name, in consequence of his superior talents and not of his deeper perfidy, has become a byword. Rome was the plague-spot of Italy, and throughout the length and breadth of the land, conscious, as it was, of its own foulness, there was a general cry for reform of the Church in its head and in its members.

Such a state of things could not last. But the end was not yet; much blood was yet to be shed; much misery was yet to be endured. And for which of the combatants then in the field are the reader's sympathies engaged? Whose is the righteous side? Let the modern historian, enlightened as he is by the event, survey the causes then in operation, and the passions then at work, and tell us by what possible combination of such elements the independence and happiness of Italy could have been secured. The question is full of interest even now, for still the problem of the destiny of Italy is as far from its solution as ever. We cannot see how, without that reform in the manners and sentiments of the Italians themselves, which is the only remedy never proposed, one step towards her liberty can be made; and in reading of these desolating wars, when Lombardy became what Flanders was afterwards called, the prize-fighting stage for all Europe, the warmest enthusiast for Italian liberty feels a sensation of relief when at last the leaden mantle of Spain fell over the land, and, if it checked every pulsation of life, at least stopped the further effusion of blood.

At Lyons Giustinian finds his colleague Pasqualigo and his new credentials, but not his baggage, which had been sent, according to the usual course of traffic at the time, through Switzerland. We must presume that the arrangements he had made were the best, but we own that, considering the state of the country and the season of the year, we sympathize with him rather in his disappointment than in his surprise. After vainly waiting a few days, our ambassadors buy new clothes and proceed to Paris, where their reception is all that can be desired. We pass it by because in its ceremonial it so closely resembles that of the English court, where at last after three weary months of travel they arrive.

In the infancy of diplomacy nothing can be more cumbrous and troublesome than were its forms; the number of ambassadors, their rank and their array, varied in proportion to the importance attached to their message and the degree of respect it was intended to express. On their arrival, a day of public entry and public audience was assigned. A magnificent escort was sent to meet them, which was joined by all the great who wished to do them honour, and by all the rabble who wished to amuse themselves.* Three ambassadors were thought necessary to constitute a handsome embassy. Accordingly Pasqualigo and Giustinian are jointly accredited to both French and English courts. With the help of their predecessors at Paris and London respectively, they contrive to make their entrance into each capital as the *three* Venetian ambassadors; when the festivities at the English court are over, Pasqualigo returns to Paris, and Giustinian remains to transact the business of the Republic in England; while his predecessor Badoer prepares to return to Venice as soon as the Signory can be persuaded to pay his debts.

Besides the letters of Giustinian which give an account of his reception, Mr. Rawdon Brown has extracted two private letters from the diaries of Marin Sanuto. We select for quotation the latter, as giving more details than the ambassador thought consistent with the dignity of the Signory.

‘On St. George’s Day the ambassadors were escorted by two lords and a numerous retinue in a large barge to a place called Richmond. Having landed with about 200 persons we went into the palace, and on entering a very handsome and lofty hall a collation was served of nothing but bread and wine, according to the custom here. And this being ended, we passed through some other chambers, where we saw part of his Majesty’s guard, consisting of 300 English, all very handsome men and in excellent array, with their halberts; and by my faith I never saw finer fellows.’

They are then ushered into the presence, where they find the King most gorgeously dressed in the robes of the Garter. Then follows the Latin oration (which is preserved in the British Museum), then Mass, and then a sumptuous dinner. On the 1st of May there is less of court ceremonial:—

* These are the ‘ridings’ which Chaucer says turned the heads and robbed the time of truant apprentices:—

For whan ther eny riding was in Chepe,
Out of the shoppe thidder would he lepe.
And til that he had all the sight ysein
And danced wel, he wold not come agen.

CHAUCER, *Coke’s Tale*.

‘His

‘His Majesty sent two English lords to the ambassadors, who were taken by them to a place called Greenwich, five miles hence, where the King was for the purpose of celebrating May-day. On the ambassadors arriving there they mounted on horseback with many of the chief nobles of the kingdom, and accompanied the most serene Queen into the country to meet the King. Her Majesty was most excellently attired and very richly, and with her were twenty-five damsels, mounted on white palfreys with housings of the same fashion most beautifully embroidered in gold; and these damsels had all dresses slashed with gold lace in very costly trim, with a number of footmen in most excellent order. The Queen went with her retinue a distance of two miles out of Greenwich into a wood, where they found the King with his guard, all clad in a livery of green, with bows in their hands, and about a hundred noblemen on horseback all gorgeously arrayed. In this wood were certain bowers filled purposely with singing birds, which carolled most sweetly; and in one of these bastions or bowers were some triumphal cars, on which were singers and musicians, who played on an organ and flute and lutes, during a banquet which was served in this place. Then proceeding homewards, certain tall pasteboard giants, being placed in cars and surrounded by his Majesty’s guard, were conducted in the greatest order to Greenwich, the musicians playing all the way, so that by my faith it was a very fine triumph and very pompous. The King in person brought up the rear with as great state as possible, being followed by the Queen with such a crowd on foot as to exceed, I think, 2500 persons.’—vol. i. p. 79.

When all this festivity is over, Giustinian addresses himself to the real business of his mission. He finds at first nothing but smiles and good humour at court. Henry was still in the heyday of youth, health, and animal spirits—unsoured by controversy, unstained by blood—his father’s treasure as yet unwasted, his enjoyment of life unimpaired. Fond of pleasure and proud of power, he had never learnt self-control; but his natural impulses were good, and his intentions honest. The suspicions of the reader will be roused by hearing that the ‘queen was plain, but the ladies of her court were very handsome’ (vol. i. p. 81). There is, however, no hint of scandal, and his attention to Catharine is exemplary; she, on her part, is a pattern-wife. The ambassador tells us she was ‘perfect;’ and perhaps the best eulogium of her is that she is scarcely ever mentioned in his despatches except on occasions of ceremony. It is impossible to be more easy and good-natured than Henry shows himself in his own family. His sister, the Dowager Queen of France, has just married the Duke of Suffolk, with less than decent haste and without waiting for his consent; but he receives them both with as much favour as if he had given her away at the altar. In the course of these
despatches

despatches we find his elder sister, the Dowager Queen of Scotland, received at his court and his table with as much kindness as if her imprudent second marriage had not caused all her own troubles in Scotland and the overthrow of the English party. The letters of the ambassador, as well as those of his colleagues, and their secretaries, concur in representing him as, without exception, the most accomplished prince in Christendom: a good classical scholar, an expert modern linguist, uniting all the clerkly skill of a churchman, with an unrivalled dexterity and boldness in the exercises of chivalry. A modern reader may be apt to suspect that courtiers, in tilting with their sovereign, took care not to be too earnest for victory; but the sports of chivalry were too rough to admit this dexterous and courtly management. Some years subsequently a King of France was killed in a tournament; and on one occasion, in a tilt with the Duke of Suffolk, Henry himself nearly lost his life by having forgotten, in his eagerness, to close his vizor. In the many jousts at which the ambassadors were present, his prowess is mentioned with unfeigned wonder. The secretary Sagudino compares him to his own St. George, and says he exerted himself to the utmost, in order that Pasqualigo, then returning to France, might report favourably of his prowess to Francis. He was an accomplished musician, and to turn this taste to account, the Signory send him an organist of surpassing skill, who they hope may find the '*mollia tempora fandi*,' and, by his dexterous insinuations, make an impression in their favour. The splendour of his fêtes, his plate, his furniture, are extolled with a warmth of praise which we must suppose merited, when it comes from a native of the country which at that time gave the model of magnificence to all Europe. We are told more than once that he is the best-dressed sovereign in Europe—a merit which, in the sixteenth century, was held to be quite as important in the ruder as it is now-a-days in the softer sex, and quite as indicative of superior taste and refinement. In his person he seems to have united a figure of masculine strength with features of female delicacy (vol. i. p. 86). But, alas! not even in these trifles can we in modern times obtain justice for Henry, once the most popular of sovereigns. Calumniated by the Romanists for his quarrel with the Pope, abandoned by the Protestants for his bigotry and his cruelties, few writers can remember that he once was innocent; and Mr. Capefigue, in an amusing passage of his '*Histoire de la Renaissance*,' quoted by Mr. Brown (vol. i. p. 26), forgets that he was ever young. Writing of the year 1519, he is very angry with Henry's impertinence in being a candidate for the elective crown of the Empire.

'His

‘His unwieldy figure and bloated face,’ he exclaims, ‘might suit the coarse banquets of Germany; but how could a Prince, who was lifted on his horse to follow the hounds in Windsor Park, aspire to the great military dictatorship, of which the leading idea was to protect Christendom against the Turk?’ We may observe, by the way, that whatever might have been the leading idea of those who elected his successful rival Charles, the new Emperor’s own leading idea was much rather to oppress Christendom himself than to protect it from anybody. But it is only Henry’s physical fitness for this great dictatorship which we are called on to defend; and though, as Mr. Brown observes, the honour of the country is not compromised by the corpulence of its sovereign, we sympathise with his satisfaction in transcribing the ambassador’s testimony of the very same date. Nor can we omit the opportunity of remarking how necessary it is for historians, who dress up history with the ornaments of romance, to consult original documents, in order to derive from them the graphic touches and lively colouring which they cannot safely supply from their own imagination. The following was read by Giustinian to the senate:—

‘His Majesty is twenty-nine years old and extremely handsome; Nature could not have done more for him; he is much handsomer than any other sovereign in Christendom, a great deal handsomer than the King of France; very fair, and his whole frame admirably proportioned. On hearing that Francis I. wore a beard, he allowed his own to grow; and, as it is reddish, he has now got a beard which looks like gold. He is very accomplished. * * * * He is very fond of hunting, and never takes this diversion without tiring eight or ten horses. * * * * He is extremely fond of tennis, at which game it is the prettiest thing in the world to see him play, his fair skin glowing through a shirt of the finest texture.’—vol. i. p. 27.

But a new defence to Mr. Capefigue’s charge is brought to light by this correspondence; and though it transports us from the opening to the close of the despatches, we will take this opportunity of pointing it out. At the worst, Henry’s impertinence is much less barefaced than the French historian supposes, for it seems certain that he never was an avowed candidate for the Imperial crown. It is remarkable that though the election took place before the Venetian ambassador left London, and all the eyes of diplomacy were straining to pierce the mystery and discover the secret wishes of every European Court on the subject, neither Giustinian himself, nor any of his colleagues then resident in London (for he consults them all), entertained the slightest idea that Henry intended to put himself in competition for the prize. It is also remarkable that the Venetian ambassador at Rome,

Marco

Marco Minio, in his despatches does not, among all the news which he sends to the Signory from that focus of intrigue, give the least intimation of Henry's candidateship. Giustinian was still in England when the triumph of Charles was announced, and was celebrated with rejoicings which seem intended to conceal disappointment, if any was felt. A *Te Deum* was sung, at which all the ambassadors were present except the French, who absented himself for the diplomatic reason that the news was not official. And some officers of the Lord Mayor were put into prison, with the threat of being hanged (we hope it was not executed), because they had stopped the bonfires, which the envoy of the Governess of the Netherlands had prepared to celebrate the event.

The usual statement of the historians is, that Dr. Richard Pace was despatched to Frankfort to urge his master's claims, but Giustinian, who meets him at Dover, has a long conference with him on the subject of the election, without the slightest suspicion that such had been the object of his mission; and Hall, who doubtless gives the current opinion of the day, broadly asserts that Pace was sent to urge the claims of the king of Castile. Henry's overture, therefore, was a profound secret, but there is no doubt that it was really made,* and whether this tardy and cautious application deserves the name of competition, and should rank Henry among the candidates for the Empire, is a mere verbal dispute. The electors were notoriously indisposed to choose either Charles or Francis, each of whom was already too powerful for the independence of the Germanic body, and yet they would probably hesitate to raise from their own ranks an Imperial phantom, whose lofty pretensions would bring him into dangerous collision with his disappointed rivals. In this perplexity (Henry might calculate) they would eagerly adopt the suggestion to elect a monarch whose insular position removed him from all German interests—who had wealth to reward his friends, and power to awe his enemies, and thus he himself might arrive at the goal before his younger rivals, without having run the race.

If this was his calculation, he has been doubly disappointed.

* This point is established by two letters inserted among the 'State Papers published under the authority of his Majesty's commission.' A letter (Vol. I. No. 3) from Clerk, afterwards Bishop of Bath and Wells, to Wolsey, distinctly alludes to the king's pretensions, and his anxiety lest they should be affected by Pace's illness at Frankfort. In the other, No. 7, Pace gives to Wolsey an account of the manner in which, according to some plan preconcerted with Wolsey, he communicated to the king the details of the election. It is clear Henry's expectations could not have been high, nor his disappointment great, for Pace represents him as entirely consoled by hearing with what extravagant sums Charles had bribed the electors.

The overture was unsuccessful, and his secret has oozed out. The story was amusing and so was exaggerated into an importance it does not deserve, and thus posterity attributes to him the humiliation of defeat, when he hardly can be said to have contended for victory.

But we must return to Henry as we find him four years earlier at the opening of the correspondence. He was still tolerably attentive to business. He had not yet fallen into those indolent habits which Wolsey studiously encouraged. Four years later, when Giustinian, on his return through Paris, is asked by the French king 'what sort of a statesman his brother Henry makes?' he is obliged, when pressed for an answer, to confess that the king leaves the details of business to his ministers—an admission which draws down the indignant reprehension of Francis, unconscious that the very ambassador who stood before him had given four years ago to his government a worse character in this respect of Francis himself. (Vol. I. p. 49.)

At the opening of Giustinian's mission, his conferences with Henry are frequent, and in their various discussions the king displays as clear a view of his foreign relations, and expresses himself with as much force and precision, as Wolsey himself. If his language is sometimes presumptuous, it is not more so than that of the minister. Flattered and courted by all parties, he fancies that he holds the balance of Europe in his hands, and in his arrogant simplicity he believes that the wily pontiff will, from motives of personal regard, shape his tortuous policy in Italy so as to meet the wishes of the king of England. Very early after the accession of Francis, there occurs the proposal of a personal interview between the sovereigns of France and England, and it was renewed every year till it finally took effect on the far-famed field of the Cloth of Gold. This idea was perhaps first suggested by the feeling of personal rivalry which seems to have possessed Henry's mind from the moment that he heard of the accession to the French throne of a young and warlike sovereign, and which from the first arrival of the ambassador is constantly displaying itself with more or less of bitterness. If the French king or his ministers saw this correspondence—as from the constant complaints of the delays in passing through France we are persuaded they did—it is impossible not to feel surprise that Francis should have neglected to propitiate his susceptible neighbour by a few decent civilities, which would have involved no loss of dignity, and a few trifling acts of justice, such as the punishment of certain piracies which it was the interest of both countries to suppress. But we suppose it is one of the secrets revealed by history, that in the great affairs
of

of nations frivolous motives and personal weaknesses have as much influence as in the humble drama of private life.

The most finished portrait in these volumes is that of Wolsey, who had now just risen to the zenith of court favour. In the French expedition he had found means completely to ingratiate himself with his master, and in one year had three bishopricks showered upon him—Tournay, on its conquest, Lincoln, and York.* The Ambassador, soon after his arrival, announces it as a discovery of his own that the ‘Right Reverend of York really seems to have the government of the whole kingdom’ (vol. i. p. 110); however, he continues to transact business with the Bishop of Durham (Ruthal), the Bishop of Winchester (Fox, Wolsey’s early patron), and other Lords of the Council; but soon he observes that no business is finally expedited except by Wolsey, and at last loses all patience with the dullness of the infallible Signory, when it seems inclined to underrate Wolsey’s importance: ‘I have told your Sublimity more than a hundred times it is of no use applying to any one but the Cardinal.’

For Cardinal he had now become. Not long after Giustinian’s arrival a hat was sent by the Pope to secure or to reward his services in opposition to those interests which the Venetian Ambassador came to promote. On receiving this emblem of dignity, there is observable a gradual change in his habits, an increased state—greater difficulty of access—a more swelling assumption. He swears by his hat and by the cardinalate with a pomposity which will remind some of our older readers of a Whig successor of his on the woollack, whose favourite asseveration used to be, ‘as sure as I am brother to the Earl of —.’ However, our Ambassador’s cool judgment is not overpowered by the solemnity of this oath, and at last he is obliged to communicate the conviction forced on him by experience, ‘that his Right Reverend Lordship (the title of Eminence was not yet invented) generally means exactly the contrary of what he says’ (vol. ii. p. 51).

The intercourse of the Cardinal and the Ambassador, both men of talent and thoroughly conversant with business, is a curious specimen of diplomatic fence, dexterously varied, as the shifting events of the day supplied fresh opportunities of attack and defence. In this point of view, maugre the difference of the scenes, the actors, and the costumes, this correspondence reminds us of that of Lord Malmsbury, from Petersburg;—there is the same patience and perseverance on the part of the Ambassador, and the same obduracy on the part of the Sovereign and the

* Cavendish’s ‘Life of Wolsey.’

Minister, till at last the results are brought about by combinations, in which neither the Court nor the Ambassador have any part.

Beneath the flattering professions of his first reception, Giustinian soon discovers in the minds of the King and all his Ministers a decided preference for the Imperial cause in Italy—a preference strengthening daily as the progress of Francis gives fresh ground for jealousy. The real object of the Signory at this time, to which all others were subordinate, was the recovery of Brescia and Verona, still unjustly and obstinately withheld by the Emperor; and to this they adhere with a pertinacity which excites the wrath and sometimes the mirth of Wolsey, little disposed to tolerate or even understand a line of policy that thwarts his own. ‘Domine orator,’ says his lordship, laughing (vol. i. p. 231), ‘you are like the man who had a dispute about a mill, and when there was a question of compromising the matter, he said, I consent to the compromise, but I choose at any rate to have my mill.’

Previously to the League of Cambray, Verona had belonged to Venice for a century, and by the most legitimate of all titles—the voluntary call of the people on the extinction of the line of their former princes of the house of La Scala (vol. i. p. 257); as a fortress moreover it was necessary to the existence of the Republic as an independent Italian state; but if these facts are overlooked or denied, as they purposely are by Wolsey, it must be owned the Ambassador’s arguments are easily retorted on himself. ‘Spare,’ he exclaims, ‘the further effusion of blood—cease to sow dissensions in Christendom, and unite all Christian powers against the common enemy, the Turk, whose progress is so alarming.’ ‘Cease your struggle for Verona,’ retorts the Cardinal, ‘withdraw your support from the French, and the peace you desire is already secured.’ Meantime the negotiation in England becomes of the highest interest, for it is certain that without mysterious supplies of money to the needy Emperor, Verona must fall; and Giustinian discovers, by means which are curiously illustrative of the financial and commercial condition of Europe at the time, that specie has been sent out of the kingdom: the transmission of 100,000 ducats to the Emperor causes a variation in the exchange of from 7 to 8 per cent. (vol. i. p. 152); moreover a magnificent collar arrives as a present, which, from his knowledge of all the parties, the Ambassador is convinced is sent only as a *pledge* for a loan; but in reply to his urgent remonstrances, he can obtain nothing from the Cardinal but denials of the fact and mis-statements of the object, till at length the truth becomes so notorious, that it
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is unblushingly avowed and justified. In spite of these supplies, however, and much to the surprise of Henry and his ministers, at last Brescia falls, and is honestly given up by the French to the Venetian commissary. On this occasion the Cardinal commands himself sufficiently to offer his congratulations with decent cordiality, and we suspect with somewhat less insincerity than Giustinian believes. It was not so much the restoration of Brescia to Venice, as its subjection to France, that he had desired to prevent.

In the belief of Francis' meditated treachery to Venice, in spite of this recent instance of good faith, the English Court were unquestionably sincere, but the proofs by which they endeavoured to substantiate the charge were manifestly insufficient. More than once Henry pledges his royal word that he *knows* the Christian King's sinister intentions; the Cardinal often quotes unnamed informants, and on one occasion pretends to reveal a correspondence with the Pope. Giustinian, perplexed but not convinced, unable to agree without giving up the policy of the Signory, unwilling to contradict for fear of giving offence, answers evasively, till at length the Cardinal, irritated by the failure of his artifice, and resenting a conditional assent, breaks up the conference, exclaiming, in allusion to the Spartan envoy's famous retort, 'His Majesty the King, and I who am at least a Cardinal, do not deserve an *if indeed!*' (Vol. i. p. 268.)

In proportion to the progress of Francis in Lombardy, Wolsey's desire to make a general league against him increases. He negotiates with the Pope and the Spanish Ambassador, and sends for the Cardinal of Sion, a restless intriguer, who had raised himself to consequence by making the sovereigns of Europe believe that he could buy cheap, and persuading the Swiss that he could sell dear, their interested services. He seems to think the time is come for throwing off all disguise, and taking a decisive part: he openly declares the Emperor must have Verona (vol. ii. p. 14). He accuses the Republic of being the cause of all the misery of Italy and the danger of Christendom (for he, too, can fear the Turk, when it suits his argument), and threatens her with a general crusade in the name of outraged humanity.

In the mean time, while the Cardinal is negotiating an anti-Gallican league with the utmost eagerness in London, the youthful Charles (or his minister, M. de Chièvres) is discussing with the King of France the terms of a peace, by which he engages to compel his grandfather Maximilian to give up this bone of contention, Verona, to its rightful owners, the Venetians. This was the treaty of Noyon. Mr. Rawdon Brown observes how completely Henry and his minister were duped by its signature and subsequent

subsequent execution; but it seems by no means certain that it had always been Charles's intention to deceive the English Court by this double negotiation. We may conjecture that had Wolsey's league succeeded, he would not have scrupled to profit by its success; but, on finding the Cardinal of Sion brought up no Swiss contingent, and that Wolsey did nothing but negotiate, he judged it prudent to adhere to the treaty with France. Be this as it may, Venice had now accomplished her grand object, and entered into possession of the greater part of the provinces which were wrested from her by the League of Cambray.

In this long diplomatic duel the advantage of position is all on the side of the English minister. The English interests concerned are remote and contingent. He has (as he lets out one day in ludicrously plainspoken contradiction to the usual professions of common interests and mutual dependence) little to gain or to fear from Venice, and most assuredly he contends with fearful odds on his side against the corps diplomatique, of whose privileges as now understood he seems to have no notion, and for whose rights he has no respect. On one occasion he stops the French ambassador's despatches at Calais, and rates him soundly for their contents (vol. i. p. 213). On another he examines our friend Giustinian's at Canterbury, who makes no complaint, and contents himself with taking precautions that his cypher should not be discovered (vol. i. p. 229). He collars the Papal Nuncio—uses the harshest language to him, and threatens him with the rack—an extremity to which he could scarcely have proceeded but in reliance on his own clerical rank, and also perhaps on his power of proving that the Nuncio was more devoted to the Venetian interest than was consistent with his duty to his Holiness (vol. ii. p. 17). The advantage of calmness and of temper is all on the side of the Ambassador, who never forgets what is due to the dignity of the republic, or what is required by her interests. When an insolent young lord throws out an unworthy taunt, '*Isti Veneti sunt piscatores,*'—he replies with subdued and dignified resentment,

'That had he been at Venice and seen our Senate and the Venetian nobility he would not speak thus; and, moreover, were he well read in our history both concerning the origin of our city and the greatness of your Excellency's deeds, neither the one nor the other would seem to him those of fishermen; yet, said I, did fishermen found the Christian faith, and we have been those fishermen who defended it against the infidel, our fishing-boats being galleys, our hooks the treasure of St. Mark, and our bait the life-blood of our citizens who died for the Christian faith.'—vol. i. p. 205.

But when in discussing public business the Cardinal permits himself

himself to use insulting language, the Ambassador hears nothing and resents nothing; a servant of the Signory has no personal feelings, and he is much too wise to allow the affairs of Europe to be put out of joint by the ill-breeding of two veteran statesmen who should have learnt more self-command. Yet lest he should appear to have been too tame, he subjoins, in narrating a scene of this kind, 'should your Sublimity choose me to change my style, I shall not scruple doing my duty' (vol. i. p. 253). On the whole, however, loving protestations on one side produce a return of affectionate language on the other, till one unlucky day when the Council of Ten order the Ambassador to deliver to the King a certain letter without passing it through the hands of his minister. We presume the Ambassador could not demur to an order thus peremptorily given, but he probably thought himself aggrieved in being denied a discretionary power; he certainly executes the commission with provoking dexterity, though, as he tells the Doge (with something we could fancy of a secret chuckle), he was fully aware how much mischief he was doing. The object of the application was to intercede for the Cardinal Adrian, who had taken refuge in Venice, and had doubtless explained to the Signory that his petition would never reach the King if it passed through Wolsey's hands. The Cardinal, an Italian by birth, had been presented to the see of Bath by Henry VII. He had been accused of complicity in the plot against Pope Leo's life, for which the Cardinal Petrucci suffered in St. Angelo; and, though he had made his peace with his Holiness, he had not thought himself safe till he reached the territory of the Republic. In the mean time the revenues of the see of Bath had been given 'in commendam' to Wolsey, whose interests were thus attacked in a vital point by this intercession. Wolsey's wrath knew no bounds:—

'Having sent my secretary to the Cardinal of York to ask for an audience, he was summoned into the presence of his Lordship, who made the most terrible complaints against your Sublimity and against me; but the loudest fell to my lot, from whom he said he had not anticipated such treatment; and that whereas he had loved me like a brother, paying me more honour than ever was accorded to an ambassador of your Highness, so now he would oppose me in all my proceedings. Your master, he said, has had the daring to give letters and to canvass against me at the request of a rebel against his Holiness. Nor can I but complain of the Signory taking such a delinquent under its protection. . . . I charge your Ambassador and you not to write anything out of the kingdom without my consent, under pain of the indignation of the King and the heaviest penalties; which expression, and all those above mentioned, he repeated several times, becoming

more and more exasperated. While thus irritated he held a cane in his hand and kept gnawing it with his teeth,'—vol. ii. p. 117.

His violence during his interview with the Ambassador is still more unmeasured, and it is only by the excess of patience and submission that the latter succeeds in appeasing him at last.

Nor is Wolsey more manageable in the trifling matters of commercial interest than he had shown himself in the great questions of European policy. On behalf of the Venetian merchants Giustinian claims a reduction of the duty on the wines of Candia, in virtue of a compact of which Venice has already performed her part; the case is so simple he is sure he can make it clear to his Right Reverend Lordship in a few minutes, its justice is so apparent his Lordship must needs give an immediate decision; but the Cardinal, who is most unwilling to reduce the revenue, never has time or health to bestow on the wines of Candia. On the bare mention of them he becomes indisposed, or overwhelmed with business, and bows the Ambassador out of the room. Sometimes he enters warmly into the business and promises largely, but there is always a plea for delay—he must consult the merchants, or the Council, or the Parliament, or the King; everybody in short whom in matters of great moment he never does think of consulting. To the last Giustinian flatters himself he may return with the credit of having settled this dispute for his countrymen; but, after long feeding himself with hope deferred, he is obliged to turn this matter over to his successor in a state little more advanced than that in which he found it. At one time he was disposed to think that the present of an hundred Damascus carpets, on which the Cardinal had set his heart, might expedite the affair of the wines; and indeed at vol. i. p. 320, he professes to believe that a gift—in plain English, a bribe—might stop the minister's zeal for the Imperial cause; but it is only justice to Wolsey to say that the present correspondence does not bring to light any case in which there is the suspicion of a bribe having been accepted or even offered. On one occasion he condescends to receive as a personal favour to the Ambassador ten carpets from some Venetian merchants who had incurred his displeasure, but we entirely acquit him of betraying the interests of the commonwealth or the exchequer for a personal bribe, though probably he was quite capable of accepting a present for doing the justice or the grace which for other reasons he had resolved to do. The distinction is a narrow one, and very dangerous to the integrity of statesmen, but it is all the great Bacon could find to say in his defence, or to soothe his remorse.

Like his great prototype in France, the Cardinal of Rouen, Wolsey

Wolsey did not think it dishonest to employ the resources of the kingdom he governed to subserve the purposes of his personal ambition, and as minister of England to pursue that brilliant *ignis fatuus* that had deluded Louis XII.'s favourite—the Triple Crown. But in one respect he shone vastly superior to Georges d'Amboise. These letters mention two brothers of Wolsey, of whom we do not remember to have heard elsewhere. Their obscurity is greatly to his credit, and contrasts most favourably with the cardinal's hats, and the countless dignities at home and abroad, procured by the French minister for his eight brothers and the husbands of his eight sisters and all their innumerable descendants.

The present correspondence strongly confirms the accusation against Wolsey, that he was not only fond of the substance of power, but that he imprudently coveted its semblance also. We had sometimes suspected that in writing *Ego et Rex meus* he had been betrayed by his accurate scholarship into this classic but uncourtierlike idiom. But in Giustinian's Report we are told—

'On the Ambassador's first arrival in England he used to say to him, "His majesty will do so and so." Subsequently by degrees he forgot himself, and began to say, "We shall do so and so:" at this present he has reached such a pitch that he says, "I shall do so and so."

In the course of the secretary's transcription there appears a blank leaf—one missing despatch. The plague had been in the house. The Ambassador himself had escaped it, but not so the sweating sickness, with which both he and the Cardinal are severely visited. During the whole of this period of national calamity the Cardinal behaves with the caution of one who has a great stake to lose, but at the same time with as much firmness as is needed in a case where public duty does not require a display of heroism.

We do not say that on the whole any positively new traits are brought to light in a character so well known as Wolsey's, but the two opposite portraits given by Queen Catherine and her faithful Griffiths are most amusingly illustrated—not by the speculations of the Venetian Ambassador, but by the daily narrative of what the great minister says and does.

The character of this remarkable man seems to have made a great impression on our diplomatist; he made it the subject of a work, entitled '*Orion*,' which was never printed, and for which Mr. Brown tells us he has searched in vain. The following is from the Report:—

'He is about forty-six years old, very handsome, learned, extremely eloquent

eloquent, of vast ability, and indefatigable. He alone transacts the same business as that which occupies all the magistracies, offices, and councils of Venice. * * * * He has the reputation of being extremely just; he favours the people exceedingly, especially the poor, hearing their suits and seeking to despatch them instantly.'

Was this policy? or was it not sympathy for the class from which he sprang, and which he delighted to cherish? while all his arrogance was reserved for the insolent nobles to whom he had once been obliged to crouch, and whom now it was his triumph to humble.

'Lofty and sour to those that loved him not,
But to those men that sought him sweet as summer.'—

Shakspeare.

There is no deficiency of former days so strongly marked in this correspondence as the want of posts and of all facilities for obtaining intelligence. Henry and Wolsey are plotting to regulate the fate of Lombardy without the least knowledge of what is going on there. The news of a great battle rarely arrives in so short a time as a month, and then in so doubtful a form that for days and perhaps weeks the resident ambassadors can misrepresent its result so as to suit the politics of their respective courts. The surrender of Brescia took place on the 24th May, 1516. The Cardinal hears it doubtfully on the 6th July, and Giustinian does not obtain the official confirmation of it from the Signory till the 23rd July (vol. i. p. 246). He again and again implores his government to send him news, which he needs not only to regulate his negotiations, but also to obtain access to the king, whom it is not etiquette to visit without the pretext of something to communicate. But he implores in vain. The correspondence all passes through France, the delays are interminable, and the uncertainties so great as to lead to the suspicion that when the French government had read the despatches it did not always take the trouble to forward them. Careless as Henry was of expense, it never seems to have occurred to him to establish communications of his own.

At vol. ii. p. 270, Giustinian gives his version of a curious story which, together with the comments it excites, contrasts strongly the constitutional and social state of England at that period with that of France. On the return of some 'young lords,' attendants and favourites of the king, who had been sent with the ambassadors to Paris to ratify another of those treaties, which, by their perpetual recurrence, show their hollowness and insincerity, the king dismisses four of them from the service of his bedchamber. We are told that this sudden disgrace was attributed

buted by some to a suspicion that these nobles were too warmly attached to French interests; others said that they had led the king into gambling and evil courses, and that, 'on coming to himself,' he resolved to remove them. Of course the popular opinion was that the jealousy of Wolsey was the real cause of their disgrace; and this notion was much confirmed when their place was filled by four 'sad and ancient knights' (as they are called by Hall, who also tells the story), men of greater age and better repute, but creatures of the cardinal.

Giustinian can hardly withhold his pity from these 'poor gentlemen,' and he fears their fate will excite the anger of the nobility to a degree dangerous to Wolsey's safety; but he fully concurs in the opinion that 'they were youths of evil counsel, intent on their own benefit, to the hurt and detriment of his majesty.' Hall adds some further particulars. He gives us to understand that these lords returned from France intoxicated with the distinction with which they had been received and the royal favour they had enjoyed. The king had taken them with him to ride in disguise up and down the streets of Paris, throwing 'egges, stones, and other foolishe trifles (!) at the people, which lighte demeanour of a kynge was much discommended and gested at' (vol. ii. p. 273). Coupling this description with the time of year, we have no difficulty in identifying the Parisian Carnival with the 'lighte demeanour,' which so scandalises our English chronicler. But really when we call to mind the rough pelting with lumps of lime and bags of flour which we have seen at the same season, at Rome, and also the amusements of certain lively young gentlemen of our own times on the day of 'the Derby,' who station themselves in the neighbourhood of London to assail unoffending parties returning from the races, we must not be too hard on Henry's young courtiers and their illustrious host. Probably their admiration of Francis was their real offence in their master's eyes; but we cannot blame Wolsey for their dismissal. It would by no means have been a safe amusement for 'young lords' to rouse the spirit of the turbulent apprentices of London by pelting them with rotten eggs, stones, and 'such like foolishe trifles.'

In France the nobility were the nation, and included in their ranks the whole of that numerous and important class the untitled nobility or gentry, which in England have, happily for the country, ranked with the Commons. The French Parliament which Machiavelli,* writing at this time, looks to as so admirable an engine for raising the condition of the people and

* *Il Principe*, cap. xix.

restraining the power of the nobility, failed entirely to produce this effect. In the subsequent civil wars Richelieu and Mazarin depressed the nobility for the exaltation of the crown, but left the people as they found it—a degraded class, designated by the jurists as ‘un peuple serf, tailléable, et corvéable, à merci et à miséricorde;’ and thus they sowed the seeds of the Revolution of 1789. The French Ambassador resident at Henry’s court tells Wolsey that he does not believe the king, his master, could have made such a revolution in his household, though backed by the great feudatories, and all the Cardinals of the kingdom to boot. This may perhaps be an exaggeration, but it shows at least that in France the real strength of the country—that force which not even despotism can venture to irritate—lay with the body of the nobles.

In England the case was very different. The country, relieved from the scourge of civil war, was rapidly increasing in wealth, and the mercantile classes were rising in power and importance. Several Reports mention the vast consideration enjoyed by the Lord Mayor and the merchants of London. The arm of the law was strong—that first condition of progress and happiness. The number of the nobility was small, and their power was effectually broken. It strikes our Venetian critics with surprise that the peers have no jurisdiction in the places from which they derive their titles. All writs run in the king’s name; but so inveterate were the notions of feudality in that day, that even a Republican ambassador sees in this an encroachment of the crown on the rights of the nobility rather than a proof of the uniformity and impartiality with which justice is administered.

Now, if ever, was deserved the epithet of ‘Merry England.’ It is hardly necessary to add, that it was not yet manufacturing England. There is indeed great appearance of wealth, especially in London. Pius II., who visited England about the year 1430, calls it in his Commentaries, *ditissimas* Lundonias; and the writer of the earliest Report extant (that published by the Camden Society) declares (p. 28) ‘the riches of England to be greater than those of any other country of Europe, as I have been informed by the oldest and most experienced merchants, and I can myself vouch from what I have seen.’ He also speaks of the quantity of the precious metals and the general use of plate among the lower classes of society, far exceeding that among the corresponding classes on the Continent. This is the more remarkable, as no such superiority is observable in modern days; he complains, however, of the absence of stone houses ‘after the Italian fashion,’ and probably few such were at that period to be found

found in the towns, and not many in the country, except those which had been built for defence (p. 42). Considerable wealth was derived from the tin mines and the wool trade, but the banking business of the country was chiefly in the hands of Italians, as the name of Lombard Street still denotes. The majority of the skilled hands in the more refined manufactures, were foreigners, and accordingly attracted no small portion of illiberal jealousy. It was easier to envy their success and calumniate their characters than to learn their craft, and not unfrequent broils ensued. On the 1st of May, 1517, which in consequence was long remembered by the name of 'Evil May-day' (vol. ii. p. 69), the apprentices, backed by all the desperate characters of the town, employed their holiday in attacking the warehouses of the foreign artisans and merchants. They had been encouraged to this outrage by the harangues of a fanatical priest, and they gave to their violence the hypocritical pretext of outraged morality. Hall seems inclined to make the best defence he can for his countrymen, and he brings forward one case of scandal and one instance of overbearing conduct in a French ambassador;* but we do not need Giustinian's exculpations to be convinced that it was the superior craftsmanship of the foreigners, and not their disregard of the seventh commandment, which caused the indignation of the London apprentices. The riot was not put down without difficulty, and was punished with numerous executions. When justice had been satisfied by the death of the ringleaders, four hundred of the inferior culprits were brought before the king with bare feet and bare heads, dressed only in their shirts, with ropes round their necks, to receive their pardon at Wolsey's intercession.

The arts of war and ship-building flourished. Several passages of Giustinian's letters prove that pieces of ordnance were cast in greater quantity and at an earlier date than is generally supposed. The 'Henrye Grace a Dieu' was the largest ship of war the world had yet seen. The date of its launch, which has long been a disputed point in naval annals, may, by the help of these despatches, be referred to October, 1515 (vol. i. p. 139).

All the Reports which we have seen concur in representing the people as hardy and early trained to arms. The writer of Trevisan's 'Relation' says, 'they have a very high reputation in arms, and, from the great fear the French entertain for them, one must believe it to be justly acquired' (p. 23). The Cardinal

* Giustinian's correspondence proves that there was no French ambassador in London at the time. Mr. R. B. shows satisfactorily that the offender was the servant of the King's French secretary.

boasts that in eight days he could land 60,000 men on the coast of France (vol. i. p. 116), and the testimony of the 'Reports' gives us reason to believe this was no empty threat. The population was numerous enough to suffice for all the purposes of attack and defence, but not to press on the means of subsistence. Many of the Reports agree in taxing the inhabitants with sloth, because they leave large tracts of uncultivated land (*Relation of England*, p. 10), and only (!) grow corn enough for their own consumption. What would the buyers and sellers of Mark Lane in these days say to this 'only'? But, on the other hand, they describe the comfort and richness of their dairies, the quantity of cattle and game, and the extensive tracts of forest, lawn, and pasture—

'The chace for the wild, and the park for the tame.'

It is remarkable that both Trevisan and our Ambassador agree in complaining of what they designate as 'great unsteadiness in religion among these people.' The truth is, that the leaven of the Reformation had long been fermenting. Wycliff's preaching and doctrine had been making rapid though silent progress. It is a compendious way of giving the history of the Reformation, to tell us that Henry, getting tired of his wife, quarrelled with the Pope for delaying his divorce, turned Protestant, robbed the Church, and by a share of the plunder and the hope of Court favour, induced his subjects to follow his example. This account of the matter is equally agreeable to the Romanist and to the 'philosopher,' who is never so much disconcerted as when he finds men acting on motives which he does not choose to acknowledge, and has not elevation of mind to comprehend. But in truth 'Gospel light' did *not* 'stream from Boleyn's eyes.' Henry remained a staunch Romanist to the last. To withdraw from the obedience of the See of Rome was, *previously* to the Reformation, an idea that frequently occurred to men of large minds or large ambition. Had Cardinal d'Amboise been disappointed a third time of the tiara, he meditated withdrawing France from its obedience to the Apostolic See, and establishing a patriarchate of the Gallican church in his own person. But death stopped his career of ambition. Whatever credit or discredit it may bring to the peculiar tenets of the Church of Rome to count Henry among their adherents, that they must continue to retain. It is true that he seized the wealth and struck a heavy blow at the power of the clergy, as many orthodox sovereigns have since done. It is also true that in attacking the authority of the Pope he pulled down that which is the corner-stone of the visible fabric

fabric of the Romish Church, and, contrary to his intention, gave great encouragement to the professors of the new doctrine; but if his subjects had not already opened their ears to the preaching of the Reformers, and their eyes to the original text of the Bible, the quarrel with Rome would have been ultimately patched up, and we might still have been making pilgrimages to the golden shrine of St. Thomas of Canterbury.

Among so much that has changed in more than three centuries, the climate and the ungrateful habit of grumbling at it are much the same in the reign of Henry VII. as in that of Queen Victoria. The author of the 'Relation' of England, who had spent a winter in London, declares, 'Though so far to the north-west,' he says, 'the cold in winter is much less severe than in Italy' (meaning Lombardy doubtless), 'and the heat proportionately less in summer. * * * * They have never any spring here according to the report of the islanders.' The following passage militates against the theory, that once the summers were hotter, and that wine was actually made for sale in Britain:— 'They are not without vines; and I have eaten ripe grapes from one, and wine might be made in the southern parts, but it would probably be harsh (austero).'

In his account of the people and their habits the Reporter gives both praise and blame for which we were not entirely prepared. We are not surprised at his admiration of the personal beauty of the islanders, nor at his complaints of our insular nationality. But we did not suppose that our sober ancestors of the fifteenth century were 'universally fond of dress,' and it is an agreeable surprise to hear that they were distinguished even by Italians for their politeness.

To modern readers the elementary information contained in the Reports must sometimes appear insipid in proportion as it is accurate, on the other hand, their blunders are often amusing and far from uninteresting. When Trevisan's Secretary tells us that England is bounded by Spain to the south, and treats the length of the days as an open question, he throws light on the times in which he lives if not on the country he describes. In the accounts given of our institutions we frequently find occasional abuses represented as established customs, casual results as the intended and legitimate ends; but in these misstatements a useful lesson is often conveyed, or an unconscious criticism is made, all the more valuable because it is unconscious, on the institutions of the writer's own country. The following is a description not altogether uninteresting of our favourite mode of trial:—

'If any one should claim a certain sum from another, and the debtor

debtor denies it, the civil judge would order that each of them should make choice of six arbitrators, and when the twelve are elected, the case they are to judge is propounded to them; after they have heard both parties they are shut up in a room without food or fire, or means of sitting down, and there they remain till the greater number have agreed on their common verdict. But before it is pronounced each of them endeavours to defend the cause of him who named him, whether just or unjust, and those who cannot bear the discomfort yield to the more determined for the sake of getting out sooner, and therefore the Italian merchants are gainers by this bad custom every time they have a dispute with the English; for though the native arbitrators are very anxious to support the cause of their principal before they are shut up, yet they cannot stand out as the Italians can, who are accustomed to fasting and privations, so that the final judgment is generally given in favour of the latter.'—*Relation of England*, p. 32.

So, according to this, the impartiality and confiding simplicity of our Saxon laws were turned to good account by the merchants of Venice: it is singular, however, that in several Reports of more recent times to which we have had access, though they are much more correct in their statements, the palladium of our liberties, as it is fondly deemed by us, is everywhere treated as the most ridiculous and clumsy method for insuring a perversion of justice that was ever invented by the misdirected ingenuity of man.

But though there are occasional misconceptions in these Reports, there are few marks of carelessness or precipitation. To appreciate them properly we should bear in mind the ignorance of the times, the scarcity of books, and the difficulty of obtaining information. Pope Pius II., who wrote his Commentaries scarcely more than thirty years before the earliest of these Reports, regrets the shortness of his stay in London because it prevented his going to see the village where men are born with tails.* But in truth we need not go so far for the justification of our Venetian friends. Most Relazioni that we have seen will appear to advantage when compared as to candour and accuracy with modern books of travels, written as they are with all the advantages afforded by modern civilization.

The report of Giustinian is much less of a geographical and statistical character than the generality of those which we have

* Pii II. 'Commentarii' (p. 5), written by himself, under the name of his secretary, and published in 1533 by his great-nephew, Piccolomini, Archbishop of Siena. Du Cange tells us that in the early ages the English were called 'caudati,' and he tries to find some rational reason for this reproach. Rationalism is the bane of sound archæology. They were called the 'men with tails,' because it was the popular belief that at least in some part of the island men were born with that appendage; and by the passage quoted in the text it appears that even in the latter half of the fifteenth century, and among learned men, the belief was not entirely exploded.

read. It is a complement to his despatches and a summary of his conduct in his embassy. In claiming the merit of having mainly brought about the espousals of the infant Lady Mary with the Dauphin, he doubtless made a most favourable impression on the Senate, the mainspring of whose policy at the time was by every means to secure France from attack on the part of England. In England the alarm which this marriage excited by the prospect of the possible union of the two crowns far exceeded the joy of Venice, but both joy and alarm were equally unfounded. The espousals of infant princes so rarely led in those days to a subsequent marriage that the modern reader must needs suppose them to have been mere pretexts for gaining time, or plausible excuses for making without loss of dignity concessions which had become inevitable. The address of the ambassador was received with the greatest applause. At its conclusion he showed a gold chain which the King had given him at parting. According to the stern laws of the Republic no ambassador could accept a gift, great or small, from the sovereign to whom he was accredited. This chain was but a royal compliment—a recollection of a toilsome mission carefully fulfilled and honourably requited. Almost on his knees, says the secretary, Giustinian begged to keep it. We trust that our readers are by this time sufficiently interested in him to feel sorry that the stern laws of the Republic were inflexible:

‘ Bene dixit sed non bene persuasit.’

The manner in which Mr. Rawdon Brown has executed his task shows an accurate knowledge of the antiquities of Venice, its institutions, customs, and idioms. His translation is faithful and spirited, combining the simplicity and unstudied familiarity of the old Venetian style, with periods sufficiently flowing to satisfy a modern ear. His notes show great research and extensive reading, and contain some very interesting and curious matter. On the whole these volumes present such a portrait of the times, as is nowhere else to be found, and such as no mere extracts can do justice to, and we feel persuaded our readers will agree with us in thinking them a most important contribution to our stock of original materials for history.

- ART. III.—1. *Lettres sur l'Education des Filles.* Par Madame de Maintenon. Publiées pour la première fois par Th. Lavallée. Paris, 1854.
2. *Entretiens sur l'Education des Filles.* Par Madame de Maintenon. Publiés pour la première fois par Th. Lavallée. Paris, 1855.
3. *Histoire de la Maison Royale de Saint Cyr.* Par Th. Lavallée. Paris, 1853.
4. *Histoire de Madame de Maintenon et des principaux événements du règne de Louis XIV.* Par M. le Duc de Noailles. Deuxième édition. 2 vols., Paris, 1849.

‘THE position of Madame de Maintenon,’ observes Madame de Sévigné, ‘is perfectly *unique*. Nothing ever was, nor probably ever will be comparable to it.’ History in hand, we must acknowledge that there is but little exaggeration in the phrase. Born in a prison and dying within the shadow of the Crown, there is hardly an extreme of elevation or distress that may not be marked in the long career of one whom Fortune favoured so late that the tardy lustre left in obscurity the charms, the graces, the fame of her early years. Appointed to tend poultry in her childhood, and scarcely less than queen in her maturity; the bride in little more than girlhood of a needy and deformed poet, and, when the bloom of womanhood was past, the consort of the man who had said ‘*I am the State!*’; now bound her to the chair of the crippled SCARRON, and now to the throne of Louis XIV.—in a destiny thus strangely diversified we may be allowed to recognise something akin to the marvellous.

The various accusations brought against Madame de Maintenon, and which have rendered her name almost a by-word with posterity, may be comprised under two heads—intolerance and hypocrisy. It is affirmed that, without being better than her neighbours, she sought to replace purity by prudery; that her whole life had but one object—to ‘arrive at Louis XIV.’; and that, in the long career of falsehood into which she was betrayed by her ambition, no scruples withheld her from taking any steps which might give her a more complete mastery over the King. She is represented as a wary and untiring intriguer, never oblivious for a single moment of *her part*, and consequently false to every one around her, even to the sovereign who was the end and aim of her machinations. It is alleged that all the religious persecutions which were perpetrated under Louis XIV. are to be ascribed to her intolerant zeal; and the most accredited form which fiction has assigned to these two personages is that of a
monarch

monarch in his dotage taken to task by a pedantic old woman, and led by fear of the devil to ratify the narrow-minded schemes of his female Mentor. Recent researches have dispelled these illusions. The candour of the upright Sismondi, the elaborate life by the Duc de Noailles, still we regret to say unfinished, and the investigations of M. Lavallée, have all tended to the same conclusion; and every one who avails himself of their labours will form at least as favourable a judgment as that of Madame du Deffand, who, after going through the Correspondence of Madame de Maintenon, said, 'I rise up from it with a high opinion of her mind, with little esteem for her heart, and no taste for her person; but I persist in believing that she was not false.' M. Lavallée, in particular, has undertaken a task which M. Guizot has pronounced 'the most important that remained to be executed for the age of Louis XIV.' Having ferreted out a large mass of Madame de Maintenon's letters and conversations (the latter reported by the governesses of St. Cyr), he is about to publish a complete edition of her works in ten little volumes, two of which have already appeared. A large part of his matter is printed for the first time, and the portion which had previously been given to the world by Labeaumelle was so mutilated, re-composed, and re-arranged by that dishonest editor, that hitherto it has been more calculated to deceive than to inform.

When the famous Agrippa d'Aubigné at the end of his *Mémoires* speaks of his son Constant d'Aubigné (the father of Madame de Maintenon), he premises that he would rather have remained silent, the information he has to communicate being '*un fâcheux détail de ma famille.*' 'The rascal,' says the doughty comrade of Henri IV., 'did nothing but gamble and get drunk at the University of Sédan, where I sent him to pursue his academical studies, and when he returned to France he thought fit, without my consent, to marry an unfortunate woman, *whom he afterwards killed!*' She was not the mother of any of his children. After many strange adventures and alternations of bad and good fortune, such as were not uncommon to the troubled times in which he lived, he won the affections of a lady of noble birth, to whom he was married on the 27th December, 1627. At the end of four or five years, having spent the last farthing of his patrimony, M. d'Aubigné embraced some project for establishing himself in Carolina. In furtherance of the scheme, he entered into negotiations with the English Government, which were detected and deemed treasonable. He was imprisoned in consequence in the fortress of Château-Trompette, under the gaoler-ship of his own father-in-law, M. de Cardillac, at whose death he

he was transferred to Niort in Poitou. In the *Conciergerie* of this prison Madame d'Aubigné gave birth, on the 27th November, 1635, to her daughter Françoise, the future spouse of Louis XIV. A sister of Constant d'Aubigné's, Madame de Villette, took pity upon his children, and carried them to a château where she resided not far distant from Niort. In 1638 Madame d'Aubigné obtained her husband's release, and shortly after he embarked with the whole of his family for Martinique. Fortune this time allowed herself to be caught. The talents which sufficed to gain money failed, however, to induce the prudence which retains it. The chances of play swept away his newly acquired wealth in far less time than it had cost him to accumulate it, and he died discharging the duties of a small military employment, of which the scanty pay barely sufficed to keep his family from want. At his death his widow returned to France with her children, and this arrival of our little heroine from the colonies before she had completed her tenth year led to the subsequent belief that she was a native of the tropics. Hence the name of '*La belle Indienne*,' so generally applied to her upon her first entrance into society at Paris. As to Madame d'Aubigné, her whole time, until the day of her death, seems to have been divided between the manual labour by which she gained a scanty subsistence, and the fruitless endeavours to obtain from relations richer than herself certain moneys and lands which Agrippa d'Aubigné, while disinheriting his worthless son, had yet bequeathed to his heirs. She was so severe a mother that Madame de Maintenon used to relate that she had never been embraced by her but twice, and this after a long separation. But she chanced to render her daughter one enormous service. She set her to read the '*Lives of Plutarch*,'—a work which has nourished the early growth of so many great minds—and forbade her and her brother to speak of anything else. With the ready ingenuity of children they converted the task into an eager rivalry of sex. She espoused the cause of the women, he of the men. When she had vaunted the qualities of a heroine, he opposed the acts of a hero, and she returned to her Plutarch to find new matter to sustain the supremacy of her sex. A thousand formal lessons, in which the mind had a feeble interest, would have done little for her education in comparison with this earnest application of her powers.

When she got back to France she was once more intrusted to the care of her aunt. 'I fear the poor little wretch,' writes her mother, 'may be of no small inconvenience to you; God grant her the means of one day requiting all the kindness you show her!' How well the aunt discharged her office is sufficiently
 attested

attested by the gratitude felt by the child for her benefactress. 'I am ready to believe anything,' she said in childhood during a course of religious instruction, 'so long as I am not required to believe my aunt de Villette will be damned!' The answer was given after she had been transferred, by an order from the court, from the care of Madame de Villette, who was a Calvinist, to that of Madame de Neuillant, another near relation, and a zealous Catholic. This lady, finding an unexpected resistance to her doctrines in spite of the professed readiness of her pupil to believe in anything, resolved upon trying the efficacy of humiliation. She ordered her ward to be banished from the drawing-room and confined to the society of the servants. Dressed in a coarse straw hat, with a basket on her arm and a long stick in her hand, the future wife of the king of France was sent out every morning to keep watch over turkeys, and her 'reign,' as she used to say in after years, 'began by dominion over the poultry-yard.' Madame de Neuillant was even more avaricious than bigoted, and the Marquis de la Fare asserts that the young Françoise was set to discharge these menial offices from motives of economy. He had heard that she was compelled, in the absence of the coachman, to groom the horses. The only thing which this harsh guardian appears to have cherished was the poor girl's complexion, since she was made to wear a mask, that she might escape being tanned.

This system of compulsion producing no effect, it was decided to place her in the Convent of Ursulines at Niort; but the sordid avarice of Madame de Neuillant soon left her to be supported by the sisters, who returned her to her mother. She was shortly after admitted into the Ursuline Convent of the Rue Saint Jacques in Paris, where at first the nuns succeeded no better than their precursors in the task of converting her. 'My mother's harsh conduct to me at this time,' she says in one of her *entretiens*, or rather lectures, to the Demoiselles de Saint Cyr, 'had so irritated me, that, probably, if I had remained longer with her I should never have embraced the Catholic faith.' Methods as mistaken were adopted by the sisters of the Ursuline Convent.

'Whenever they met me, they each of them played a sort of part; one would run away, another make faces, and a third try to allure me into attending mass by promising to give me something. I was already old enough to be shocked at their ridiculous behaviour, and they became insupportable to me. Neither their pretended fright nor their promises made any impression upon me. Luckily, however, I fell into the hands of a teacher full of sense and judgment, and who won me by her goodness and gracious manners. She forbore ever to reproach me, left me at full liberty to follow the precepts of my creed, never asked

asked me to hear mass or assist at the general prayers in the oratory, and of her own accord proposed that I should keep no fasts. At the same time she had me instructed in the Catholic religion, but with such a total absence of indiscreet zeal, that, when I pronounced my abjuration, I did so of my own entire free will.'

Previous to this some priests were called in, who exhausted upon her their arguments; but she had not forgotten her Plutarch discipline; and with her Bible, she says, in her hand, she wore them out. This and other circumstances show that her will and intelligence were both precocious. At her first convent, when not more than eleven years of age, she was so advanced in reading, writing, ciphering, and spelling, that she taught her fellow-pupils in the absence of the governess. The passion of pleasing others for the sake of praise, which was the ruling motive of her life, was already developed. To gratify this lady she sat up whole nights to starch the fine linen of the girls, in order that their appearance might do credit to their mistress. There was no toil that she would not undergo for her; and when she was returned home, she prayed every day, for two or three months, that she might die, because life seemed worthless without her governess. A degree of sentiment and affection unusual with her entered into this juvenile attachment; but we shall presently see by her own confession that her principal aim was to barter services for applause.

At the age of fourteen or fifteen Mlle. d'Aubigné left her second convent, and went to reside with her mother, whose apartment was immediately opposite to the house in which Scarron had for years received nearly all the society of Paris. At this precise period the far-famed cripple was busy with a plan for emigrating to Martinique, in consequence of one of his acquaintances alleging that the climate had cured him of the gout. Some extraordinary vision of renewed health fastened upon the '*malade de la Reine*;'* and he planned an expedition to the tropics, with Ségrais and a certain Mlle. de Palaiseau, of whom the chronicles of the time speak lightly.

'My dog of a destiny,' he writes to his friend Sarrazin, 'takes me off in a month to the West Indies. I have invested a thousand crowns in a new company that is about to found a colony at three degrees from the line, on the banks of the Orinoco and the Orellana. Adieu, then, France! Adieu, Paris! Adieu, O ye tigresses disguised as

* Scarron's great patroness, Mlle. d'Hautefort, had spoken of him to Anne of Austria, and, having been carried to the Louvre (1643), he besought the Queen to let him bear the title of 'the Queen's invalid.' On her smiling at the notion, he exclaimed that her smile was an encouragement to him to solicit a lodging in the Louvre. He was often designated as *le malade de la Reine*.

angels! Adieu Ménage, Sarrazin, Marigny!* I renounce burlesque verses, and comic romance and comedies, to fly to a land where there are no false saints, nor swindlers in devotion, nor inquisition, nor winters that assassinate, defluxions that disable me, nor war that makes me die of starvation.'

Notwithstanding this strong desire to escape the ills he found in his own country, Scarron did not emigrate after all; and the most notable result of his scheme was, that it lost him his thousand crowns, and brought him into contact with the person who was to bear his name and brighten the final years of his existence. The wish to know something more of a climate from which he anticipated new life produced an acquaintance between Scarron and Mme. d'Aubigné; and Mme. de Neuillant, who sometimes frequented the poet's salons, presented there one evening *la belle Indienne*. On reaching the threshold of the apartment of which she was shortly to become the mistress, she drew back ashamed, and with one glance at the splendid assembly, and another at her shabby dress, too scanty and too short, she burst into tears. It would almost seem as if Mme. de Neuillant had designed to continue, under new forms, the discipline of the poultry-yard.

This occurrence is mentioned by several contemporary writers; and Scarron himself refers to it in a letter to his future wife:— 'Mademoiselle, I never doubted that the young girl who six months ago entered my rooms with too short a frock, and began to cry, I really know not why, was as clever as she looked,' &c. The tears may have had some effect in exciting sympathy and conciliating goodwill; but it was to her beauty, her manners, and her intelligence that she owed the continuance of the favour with which she was regarded.

A month or two after her acquaintance with her witty and famous neighbour, Mme. d'Aubigné, having secured the little that her husband's family would consent to award her (two hundred livres yearly!), returned to Poitou, where she died. Mme. de Villette was no more; the only surviving son of Constant d'Aubigné was page of the household; and our young Françoise was dependent solely upon Mme. de Neuillant, 'who,' observes Tallemant des Réaux, 'notwithstanding she was her relative, left her without clothing from avarice.' The short and scanty dress was disappearing altogether.

The orphan had formed an attachment to a girl at Paris of her own age, and writing to her from Niort, in 1650,— 'I cannot,' she says, 'express to you upon paper *all* I feel; I have neither courage nor wit sufficient. I promise you half, and the re-

* All three were literary characters of the day.

mainder when I shall be as clever as M. Scarron.' This was shown to the poet, and so spontaneous a tribute was not lost upon him. He immediately took up his pen and addressed his admirer in the words we have quoted above. When Mme. de Neuillant revisited Paris she brought her fair charge with her. The twelve months which had elapsed had contributed to develop her understanding and beauty; and her second appearance in the *beau monde* of Scarron's *soirées* produced a still livelier impression than the first. 'I wish you would give me some news of that young Indian, to whom you introduced me, and whom I loved from the moment I saw her,' writes the Duchesse de Lesdiguières to the Chevalier de Méré; and a similar sentiment appears to have been general in the circle. Scarron felt so much for her misery in being subject to the penurious tyranny of Mme. de Neuillant, that, constantly as he was in need of money, he offered her a sum sufficient to procure her admission into a convent. She declined the proposal; and by degrees the idea of a retreat that was to separate her from every one became transformed into the notion of a union that was to bind her exclusively to himself. This project of a marriage between a buffoon-rhymester of forty-two and a girl of sixteen was termed by himself 'a mighty poetic licence.' But anything seemed better than to live on with Mme. de Neuillant; and as to the other alternative, she frankly avowed to her acquaintances, according to Tallemant des Réaux, 'I preferred marriage with Scarron to a convent.' The homage she saw him receiving, and the intoxicating elevation to a girl who was trampled on at home, of presiding over the brilliant society which assembled at his house, had a large share in determining her choice. In advanced life, when she was exhorting the pupils at Saint-Cyr to hold themselves upright, she told them that she married at an age when it is delightful to be your own mistress; that she thought she played the fine lady by reclining in an easy chair; and that she did a thousand other things of which she continued to feel the ill effects. But it hardly needed this confession to prove how great must have been the influence of such motives.

Accordingly, in the month of June, 1652, she became Mme. Scarron. Such was her poverty that her wedding-dress was lent for the occasion by Mlle. de Pons. The account which her husband gave of his property was far enough from promising. To the question of the notary, 'What jointure he insured her?' the poet replied, 'Immortality! the names of kings' wives die with themselves, but the name of Scarron's wife will endure eternally!' No suspicion crossed his mind that the process would

would be reversed, and that it was to his having been the husband of a 'king's wife' that he would principally owe the recollection of his name by posterity.

The once famous though licentious author of the 'Roman Comique' was not always the wretched Caliban whose image has descended to us as the type of grotesque deformity. Up to the age of twenty-seven he was a handsome man, and distinguished for his skill in music and dancing. He was descended from a good parliamentary family. His father was *Conseiller à la Grande Chambre*, his uncle Bishop of Grenoble, and one of his cousins was married to no less a personage than the Maréchal d'Aumont. His patrimony would have been respectable if his father, under the influence of an intriguing woman, had not left his property to the offspring of a second marriage. Different versions have been given of the cause of his deformity. Tallemant des Réaux states that it was a medicine administered by a quack which deprived him of the use of his limbs. According to another account of more doubtful authority, the affliction was due to a freak which he played during the carnival at Mans. In company with three of his friends he smeared himself with honey from head to foot, and, after rolling in a heap of feathers, issued out into the street. The mob assailed and plucked the masqueraders, who, to escape further mortification, jumped from a bridge into the icy waters of the Sarthe. His friends subsequently died from the shock, and he himself was crippled for life. In one of his poems he speaks of having been thrown from a vehicle, and his neck was twisted by the fall in a way which ever after prevented his looking upwards. Whatever was the origin of his maladies, 'his form,' to use his own words, 'had become bent like a Z.' 'My legs,' he adds, 'first made an obtuse angle with my thighs, then a right and at last an acute angle; my thighs made another with my body. My head is bent upon my chest; my arms are contracted as well as my legs, and my fingers as well as my arms. I am, in truth, a pretty complete abridgment of human misery.' His head was too big for his diminutive stature, one eye was set deeper than the other, and his teeth were the colour of wood. At the time of his marriage he could only move with freedom his hand, tongue, and eyes. His days were passed in a chair with a hood, and so completely was he the *abridgment* of man he describes himself, that his wife had to kneel to look in his face. He could not be moved without screaming from pain, nor sleep without taking opium. The epitaph which he wrote on himself, and which is very superior to his usual style of versification, is touching from its truth:—

‘Tread softly—make no noise
To break his slumbers deep;
Poor Scarron here enjoys
His first calm night of sleep.’

Yet with all his infirmities his cheerfulness was imperturbable. ‘It is, perhaps,’ says Tallemant des Réaux, ‘one of the wonders of our age, that a man in that state, and poor, should be able to laugh as he does.’ ‘The Prometheus, the Hercules, and the Philoctetes of fable, and the Job of the Holy Scriptures,’ says another contemporary writer, Balzac, ‘utter, in the violence of their torments, many sublime and heroic things, but no comical ones. I have often met in antiquity with pain that was wise, and with pain that was eloquent; but I never before saw pain joyous, nor found a soul merrily cutting capers in a paralytic frame.’

On the death of his father in 1643, Scarron’s inheritance was little more than a lawsuit with his stepmother, which he lost almost simultaneously with his health. A pension, paid him by Cardinal Richelieu, expired with that statesman in 1642. He had recourse to his pen for support, and in 1644 he published ‘The Typhon, or War of the Giants against the Gods,’ dedicated to Cardinal Mazarin. Two or three years later appeared the ‘Virgile Travesti,’ to which he owed his fame, and which won for him the incongruous epithets of ‘the divine’ and ‘the inimitable.’ So great was the rage for his works that the booksellers called every poem ‘Burlesque;’ and there was one instance of a sacred and entirely serious piece being announced as written *en vers burlesques*. It was to no purpose that some high authorities tried to check this perverse tendency. ‘Even your father,’ observed Boileau to Racine’s son, ‘had the defect of sometimes reading Scarron, and laughing over him, though he always concealed this from me.’ But Boileau was hardly more severe to the creator of burlesque poetry in France than Scarron was to himself. ‘I am ready to attest before any one,’ he declares in the dedicatory epistle of the fifth book of his ‘Æneide Travestie,’ ‘that the paper I employ for my writings is only so much paper wasted. The whole of these parodies, and my “Virgil” at the head, are rank absurdities. It is a style which has spoilt the taste of all the world.’

Much, however, as he may have condemned the productions of his pen, Scarron was reduced to live by them, and this he was wont to call his *Marquisat de Quinet*, from the name of the bookseller who published his works. Although he has himself styled his house *l’Hôtel de l’Impécuniosité*, we learn from Segrais that

that he was 'very creditably lodged, that his furniture was covered with yellow damask of the value of five or six thousand livres, that he wore garments of fine velvet, and had several servants at his command.' Here it was that he received the *beaux-esprits* and court gallants of the time at his evening *réunions* and suppers—here that nobles and high-born dames mixed freely with Ménage, Benserade, and Pelisson. That no species of celebrity might be wanting, even the too famous Ninon de l'Enclos—the modern Leontium—was to be seen exchanging courtesies with virtuous ladies who would have scorned to receive her at their own houses. It has been truly remarked that if, at the Hôtel Rambouillet, the great world received the world of literature and art, the former in turn became the guest in the *salons* of Scarron.

The society which collected about the burlesque poet was probably the principal solace of his life. The method by which he succeeded in attracting so much rank, fashion, and talent round his hooded chair is not easy to conjecture. 'Kind, serviceable, faithful in friendship,' says Segrais, 'he was invariably agreeable and amusing, even in anger or in sorrow.' With a man so poor and afflicted, this was a slender resource for constituting him the centre of one of the most brilliant circles in Paris. Even his powers of entertaining are less favourably represented by Tallemant des Réaux. 'He sometimes,' says this rather cynical writer, 'lets drop a humorous observation, but not often. He is always trying to be facetious, which is the way to defeat the intention.' The account is too probable to be entirely rejected. His reputation was founded upon his talents for jest, and what remains to us of his writings and sayings leads to the conclusion that his ambition was always to sustain his part. But, though the motive which originally brought the gay world of Paris to his door is not apparent, the custom, once established, was kept up without effort. Then it was not Scarron only that people went to see, but the celebrities of whom each was an attraction to the other.

At the time of his marriage in 1652 Scarron had enjoyed his fame and its advantages for about eight years. He assigned as his reason for the match 'that it was to ensure society, for that otherwise people would not come to see him.' If his guests had begun to drop off, the method he took to win them back was entirely successful. Tallemant des Réaux himself allows the exceeding popularity of his youthful wife. In her old age she gave a curious and self-complacent account of the estimation in which she was held at this period, and the mode by which she obtained it:—

'In

'In my tender years I was what is called a good child; everybody loved me: there was no one, down to the domestics of my aunt, who were not charmed with me. When I was older and I was placed in those convents, you know how I was cherished by my mistresses and companions, and always for the same reason, that from morning to night I only thought of serving and obliging them. When I was with that poor cripple I found myself in the fashionable world, where I was sought after and esteemed. The women loved me because I was unassuming in society, and much more taken up with others than with myself. The men followed me because I had the beauty and graces of youth. The partiality they had for me was rather a general friendship—a friendship of esteem—than love. I did not wish to be loved by any individual in particular, but I wished to be loved by everybody, to have my name pronounced with admiration and respect, to play a praiseworthy part, and, above all, to be approved by the good: it was my idol.'

On one occasion she shut herself up with a person who had the small-pox, and who was deserted by all the world—'a little,' she said, 'from pity, but chiefly from a desire to do a thing which had never been done before.' Another time, without requiring it, she took an emetic, then a new medicine, and regarded by the majority of the faculty in the light of a poison, in order that her friends, to whom she related the incident with an air of indifference, might exclaim, 'See this pretty woman, she has more courage than a man.' In her old age she spoke of her lust of praise as a vice, but she could still deliver such extravagant doctrines as the following to the girls at St. Cyr:—

'It is not enough that a few select persons should speak well of us, it is necessary that all who know us should do the same—that your father should say, "How happy I am to have such a daughter!" your mother, "How rational my girl is!" your other relations, "How delightful it is to have Mademoiselle such-a-one with us!" your lady's-maid, "What a pleasure it is to wait on Mademoiselle!" So with the shoemaker, the dressmaker, the laundress, and the footman—because servants when they are alone talk of nothing but their masters and mistresses; and if there is ever so little evil to tell they are sure to divulge it. Reputation often depends more upon these people than their betters who do not see us so near.'

She herself used to call her weakness the crime of Lucifer—pride; but the basis of a character which does everything for praise and admiration is vanity. 'Applause,' said Tallemant des Réaux, 'is spoiling her; she is conceited.' It was inevitable that the head of a girl thus thirsting for homage should be turned by the adulation and attention which awaited her at the house of M. Scarron.

None of her qualities are better attested than her remarkable intel^l

intelligence, for the proofs of it survive in her letters. They contain, however, no indication of what is mentioned as a predominant characteristic during the years when she fascinated the guests of the facetious Scarron—a native sprightliness, which must have been far more enlivening than the laboured and almost professional buffoonery of her husband. ‘I am lively,’ she said, in after years, ‘by nature, and melancholy from circumstances.’ Her beauty is no less established both by the testimony of her contemporaries, and a miniature at the Louvre—an enamel by Petitot. It is a face at once remarkable for feature and expression: the skin and complexion are exquisite; over the thoughtful and serene brow clusters a profusion of brown hair; the fine curve of the nose is a happy medium between the straightness of the Greek and the extreme Roman; and the small mouth and rich lips are perfection. The chin is of that rounded feline type which is not to be found in any other picture of a celebrated beauty for a whole century, and which was first described by one who was little apt to be mistaken when painting female charms.* Still the real magic of the face is in the eyes. They are rather beaming than bright, but of a remarkable *intensity*, and justify the expression of Madame de Montespan, who, after the birth of one of her last children, wrote to her friend, ‘Come to me, I entreat you, but do not survey me with those great dark eyes, of which I stand in such terrible awe.’ Yet there is nothing stern in the countenance; on the contrary, its predominant character is that of gentle wisdom, conjoined to a certain mobility which appears to promise every expression except that of tenderness. Ninon de l’Enclos was right when she said to Fontenelle, ‘Madame Scarron was always virtuous, but the merit was small—she was incapable of loving.’ In the famous picture at Versailles, painted when she was past fifty, and where, behooded and veiled and in Carmelite-coloured robes, the governess of the King’s children is lecturing the Duchesse de Bourgogne at her knee, we have the same eye, mouth, chin, and brow as in the early enamel. Though one represents the morning, the other the decline of life, there is no difficulty in distinguishing the young and beautiful Indian in the lady of matronly grace whom Louis XIV. used to address by the title of *Votre Solidité*.†

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* See in the ‘Nouvelle Héloïse’ of Rousseau the letter where St. Preux, on receiving *Julie’s* picture, speaks of the peculiar form of her chin.

† The sprightliness and exceeding beauty of Madame de Maintenon in her youth will be a surprise to many who are only familiar with her history after she had passed her prime. M. Noailles justly remarks, ‘We are acquainted with her too late.’ Those who have described her as she appeared in the first bloom of her loveliness are unanimous in their report. Mlle. de Scudery has painted her in her

It was a situation of extreme peril for a girl thus gifted—so young, so beautiful, so intelligent, so winning, and so inexperienced—to be wedded to a deformed cripple of forty-two, incapable of stirring from his uneasy chair, and to be thrown into the lax and free-spoken society which frequented her husband's chamber. How did she pass through the trying ordeal? She herself has given an answer to the question. 'I have seen everything,' she said, reverting to those days, 'but always in a way to earn a reputation without reproach.' But we are not left to her own testimony. It is admitted by her contemporaries that she gave the tone to Scarron's guests instead of adopting theirs, that the old recklessness of talk was hushed, and that her life afforded no pretence for scandal. 'If,' observed one of the young gallants, 'I must fail in respect to her or the Queen, I would do it to the latter.' 'Neither her husband's malady,' said Sorbière, 'nor her beauty, youth, and ready wit, ever injured her virtue. Although the admirers who sighed around her were the noblest and richest of the realm, her unimpeachable conduct compelled the esteem of everybody.' The Chevalier de Méré, who was one of these admirers, is loud in his encomiums, and has no other fault to find with her than that she was not more frail.

In after life she affirmed that M. Scarron was fundamentally good, and that she had cured him of his license. The advantage was reciprocal, he on his part teaching her Spanish, Italian, and Latin, and furnishing her mind with the rich resources of literature. She was less successful in introducing habits of economy into her husband's house than in correcting his freedoms and regulating the tone of conversation at his receptions. All his patrimony appears to have consisted of a small estate near Amboise, which he sold for 24,000 livres, and this was not likely to last long with a man who wrote to Rome to order pictures from Poussin! * All his tastes were expensive; and his very physical infirmities, and the society which was their alleviation, involved an outlay beyond his means. The revenue from his 'Marquisat de Quinet' was small, for the

her romance of *Clelie* under the name of Lyrienne: 'She was of high birth, and so lovely that it was next to impossible to compare any one else to her. . . . Her figure was large and beautiful, her air noble, gentle, vivacious, and modest. To heighten her beauty she had the finest eyes in the world. Dark, shining, passionate, soft, and full of intelligence, their lustre was something not to be described; and their expression was by turns that of mild melancholy and joyous vivacity. Her wit suited her beauty, and was both agreeable and great. She had no affectation; knew well the world, and a thousand other things, whereof she conceived no vainglory. Adding the charms of virtue to those of beauty and wit, it may well be averred that she merited all the admiration she obtained.'

* The proof of this is to be found in the 'Lettres de Nicolas Poussin.'

copyrights of books were far from fetching then the enormous sums they have sometimes commanded since. During the civil war of the Fronde he had the misfortune to espouse the side which proved ultimately unsuccessful, and his 'Mazarinades,' or satires against the Cardinal, had cost him a pension, of which no efforts (and he spared none) could procure the renewal. Fouquet, it is true, gave him a yearly stipend of sixteen hundred livres, and there is reason to believe that the affection of Madame Fouquet for his wife was the cause of more than one act of liberality on the part of the superintendent-general. It is one merit not to be overlooked in the youthful helpmate of Scarron, that she proved thus early superior to a common vanity of her sex, and that, in spite of the thriftless example of her husband, she was not beguiled into extravagance by girlish thoughtlessness, or the natural temptation to rival in dress the people who surrounded her.

Not very long before his death the poet devised a new scheme for increasing his income. The people who brought their carts of merchandise to Paris hired guides at the gates to conduct them; and, as many highwaymen assumed the office for the purpose of plundering the vehicles, Scarron proposed that the duty should be confided to licensed persons of approved honesty, and who should be sworn to a faithful discharge of their trust. His first application remained unanswered; a second and a third attempt shared the same fate; till at last, Madame Scarron being persuaded against her will to urge the petition, the authorization was granted. 'This affair,' wrote the distressed poet to Fouquet, 'is the last hope of both my wife and myself: as to me, I am ill with the anxiety. Ah, monseigneur! if you did but know what we have to fear, and to what we may be reduced if it fail! M. Vissins' (Scarron's associate in the business) 'and myself can only have recourse to poison!' But the scheme happily justified the anticipations of its originator, and for the last year or two of his life he derived five or six thousand livres *per annum* from his plan.

It was in October, 1660, eight years after his ill-assorted union, that this life of smiles and suffering, of poverty and extravagance, came to a close. He continued to jest to the last; and, seeing the bystanders in tears, 'I shall never, my friends,' he exclaimed, 'make you weep as much as I have made you laugh.' To his wife he spoke seriously. He lamented that he had nothing to leave her, and said that her merit was infinite and beyond all praise. He, at least, seems never to have had reason to repent his hazardous choice; and, what is really surprising, there is no trace that the wife grew impatient of her
bondage,

bondage, or, as she advanced into womanhood and learnt her power over richer and more personable men, of her ever regretting the precipitancy of the girl. She always, however, after the death of M. Scarron, spoke of marriage with aversion. 'I have learnt too well,' she said, 'that it is not delicious, and that liberty is.'

When the poor cripple whom she had married for a subsistence was in his grave, she was reduced to poverty beyond anything she had yet experienced. *Cette charmante malheureuse!* was the name by which she was commonly known among her friends. In vain various persons of distinction endeavoured to obtain for her the renewal of the pension formerly granted to her husband. Mazarin was inflexible. 'Is she in health?' he asked, and on being told 'Yes,' he replied, 'Then she is incapacitated for succeeding to a man who was ill!' For the first few months the Maréchale d'Aumont, Scarron's niece, lent her a room in the Convent des Hospitalières, and sent her clothes and all other necessities of which she stood in need. 'But,' says Tallemant des Réaux, 'she made such a noise about it, that the widow got tired, and one day returned to her relative a cartload of wood she had ordered to be shot down in the convent-yard.' This extreme distress lasted about a year. Mazarin survived only five months the burlesque poet who satirised him, and after the death of the vindictive minister, some one chancing to mention before the queen-mother the name of Scarron, she inquired what had become of his wife? The answer drew forth the further question, 'What was the husband's pension?' The person addressed, foreseeing what was to follow, suddenly conceived the idea of magnifying the sum, and replied, 'Two thousand livres.' When Madame Scarron went to thank the Queen for her bounty, she overheard a lady remarking, 'If this pension is granted to the most beautiful eyes, and the most coquettish person in France, no better choice could be made.' Her rage and mortification were extreme. 'Is this,' she said, 'the result of all the care I have taken to earn a reputation without reproach? The humiliating speech weighed a long time upon my heart.' Those who recall the good sense which distinguishes her letters, will hardly credit that she should have been the slave of such childish weakness.

Her annuity enabled her to remove to an apartment in the Convent of the Ursulines, where she had been educated as a girl. The five hundred livres, over and above what her husband had received, she set apart for the poor, 'if for no other reason,' she said, 'than to repair the officious lie of my friend.' 'She managed the remainder so well,' writes Mademoiselle d'Aumale, originally

originally one of the pupils at St. Cyr, who had received the account from Madame de Maintenon, 'that she saw the best company, and was always well though simply dressed. She contrived to pay her own board and that of her maid, and never burned anything but wax-lights!' Her dress was in keeping with the wax-lights, for, 'besides being always nicely shod, she had very handsome petticoats'! (*de très belles jupes*). Her confessor, the Abbé Gobelin, remonstrated with her on the elegance of her attire; to which she replied that 'her gowns were of the commonest stuffs.' 'That may be,' rejoined the worthy man, 'but I only know that when you kneel there drops to the ground with you such a quantity of drapery, that, most honoured lady, I cannot avoid thinking it too much.' This combination of mean material with the utmost gracefulness of make is extremely characteristic. There was a mixture throughout, by her own confession, of vanity and humility, but of an humility of which the object was to feed her vanity. She was accustomed to speak of these early years of her widowhood as of the golden period of her existence:—

'All the days of my youth were very agreeable to me,' she said at St. Cyr, 'because, although I have experienced poverty and passed through states very different from that in which you see me, I was contented and happy. I was a stranger to chagrin and *ennui*; I was free. I went to the Hôtel d'Albret, or to that of Richelieu, sure to be welcomed and to meet my friends there, or else to attract them to my apartment on acquainting them that I could not go out.'

Every one knows the striking saying of Madame de Maintenon as she watched the carp uneasy in their crystal water and marble basin in the royal gardens: 'They are like me, they regret their *mud*.' No one had ever felt more forcibly the truth expressed in the lines of Gray:—

'What is grandeur, what is power?
Heavier toil, superior pain;'

and it is worth a hundred homilies on contentment to see this wife and bondwoman of Louis XIV. looking back with a sigh of regret from the splendid palace of Versailles upon the modest apartment in the Convent of the Ursulines.

The death of Anne of Austria in 1666 came to trouble her felicity. The pension dropped with the life of its donor, and the repeated audiences of Madame Scarron with Colbert obtained her nothing more substantial than polite promises. 'If I was in power and in favour,' she exclaimed, 'how differently would I treat those who were in want!' The solicitations of her friends to the King were equally unsuccessful. Of all the events that
could

could have been predicted at that moment, none would have sounded so wildly improbable to Madame Scarron as that she should one day be the wife of the great monarch whom she was suing in vain for a paltry pittance to keep her from beggary, none would have appeared so revolting and even impossible to Louis XIV. as that he should marry the poor widow to whom he was refusing the necessaries of life. The defeat of his armies and the loss of a province would have seemed less humiliating to his pride.

Whilst Madame Scarron could get no assistance from the Crown, her private friends, Madame de Richelieu, Madame de Montchevreuil, and the Maréchale d'Albret vied with each other in offering her the asylum of their respective homes. This she refused, and preferred to accept a proposal from the Princesse de Nemours, affianced to Alphonso king of Portugal, to accompany her to her new kingdom. The Duc de Nevers remarking one day to the royal bride on the slender capacity of her future consort and his minister, 'Never mind,' she replied; 'I shall have wit enough for the king, and she' (pointing to Madame Scarron) 'will have enough for the minister.' But now occurred an event which defeated the project, and was the first step in that long flight by which Madame Scarron ascended to the throne:

'I shall not go to Portugal,' she writes to her friend Madame de Chanteloup; 'it is quite decided. A few days ago Madame de Thianges took me to see her sister,* telling her I was about leaving for Lisbon. "For Lisbon?" exclaimed she; "that is a long way off; you must remain here. Albret has spoken to me of you, and I am quite aware of your merit." I would rather, thought I to myself, that she were quite aware of my poverty! This I then described to her, without letting myself down, and she listened attentively, though she was at her toilet. I told her how I had in vain petitioned M. Colbert, how my friends had in vain petitioned the King, how I was obliged to seek an honest livelihood out of my own country, etc. In short, I think Madame de Lafayette herself would have been satisfied with the truth of my expressions and the brevity of my story. Madame de Montespan seemed touched, and asked me for a detailed petition, that she would undertake, she said, to present to the King. I thanked her warmly, and wrote it in haste. The King, they say, received it kindly; perhaps the hand that tendered it made it agreeable. M. de Villeroy joined his entreaties to hers. In short, my pension is restored to me upon the same footing as by the late Queen. Two thousand livres! It is more than is needed for my solitude and the good of my soul.'

Mlle. de la Vallière was at this time the avowed mistress of Louis XIV., and the favour he showed to Madame de

* Madame de Thianges was sister to Madame de Montespan.

Montespan was supposed to be accorded to her lively conversation. One year later (1667) the King, flushed with his victories in Flanders, summoned the court to meet him at Compiègne, that he might enjoy the praise and the congratulations which awaited him. Thither came also Mlle. de la Vallière, to the extreme indignation and distress of the Queen. Foremost among those who inveighed against the daring intruder was Madame de Montespan. 'God preserve me,' she said, 'from being the mistress of the King! but if I was miserable enough for that, I should never have the audacity to appear before the Queen.' Nevertheless it is now a matter of history, that upon this very occasion she was carrying on a secret intrigue with him herself. The effrontery which could ejaculate such a prayer, and make such a protestation, was not likely to continue to wear a veil; and though Mlle. de la Vallière did not retire from the court to the cloister till 1674, it was soon notorious that she had a successful rival in Madame de Montespan. 'When I suffer at the Carmelites,' said the poor penitent, 'I will remember what these people (the King and Madame de Montespan) have made me suffer here.' In the lapse of years, when the triumphant mistress had been set aside in her turn, she might be seen at the Carmelites seeking religious counsel of the frail sister whom she had tormented and displaced.

Upon the birth of the Duc du Maine in 1670, proposals were made to Madame Scarron to take charge of the infant prince and his elder sister, who died shortly after. 'I will not,' she replied, by the advice of her confessor, 'take charge of the children of Madame de Montespan, but if the King commands me to take care of his, I will obey.' The King gave the order, and she entered with zeal upon an office which was rather that of a mother than a governess, as the children were then too young to be instructed. She was careful, as they grew older, not to show them any false indulgence out of deference to their royal birth. The spirit in which she trained them may be gathered from a passage in a letter which she wrote in 1686 to one of the governesses of Saint Cyr. 'I am told that some of the girls make a piece of work about taking their bark; do not suffer such nonsense in a house where everything is to be regulated by reason. I never allowed the children of the King to make the least resistance to taking medicine, and, while telling them that it was very nasty, I obliged them to drink it up like water.'

'If this was the beginning of Madame de Maintenon's *

* In 1674 Louis XIV. presented Madame Scarron with the estate of Maintenon, worth 15,000 livres a year, as a reward for her care of his children. He greeted her the next time he saw her as Madame de Maintenon, and she bore the name ever after.

elevation,' writes Madame de Caylus, 'it was also that of her annoyance and constraint. She was of necessity separated from her friends, and obliged to renounce society, for which she seemed created, and all this without being able to assign publicly any sufficient reason for her altered habits.' The general idea is, that she inhabited a handsome house in the Rue de Vaugirard, had carriages and servants at her command, and superintended the education of several little illegitimate princes and princesses, at whose irregular entrance into the world she found it convenient to wink. But this is far from the truth. The house in the Rue de Vaugirard was not thought of until 1672; and, for the first two or three years, each infant, the better to conceal it, was placed with its nurse in a separate habitation without the walls of the town. To avoid suspicion, Madame Scarron was prohibited from lodging under the same roof with any of the children, and was to change as little as possible her former mode of life :—

'I had to climb ladders,' she says, 'and do the work of carpenters and upholsterers, because no workpeople were permitted to enter. The nurses were to assist in nothing, for fear of fatiguing themselves and spoiling their milk. Often I went from one of these houses to the other on foot and in disguise, carrying under my arm provisions and linen, and sometimes, in case of illness, passing the whole night by the sick child's bed. I was then forced to enter my own dwelling by a back door, and, having dressed, used to go out again at the front in a carriage, and pay my visits at the Hôtel d'Albret or the Hôtel de Richelieu, so that my acquaintances might suspect nothing. Nay, I have gone so far as to be bled, in order that I might not blush if anything occurred to embarrass me.'

Nor was this all. She attended, according to Madame de Caylus, at the birth of each addition to her nursery, and covering the new-born infant with her shawl, she returned masked to Paris in a hackney-coach, full of alarm, lest the wail of the little brat should betray her to the driver. The object of so much mystery is by no means clear. Though the actual birth was conducted in secrecy, there was none about its anticipation. 'Madame de Montespan,' says Madame de Caylus, 'was in despair at her first pregnancy, consoled herself at the second, and carried impudence at the rest as far as it could go.'

To the other discomforts of the position of Madame Scarron was added the annoyance which arose from the overbearing and uncertain temper of Madame de Montespan. Often she resolved to resign her office.

'I really cannot see,' she writes to the Abbé Gobelin, her confessor, 'in what way it can be Heaven's will that I should suffer through Madame de Montespan. She is incapable of friendship, and I c

pense with it. She could not be subject to the constant opposition I offer to her conduct without hating me. She does with me what she chooses; destroys me in the King's esteem, or restores me to his good graces. I dare not speak to him myself, for she never would forgive me; and even if I could, what I owe to her would forbid me from saying anything against her. Therefore I see no remedy for all my ills.' 'I have tried everything,' she writes in 1676 to a female friend, 'in regard to Madame de Montespan; but there is nothing at heart—no good; she is only amiable by fits and starts; all is caprice.'

Though these gusts of temper had frequently no other source than the ungovernable humour of Madame de Montespan, there was a distinct and constant cause of irritation at work. Madame de Sévigné, writing to her daughter in April, 1675, tells her that for a couple of years there has been a complete hatred between the two Madams, and that they are as opposed as black and white. The reason, she adds, is the pride of Madame de Maintenon, which makes her rebel against the orders of Madame de Montespan, and recognise only the authority of the father to the entire exclusion of that of the mother. This was in accordance with the original contract. Madame de Maintenon considered that it was consistent with her dignity to be the servant of a king, but she would have felt it a degradation to be the servant of a mistress. Madame de Montespan not unnaturally regarded the question from another aspect, and thought that the parent had a right to be heard on the management of her children.

In the same letter in which Madame de Sévigné reveals the quarrels, she mentions that the King is scolded for having too much friendship for this lofty lady (*pour cette glorieuse*), but that the partiality was not expected to last. Last, however, it did, and, what was more, for some years continued to increase. Madame de Maintenon, so eager to please everybody, could not be indifferent to the good opinion of her sovereign. But she did not at first succeed. The belief that she was a blue-stocking had prejudiced him against her, and an accidental circumstance confirmed him in the notion. 'Madame d'Heudicourt,' she says, 'having innocently told him, on returning from a walk, that Madame de Montespan and I had talked before her in so elevated a strain that we got beyond her, he was so displeased that he could not help showing it, and it was some time before I could venture to come into his presence.' In speaking of her to Madame de Montespan he used to call her '*votre bel-esprit*,' and it is true that she was ambitious to excel in conversation. 'My confessor,' she wrote in 1669, 'has ordered me to be dull in company to mortify the passion he detects in me of wishing to see by my understanding. I obey; but as I yawn, and make others

others yawn, I am sometimes ready to give up devotion.' The mistake of Louis XIV. was to imagine that her conversation was affected and pedantic. On the contrary, she had an extreme dislike of learned ladies, 'who,' she said, 'were never learned but by halves, and that the little they knew rendered them commonly proud, disdainful, talkative, and averse to solid things.' She taught orthography—then much neglected by the best educated persons—to her pupils at Saint Cyr, but cautioned them against attempting to attain to perfect correctness, lest it should wear the appearance of pretension. Her rule for style was to avoid circumlocution and far-fetched phrases, and her practice was in accordance with her theory. All her letters are remarkable for simplicity. The Duc de Saint Simon, notwithstanding his hostility to her, admits that 'her language was well chosen and naturally eloquent and concise.' The effect, he adds, was aided by an 'incomparable grace, and an easy and yet respectful manner.' Madame de Sévigné, who had been much in her society, says that it was 'truly delicious.'

Thus Louis only needed to be better acquainted with her to be disabused of his prejudices; and she of necessity came more in contact with him when the three children of whom she had charge were legitimated in 1673, and appeared openly at court. An event occurred in 1675 which enabled her to improve her position. Both Louis XIV. and his mistress were frequently visited by religious scruples. Madame de Montespan was accustomed to fast so rigorously in Lent, that her pittance of bread was doled out to her by weight; and, on the Duchess d'Uzès expressing her astonishment, she exclaimed, 'What! because I commit one sin, am I to commit every other?' When Passion-week arrived, she and the King were equally struck with remorse, and they agreed to a separation. After an absence of some months, the question was mooted whether she should return to the court, and Bossuet, with incredible weakness, advised the step. To avoid the awkwardness of exchanging their first greetings in public it was settled that she should have a preliminary meeting with the King, and to obviate the scandal of an entirely private interview, it was arranged that it should take place in the presence of a few selected witnesses. The penitents soon withdrew into a window-recess, and talked in whispers. The old passion was instantly revived. 'They made,' says Madame de Caylus, 'a profound bow to the company, and passed into another room. The Duchess of Orleans and the Count of Toulouse were the result.' But though Madame de Montespan resumed her old position, she never recovered her former influence. In the absence of the mistress the King had had recourse

recourse to the friend, who gained an ascendant which she kept to the last. 'She is more triumphant than ever,' says Madame de Sévigné, May 6th, 1676. 'Everything is submitted to her empire.'

On the return of Madame de Montespan, the quarrels were renewed with greater violence than before. The discovery of the increased consideration accorded to the *gouvernante* was not likely to alleviate former jealousies. The King himself was made a party to their disputes; and he sometimes defended the mistress to the friend, but with the tone of a man who was apologising for the one who was in the wrong to the one who was in the right. These very bickerings must have assisted the growing favour of Madame de Maintenon. When her calm, equable, conciliating temper was contrasted with the wayward impetuosity and grasping disposition of Madame de Montespan, she must have appeared an Angel by the side of a Fury. A contemporary bishop said that her triumph was the victory of the spirit of goodness over the spirit of evil. With the view, as some conjecture, of withdrawing Louis from the society of the friend, the old mistress introduced a new candidate for his affection in the person of Mlle. Fontanges, a beautiful, weak, and insipid woman. The device failed, and Madame de Montespan endangered her own position without shaking for an instant the supremacy of her rival. She accused her one day of aspiring herself to be the mistress of the King. 'He would then,' said Madame de Maintenon, 'have three.' 'He has three,' replied the other; 'me in name, that girl (Mlle. Fontanges) in fact, and you have his heart.' Other schemes were tried with no better success. The old Duke de Villars was set to demand her in marriage; but she simply answered, that she had troubles enough without seeking them in a state which was the misery of three-fourths of the human race. An intrigue to destroy her credit with the King, and of which the particulars are unknown, was aided by the powerful talents of Louvois and Rochefoucauld, but it had no result. Worn out with the turmoil, Madame de Maintenon continued to talk of retiring, but never went. Weary work as it might be to walk the dull, uneasy, daily round, it was yet for her a magic circle of which she found it impossible to break the bounds.

The Dauphin was married in January, 1680, and Madame de Maintenon was appointed one of the tire-women of the Dauphiness. This lady had a profusion of hair, and Madame de Maintenon was the only person who could comb it without giving pain to her royal mistress. 'You would hardly believe,' she used to say, 'how much a talent for combing heads contri-

buted to my elevation.' But the talent was general. With her rage for pleasing, whatever was to be done she was always the volunteer who stood forward to do it. Her new office removed her from her painful domestic contact with Madame de Montespan. They met in public, talked with vivacity, and to those who only judged by appearances seemed excellent friends. Yet the grudge and the jealousy were in no degree lessened by this outward truce. Once when they had to make a journey in the same carriage, Madame de Montespan said, as she seated herself, 'Let us talk as if there were no difference between us, but on condition that we resume our disputes when we return.' In both respects they kept to the bargain.

The release from the tempestuous humours of Madame de Montespan was coincident with fresh proofs of the partiality of the King. 'I hear,' writes Madame de Sévigné, in June, 1680, 'that the conversations of his Majesty with Madame de Maintenon only grow and flourish, that they last from six to ten, that his daughter-in-law sometimes pays them a short visit, that she finds them each in a great chair, and that when the visit is over they resume the thread of their discourse. The lady is no longer approached except with fear and respect, and the ministers pay the same court to her that others do to them.' 'As I have often said,' Madame de Sévigné remarks a month later, 'she has made him acquainted with a new country—I mean the commerce of friendship, and of conversation without duplicity or constraint.' This is doubtless the true explanation of the singular charm which she exercised over him. His ministers talked to him of business, his courtiers uttered insipidities, all alike overwhelmed him with flattery, and the greater part had some interest to promote. His mistresses, who alone could venture to be familiar with him, owed their privilege to a passion which deprived them of his respect. But Madame de Maintenon united perfect ease to steady principle—treated him as a man without offending the pride of the monarch; brought into prominence the moral part of his nature; and spoke to him of his feelings, his faults, and his trials, with the intelligence of a confessor and the winning gentleness of a woman. Picture a sovereign worn out with state affairs, intrigues, and ceremonies, possessed of a confidante who was always the same—always calm, always rational, equally capable to instruct and to soothe him; never divulging any secret to show the trust that was reposed in her; never presuming upon her power, or allowing any selfish motive to transpire, and there needs nothing more to explain why Louis XIV. should have sought the society of Madame de Maintenon, and should be found sitting with her daily in 1680 from six to ten.

The

The Queen encouraged the intimacy. When any insinuations were made to the disadvantage of the friend she was accustomed to reply, 'The King has never been so kind to me as since he listens to her; I owe his affection to her influence.' The change she had wrought in alienating Louis XIV. from his mistresses, and restoring him to the society of his wife, is described by Madame de Maintenon herself in a letter dated November, 1682. 'The royal family live in a union which is most edifying. The King converses for whole hours with the Queen. The present she has made me of her portrait is the most agreeable circumstance which has happened to me since I have been at Court: it is to my mind an infinite distinction. Madame de Montespan has never had anything similar.' Some one, pointing at the Court of Henry IV. to the Marchioness de Guercheville, who had been made a lady-in-waiting to the Queen, said to Malherbe, 'See what virtue has done;' to which Malherbe replied, in pointing to Madame de Luynes, who had been elevated still higher, 'See what vice has done.' The exultation of Madame de Maintenon was not only the exclamation of personal triumph, but a mode of expressing that this time virtue had received a tribute which was not accorded to vice.

A few months after the Queen had given this testimony of her gratitude she expired in the arms of Madame de Maintenon, July 30, 1683. Louis XIV. was affected by her death, but his sorrow was neither excessive nor prolonged. When the eldest of his children by Madame de Montespan died at the age of three, and the King observed the distress of her who had been the real mother of the infant in everything except bringing it into the world, surprised, perhaps, to witness grief for a being so young, he exclaimed, 'She knows how to love; there would be some pleasure in being loved by her.' Now he appeared to have no satisfaction in witnessing the emotions which testified regard for the departed. Four days after the death of the Queen, Madame de Maintenon, in her quality of attendant on the Dauphiness, joined the King at St. Cloud, when they all set out for Fontainebleau. The friend appeared with an air of deep affliction, and Louis XIV. rallied her upon her grief, and made it the subject of some pleasantries! There was a Madame Hérault, who lost her husband, and the Marshal de Grammont assumed a mournful countenance as a mark of condolence. 'Alas!' said the widow, 'the poor man has done well to die.' 'Is that the way you take it?' replied the Marshal. 'By my faith then I care no more than you.' 'I will not swear,' says Madame de Caylus, in relating the conduct of Louis XIV., 'that Madame

de Maintenon did not answer him inwardly as the Marshal de Grammont answered Madame Hérault.'

It is probable that the King had already notions in his mind which were not in keeping with the mourning countenance of Madame de Maintenon. Madame de Caylus, who was one of the party, relates that the favour of her aunt rose to its highest point during the sojourn at Fontainebleau, that she seemed violently torn by hopes and fears, and that at last her agitation was succeeded by a calm. The niece plainly intimates her belief that it was then that the marriage was agreed upon; but the ceremony is supposed not to have taken place till 1685, though M. Lavallée believes that it was performed in 1684. A mystery envelopes the whole transaction. Neither Louis XIV. nor Madame de Maintenon were ever known to speak of it, and the other persons who were privy to the proceeding were no less secret than the principals. There is an allusion to it in two letters of the bishop of Chartres, the director of Madame de Maintenon—one addressed to herself, the other to the King—but these were never intended to see the light. It is asserted by Saint-Simon, that the archbishop of Paris, who is supposed to have performed the ceremony, joined with Louvois in extorting a promise from their royal master, that he would not divulge a secret which they considered would dishonour him in the eyes of his subjects. Twice Madame de Maintenon is affirmed to have nearly won him over to declare the marriage. On the first occasion Louvois detected the design, and remonstrated with the King, who was about to retire to avoid his importunities. The minister threw himself on his knees, seized his Majesty by the legs to retain him, and presenting him with a sword, begged to be killed on the spot rather than survive to see his sovereign disgrace his crown, and die of confusion and regret. It is Saint-Simon who relates and applauds this tragi-comic story, which we suspect to be apocryphal. On the second occasion Louis XIV., he says, consulted Bossuet and Fénelon, who again dissuaded him from executing his design. During the life of the King it was convenient that the marriage should be tacitly acknowledged without being formally proclaimed. It prevented a thousand embarrassments and mortifications which would have arisen if the widow of Scarron had been installed as Queen. But what could be the motive of Madame de Maintenon for destroying all the documents and letters which would reveal the fact to posterity? If she believed the marriage to be already notorious, the precaution was useless; and if she thought to render it doubtful, was she content to leave it a disputed point in history as to whether she was his
mistress

mistress or his wife? Louis XIV. could hardly have been so unmanly as to exact a pledge which might imperil her permanent fame; and if he did, it is a blot upon her reputation that she should have stooped to such terms.

At the death of the Queen Louis XIV. was forty-five years of age, and Madame de Maintenon forty-eight. Her influence over the King was already fully established; but, at her time of life, and with the notions of that period of the impassable gulf which separated the sovereign from his subjects, it is altogether unlikely that the notion of a marriage had ever entered her mind. Without adopting the language of Saint-Simon, who said that posterity would refuse to believe in the possibility of such a union, and who calls it 'the profoundest, the most durable and unheard of humiliation,' there was yet no one in France who would have supposed for an instant that sober esteem for a widow of forty-eight could have triumphed over the pride of the haughtiest of princes. The first thought, as the first suggestion of the project, came therefore, we doubt not, from Louis himself. As little can we doubt that she was dazzled by the offer, and, however she may have coquetted with it, that she secretly closed with it on the instant. Her original ambition was to convert the monarch. 'When I began to see,' she said at Saint-Cyr, 'that it would not, perhaps, be impossible to contribute to the salvation of the King, I began also to be convinced that God had conducted me to the court for that purpose, and to this I limited all my views.' She never abandoned the mission, though the dreams in which she had probably indulged—of making one of the most ambitious, worldly, and vainglorious sovereigns the model of a Christian prince—must have been quickly abated. Her sustained efforts to turn him to religion have brought upon her with posterity the odium of that famous and impolitic act of his reign—which took place in October, 1685, about the period of the marriage—the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. The popular notion, as we have already stated, is, that Louis, old, weak-minded, and superstitious, was frightened by the bigotry of Madame de Maintenon into measures of persecution of which he would never otherwise have thought. Nothing can be more erroneous than every portion of this prevailing conception.

The King had been brought up by his mother, Anne of Austria, in the strictest notions of Spanish orthodoxy. He was punctilious in the performance of the rites of the church, 'and would never fail,' says Madame de Maintenon, 'to observe a fast, but he could not comprehend that it was necessary to repent, and to love God instead of to fear him.' She mentioned as an additional trait of his character that he thought he expiated his own faults

faults by being inexorable on those of others, which agrees with the description of Saint-Simon—that he believed himself an apostle because he persecuted the Jansenists. Not only did he look upon Protestantism as heretical, but he also regarded it as an act of rebellion against authority, offending equally his monarchical and his religious notions. Urged by this double motive he was barely twenty-four when he began to sanction numerous laws and measures for the restriction of the privileges which had been granted to the Huguenots. In 1662 an *Arrêt du Conseil* was issued, forbidding the burial of any person of the reformed religion, except at nightfall or daybreak. This was followed, up to the year 1671, by a variety of *arrêts*, prohibiting artisans from belonging to corporations unless converted; Protestant tradespeople from having apprentices; schoolmasters from teaching children anything beyond the first rudiments of knowledge; and ordaining that not more than twelve persons should meet together for the purposes of worship.

In 1665 the report was for the first time circulated that the *Edict of Nantes* was to be revoked. On the 3rd of March of this year, Guy Patin, in a letter, expresses himself thus:—‘It is said that to destroy the Huguenots the King is about to abolish the *Edit de Nantes*;’ and a confirmation of this assertion is found in a memorial presented a century later to Louis XVI. by M. de Breteuil, in which he says,—‘I have perused all the documents concerning them (the Protestants), from the first project presented in 1669 for the Repeal of the *Edict of Nantes* down to the Declaration of 1724.’ For some years a sort of lull may be noticed in the active measures of the Government, and religious controversy occupies the place of harsher tendencies; but after the peace of Nymwegen, in 1678, the desire for Catholic unity again manifests itself with every mark of persistence and strong resolve. In 1679 the law was promulgated which condemned to banishment and confiscation of property every converted Catholic who returned to the reformed tenets; and in the same year the mixed parliaments were suppressed. From 1679 to the close of 1680 numerous stringent measures were adopted, a few of which we will specify:—10th October, 1679, destruction of the Protestant church of St. Hyppolytus, and of several places of worship, under pretence of *contravention* to the law: 20th February, 1679, order that no Huguenot woman should exercise the profession of a midwife: 11th April, 1679, no tax-gatherer to be other than a Catholic: 18th November, 1680, a measure whereby every Catholic should have three years allowed him for the payment of his debts: statutes enacting that no Protestant minister should preach outside his own doors on the days when the bishop made his

his pastoral visit in any town or village; that no Catholic should, under pain of exile, become a Protestant, or marry a Protestant wife; that magistrates should be empowered to enter the dwellings of all who professed the reformed faith at the hour of death, and ascertain whether they were not willing to be converted to the Romish creed. More than twenty prohibitive edicts were issued between 1680 and 1684, whereby it was decreed, amongst other things, that no Huguenot should be a lawyer, doctor, apothecary, printer, or grocer. The manifest effect of these provisions was to close door after door against Protestantism, until the little that survived these rigorous enactments might be safely excluded the kingdom. The *Revocation*, when we examine all that preceded it, is thus nothing more than the inevitable supplement of what had been in progress for years. Now, whilst undertaking this indefatigable war against the Protestants, Louis XIV., who was only forty-two in 1680, was neither old nor devoted to Madame de Maintenon. He could require no persuasion to continue measures which he had long carried on of his own accord, and which were entirely in harmony with his natural temperament. He had the further motive to this course, that great as is the odium which now attaches to the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, it was then an eminently popular measure in France. Madame de Sévigné, Bussy-Rabutin, Mlle. de Scudery, La Fontaine, Arnauld, La Bruyère—every writer of the day, Saint-Simon excepted—applauds the suicidal step. The lower orders were as much more delighted than the instructed, as they were more ignorant and bigoted. Madame de Maintenon was carried along in the outermost and gentler currents of the vortex; but she was so far from creating it, that all her natural tendencies were to tolerance and persuasion.

‘I have received,’ she says, in a letter to her brother, Charles d’Aubigné, ‘complaints against you which do not do you honour. You ill-treat the Huguenots, and seek the means and provoke the opportunities of doing so. That is not the conduct of a gentleman. Take pity on persons more unhappy than blameable; they are at this moment plunged in an error we were plunged in ourselves, and which no violence would ever have induced us to renounce. Henri IV. held the same faith, as well as many other great princes: do not, therefore, torment them. Men must be allured by gentleness and charity. We have our example in Jesus Christ, and I assure you these are the intentions of the King. Your business is to obey: that of making converts belongs to the bishops and priests, who must labour by instruction and by example. Neither God nor the King has given any souls into your keeping; therefore sanctify your own, and be severe for yourself alone!’

The King sometimes reproached her with her want of zeal, and endeavoured

endeavoured in vain to induce her to send away her Huguenot servants :—

‘ I had several,’ she says, in one of her *Entretiens* at St. Cyr, ‘ and I tried by the most effectual methods I could devise to lead them back into the right road, but I never hurried them to abjure their error. On the contrary, I often proposed to them that they should attend the sermons of their ministers. The King wanted me to *force* them back into the bosom of the church ; but I always answered, “ Leave me free upon that point. I know what I am about ; pray let me be the mistress of my servants.” My conduct has hitherto been crowned with success.’

It was represented to the King that having been originally a Calvinist she retained much of the old leaven. He imbibed the idea, and said to her, ‘ I fear that the leniency you recommend to be shown to the Huguenots is prompted by some remains of attachment to your old religion.’ This, she states, compelled her to approve of much which inwardly she condemned. She professed that she groaned over the hardships inflicted on the reformers, but that if she intimated the least dissent she was accused of being a Protestant, and all the good she might be able to accomplish would be effectually stopped. It is here that we catch sight of the other side of the picture. Inflexible in many of her principles of right and wrong, her ardent desire to stand well with everybody, and especially with the King, made her pliant and temporising. When Louis XIV. persevered in frowning upon her friends or her opinions, she usually ended by adopting his views. Thus her continual declarations ‘ that the Protestants should be converted but not persecuted,’ did not prevent her from applauding, and cordially seconding, one of the most odious of the tyrannical measures in vogue—the carrying off children from their mothers to train them up in the Roman Catholic religion. She herself got her relation, the Marquis de Villette, dispatched upon a long sea voyage, that she might wean his sons and daughter in his absence from the faith of their father. The daughter, afterwards Madame de Caylus, relates that she was won by the promise that she should never be whipped, and that she should go every day to the Royal Chapel to mass, which she thought a beautiful spectacle. The treachery by which Madame de Maintenon possessed herself of the girl, and the motives by which she induced her to change her religion, are worthy of each other. The Marquis was indignant on his return ; but in vain he demanded that his children should be restored to him. He ended by becoming a Catholic himself ; and when the King spoke to him of his conversion, ‘ he answered too drily,’ says Madame de Caylus, ‘ that it was the only occasion of his life in which it had not been his object to please his Majesty.’ To us it seems that he

he answered like a consummate courtier. 'I do not ask you,' the King used to say to the Protestants about him, 'to abandon your faith, but for the love of me hear those that preach the Catholic truth.' 'It was rarely the case,' remarks Madame de Maintenon, with wonderful *naïvete*, 'that they were not convinced.' The Marquis de Villette had sense enough to know that if the constraining power was in the request of the King, it was necessary to ascribe the conquest to the force of Catholic truth.

In the mean time, indefatigable as was Louis XIV. in putting down schism, he did not improve much in personal piety. Ten years after the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, Madame de Maintenon gives this account, in a letter to the Cardinal de Noailles (1695), of the little progress she had made in the grand undertaking of her life:—

'I have so great a desire to describe to you the *enigmatical man* whom Divine Providence has, I believe, intrusted to our care, that I always forget a thousand details. To give the name of "*conversation*" to what passed between the King and me would be to *miscall* it entirely, for I could not extract from him a single word. I related to him something touching Saint Augustine, to which he listened with apparent pleasure. Upon that I distinctly told him I marvelled that he never wished we should read together works which whilst they instructed would interest him; I said it was a duty, but that probably the Père la Chaise (the King's confessor) was opposed to it. His answer was, "I never speak to him of it; on the contrary, he proposes it to me." I rejoined that I was the more astonished, as I had once seen him desirous of reading some passages of M. de Fénelon with me, and, after a prayer offered up together, had known him sufficiently impressed to make a general confession, but that, in four-and-twenty hours, all was over, and I had not since heard a word of religion from his lips. The only reason he vouchsafed me was this: "I am not of a persistent disposition" (*je ne suis pas un homme de suite*), meaning that his taste did not lead him to do the same thing long. The King, as you know, never says what is not true, therefore it certainly is *not* the Père la Chaise who dissuades him from the pious intercourse and community of prayer that I desire to have with him, and for which, indeed, I consented to give myself to him. But, that being the case, what are we to conclude? I can imagine no other influence. Remains then the fact that the King is afraid lest I should speak to him of his duty, and that he flies the light! If that is really so, what a misfortune!'

It is a remarkable instance of the kingly pride in which he had been nurtured, and of the difficulty he found in comprehending the barest rudiments of religion, that Madame de Maintenon states that he was shocked to be told that Jesus Christ spoke the language of the humble and the poor.

Of

Of the general influence of Madame de Maintenon with the King, and the mode in which she exercised it, the Duke de Saint-Simon has drawn a vivid picture. Louis XIV. dreaded the imputation of being governed, and against no one was he more on his guard than his wife, just because she was commonly suspected of governing him. If any of his ministers appeared to favour her dependants, the jealousy of the monarch was immediately alarmed, and he would say sarcastically, 'Such a one is a good courtier, it is no fault of his that he has not served such another, on account of his being the relation or friend of Madame de Maintenon.' These rebuffs, Saint-Simon avers, rendered her extremely cautious and timid. Whatever requests were made to her, she affected never to interfere in public affairs or to ask any favour, but she did not the less obtain by craft what would have been denied to plain-dealing. She and the ministers entered into a league to support each other and to outwit the King. If she met with an inflexible and rebellious functionary, she had the art of gradually undermining his credit until a more supple instrument was appointed in his stead. The King transacted much of his business in her apartment, but she read or worked, appeared to take no interest in the proceedings, and rarely uttered a word. Her reliance was on the minister, with whom she had previously concerted everything. He showed the sovereign the list of candidates for places, and, if Louis did not select the person they wished, the minister would call his attention to other names, dwell on the advantages or disadvantages of each, perplex his mind with contending considerations, and drive him in his embarrassment to appeal to Madame de Maintenon. She in turn would plead incapacity, would commend first one and then another, and would at last contrive with an elaborate show of impartiality to give the preference to her adopted candidate. By these and similar artifices she disposed of nearly the whole of the preferment in France—'had men, affairs, justice, favours, religion, all without exception in her hands, and the King and the state her victims.'

Such is the account of Saint-Simon, a writer as caustic as graphic, and who, being a great idolater of rank and long descent, was especially envenomed against the widow of Scarron for having presumed to marry Louis XIV. Such elaborate hypocrisy, such sustained deceit, is opposed to all the actions, professions, and writings of Madame de Maintenon, and every person who has studied her history in recent times has arrived at the conclusion that the narrative is inspired by malice and prejudice. There is every appearance that she spoke the truth when she declared that she had neither aptitude nor liking for
state

state affairs, and that even had it been otherwise, her direct interference was too much resented to permit her to do more than influence her husband through general maxims. That she may sometimes have solicited the interposition of the minister is extremely probable; the rest is the inference of an enemy who interprets her conduct by the evil dispositions he is persuaded she possessed. Of all the lessons she impressed on the pupils at Saint-Cyr, there was none upon which she dwelt more emphatically than the duty 'of simplicity, or that of being sincere, frank, and the enemy of the least duplicity.' This was urged so frequently, that she complained at last that it had grown to be a jest among the girls, who would say 'Out of simplicity I take the best place, out of simplicity I praise myself.'

She was no hypocrite in anything. Her master foible was of another kind. From first to last she rises superior to all pretence, and strives invariably to be, not to seem to be, praiseworthy; but at the same time she would have been dissatisfied that what she was should have remained unknown. Vanity, as we have seen, was the ruling principle of her conduct; and much of the merit, and nearly all the pleasure of virtue, would have been lost in her estimation, if it had not been accompanied by renown. Most writers have vaunted her piety; her writings, her conversation, her practice, were a perpetual testimony to it, and her notions upon the subject were excellent in the main; but though we believe her to have been a good Christian, and to have tried sincerely to make herself a better one every day, it is in the intense and incessant desire to secure 'golden opinions,' and not in religion, that the *mobile* of her conduct will be found. She flattered herself that the wish to please men had been supplanted by the determination to think of nothing except pleasing God. Yet it is easy to be self-deceived as to motives, and her original frailty is for ever peeping out. 'You delight,' said Fénelon, 'to support your prosperity with moderation, from a feeling of blamable vainglory, and because you like to show that by your character you rise superior even to your position.' Her cousin Madame de Villette expressed sharply the same truth: 'You are determined to be renowned for your unparalleled moderation, and you make your family the victims of your passion for praise.' Her brother, Charles d'Aubigné, was a case in point. He applied to her again and again for preferment, honours, or money; and though she at length obtained him a gratuity, she was careful to impress upon him what pain it had cost her to make the request. She herself was indifferent to such things, but it was because her passion for praise was stronger than her passion for wealth. 'I despised riches,' she observed of her earlier days, and

and it was equally true of her later; 'I was elevated a thousand miles above considerations of interest; I wanted honour only.' The craving for the homage which disinterestedness brings made it a necessity to divulge her acts of self-denial. 'You will scold me,' she remarked to Mlle. d'Aumale, as they drove to St. Cyr, 'and say I am very wrong! Yesterday I might have had a hundred thousand francs a year, for the King spoke to me upon my position, and in a most pressing manner.' 'Well, Madame, and what did you do?' 'Nothing,' replied Madame de Maintenon. 'I told the King not to trouble himself about me. If I had chosen, it is certain he would have contrived to benefit me largely; but in so doing he would have annoyed and tormented himself, and that is not my business about him.' In the same spirit, when in 1684 she had declined what was thought a very dignified office, she asked her niece, Madame de Caylus, who was then a little girl, 'Would you rather be the niece of Madame la Dauphine's *dame d'honneur* than the niece of the person *who refuses to be so*?' 'I replied without hesitating,' says Madame de Caylus, 'that she who refused seemed to me infinitely superior to her who should accept. Madame de Maintenon, charmed with my reply, embraced me tenderly.' She has well said of herself that she did right actions from a wrong motive, and that all her other passions were sacrificed to this hunger for esteem.

'Who knows,' said one day this 'admirer of all admirers,' to whom incense was the breath of life, 'whether I am not punished by the excess of my prosperity? Who knows whether, rightly interpreted, the language of Providence to me is not this: "You have desired praise and glory—you shall have them to satiety."' Weariness both physical and mental spread itself over her existence like a pall. 'Before I came to the Court,' she said, 'at thirty-two I had never known what ennui was, but I have tasted enough of it since, and believe it would be insupportable if I did not believe that it was the will of God.' Being in the place of a queen, she complained that she had not the liberty of a petty tradesman, and the description she has left of her ordinary existence at Versailles is a pitiable picture of

'Greetings where no kindness is, and all
The dreary intercourse of daily life.'

'I must take for my prayers and for mass the time when every one else is asleep, because, when once they have begun to visit me, I have no longer an instant to myself. M. Maréchal, the King's surgeon, comes at half-past seven; then M. Fagon, who is followed by M. Blouin, governor of Versailles, or of some one who sends to inquire how I am; then M. Chamillard, or some minister—the archbishop—a general who is going to the army—and a number of others in succession, who only leave

leave me when the arrival of their superiors obliges them to withdraw. When the King enters, they must all go: he remains with me until he goes to mass. Observe that I am still in my night-dress; for, had I dressed myself, I should not have had time to say my prayers. My chamber is like a church—the comings and goings are perpetual. The King returns after mass; then comes the Duchess de Bourgogne, with her ladies, who remain while I dine. I am not then without anxiety, because I am watching to see if the Duchess behaves well to her husband when he is there, or that she does nothing unseemly. I endeavour to make her say something obliging to this person and that; conversation must be kept up, and the company must be blended together. If an indiscreet word is spoken, I feel deeply for those whom it concerns, and I am uneasy as to how the observations of certain persons will be taken. In short, it is a stretch of mind that nothing can equal. The whole circle is round me, and I cannot even ask for drink. I say to them sometimes, “You do me much honour; but I want a servant.” Upon this all hasten to wait upon me, which is another species of embarrassment and importunity. At last they all go to dinner, and I should then be at liberty, if the Dauphin, who often dines early, to go out hunting, did not take this opportunity to visit me. He is very difficult to talk to; as he says but little, I am obliged to furnish the conversation, and pay, as they say, in my own person. As soon as the King has dined, he comes back to my room with all the royal family, princes and princesses, and amuses himself there for half an hour; then he departs, and the rest remain. I must still carry on the conversation, while my mind is full of cares as to what is passing at the army, where thousands are perishing, sometimes in the siege of a town, sometimes in a battle, and the mass of bad news which arrives every day on that and a thousand other matters puts a load upon my heart which weighs me down, and which I must conceal beneath a gay and smiling air. When the assembly breaks up, some ladies have always to speak to me in private, and take me into my little chamber to tell me their sorrows; and this is done as much by those who do not like me, as by those who do. I am expected to serve them, and speak for them to the King. The Duchess de Bourgogne, also, often desires to converse with me *tête-à-tête*, so that God permits that the old lady should become the object of attention to every one. They all address themselves to me; they wish everything to pass through me, and He does me the service never to permit me to see my condition under its dazzling, but always under its painful aspect. When the King returns from hunting, he comes to me; the door is shut and no one is admitted. Then I must share his cares and secret distresses, which are not few in number. Some minister arrives who often brings bad news; the King sets to work, and if my presence is not wanted at the consultation, which is rare, I retire to a little distance, when I commonly say my prayers, for fear of not finding any other time. I sup while the King is still writing; but I am anxious, whether he is alone or not. I am under constraint, as you see, from six o’clock in the morning, and am very weary. The King sometimes perceives it and says, “You are worn out, Madame—are you not? Go to bed.” I do so; my women
come

come to me, but I see that they constrain the King, who puts a check upon himself not to talk while they are present; or there is still some minister, and he is afraid that the conversation will be heard, insomuch that I make such haste that I am frequently inconvenienced by it. At last I am in my bed—I dismiss my women—the King comes to my bedside and remains until he goes to supper; and a quarter of an hour before supper the Dauphin and Duchess de Bourgogne arrive. At ten, or a quarter past, everybody is gone; then I am alone, but the fatigues of the day often prevent my sleeping.’

Mlle. d’Aumale, who lived with her at Court, states that she often exclaimed with a sigh as her curtains were drawn, ‘I can say nothing more than that I am utterly exhausted.’ It is evident, however, from her own narrative of her day, that all the weariness she felt was not inherent in the situation, and that much of it grew out of the laborious effort to please everybody, instead of allowing to herself and others a little of that careless freedom which is the charm of society. The real part she played at Court, and which she had chosen for herself, is here disclosed; but to a woman of intelligence these days of tedious ceremonials, in which the mind was always being exerted without ever being interested, must at best have been vanity and vexation. A number of minute annoyances increased the discomfort. The King was inordinately selfish in his personal habits, and made everything bend to his will. However ill she might be, she had to accompany him in his journeys, and she went once to Fontainebleau when she was in a state that made it doubtful whether she would not die on the road. If she had headache, fever, or any other malady, her ears were still stunned with music, and a hundred lights flared in her eyes. She dreaded air, and the King could never have too much of it. He would come into her chamber when she was ill, and in a profuse perspiration from the remedies she had taken, and throw open all the windows in spite of the rawness of the night. His notions of good taste were another cause of this exposure. ‘He thinks of nothing,’ she wrote, ‘except grandeur, magnificence, and symmetry. He prefers to endure all the draughts from the doors, in order that they may be opposite one another. At Fontainebleau I have a beautiful apartment, which is equally exposed to heat and cold, having a window the size of the largest arcade, without sash or shutters, because they would be an offence against symmetry. Do not suppose that I can put a screen before my great window; you must not arrange your room as you like, when the King visits it every day, but you must perish in symmetry.’

Louis XIV. died on the 1st of September, 1715. For thirty years, dating only from her marriage, had Madame de Maintenon led

led this dreary existence. The gloom deepened with time, the task became more arduous with age. The latter half of the long reign of the King was as disastrous as the former had been prosperous. His armies were routed, his finances were disordered, and, at the lowest ebb of his fortunes, a famine came to aggravate the distress. He showed a brave front in the midst of his perils, and the insolent pride of his earlier years was turned to dignified self-possession; but, business transacted, his only resources were fêtes, journeys, and all the frivolities which lose their zest with time and sorrow, and upon the 'old lady' devolved the burthen of entertaining him. 'What a punishment,' she exclaimed, 'to have to amuse a man who is no longer amusable!' 'I have seen her,' says Mlle. d'Aumale, 'weary, sad, and sick, divert the King by a thousand inventions for four hours together without repetition, yawning, or slander.' But the interview over, she sunk exhausted with the effort.

When the King was seized with his mortal sickness Madame de Maintenon was eighty years old. Still she watched at his dying bed, and continued her religious exhortations. He three times bid her farewell.

'The first occasion,' she said, 'he told me that his only regret was to leave me, but that we should shortly meet again. I begged him to think of nothing except God. The second time he asked my pardon for not having lived as kindly as he ought with me, that he had not made me happy, but that he had always loved and esteemed me. He wept, and asked if any one was present. I answered "No;" and he said, "If it was known that I was thus moved on your account, no one would be surprised." I went away for fear of doing him harm. The third time he said, "What will become of you? for you have nothing." I answered, "I am nothing; think only of God," and left him. When I had gone two steps I thought, in the uncertainty of the treatment I should receive from the Princes, that I ought to ask him to beg the Duke of Orleans to have some consideration for me. He did it in the way in which the Prince stated on the spot. "My nephew, I recommend Madame de Maintenon to you; you know the consideration and esteem I have had for her; she has given me good advice; I should have done well to follow it; she has been useful to me in everything, but, above all, for my salvation. Do everything she asks you for her relations, her friends, her allies; she will not abuse the privilege. Let her address herself directly to you for everything she wants."'

With all her opportunities she had amassed no money. She gave as fast as she received; and in the brevet of the pension of 48,000 livres a year, which was granted her by the Regent Orleans, it is stated 'that it was rendered necessary by her rare disinterestedness.'

About the time of her marriage with the King she induced him

him to found at Saint-Cyr, a village in the neighbourhood of Versailles, an establishment for the education of the daughters of the poor nobility. This princely institution, which contained 250 girls, was the delight of her sombre life. There were few days that she did not visit it, and all her leisure hours were spent in assisting in the management of the house, and the instruction of the governesses and the pupils. Here she had all that homage and honour for which she panted without their attendant inconvenience. When Louis became insensible, she immediately withdrew to this sanctuary. On the news of his death arriving at Saint-Cyr, one of the ladies announced it to her by saying, 'Madam, all the house is at prayers in the choir;' the widow raised her hands to heaven, and, weeping, went to join the congregation. In a letter, dated from her retreat, ten days after her husband had expired, she says, 'I have seen the King die like a saint and a hero; I have quitted the world which I disliked; I am in the most agreeable retirement I can desire.' The want of tenderness which she seems to have inherited from her mother, and which, with all her amiability, was a marked trait in her character, is conspicuous in the scene with the dying King, where his tears, his affectionate speeches, and his acknowledgment of his errors towards her, are only answered by the cold and laconic admonition to think of nothing but God. Her premature departure before the scene had closed has been much condemned, and it must be considered a proof that there was no sentiment of the heart to retain her the moment her duty was discharged. The same unimpassioned temperament is apparent in her letter. The 'saint and hero,' the 'grand monarque,' the husband of thirty years, is less to her ten days after his death than the feeling that at length she is released from her bondage, and breathes freely at Saint-Cyr. But it is late to begin to enjoy oneself at eighty years of age, and other cares pursued her in her retreat, and disturbed her peace.

On the 10th of June, 1717, she was visited by Peter the Great, who had expressed a desire to see her. He sat down by her bed-side, and asked her if she was ill. On her answering 'Yes,' he inquired what was her malady, and she replied, 'Extreme old age.' He had the curtain drawn back that he might get a view of her face, and, having nothing more momentous to say to the widow of Louis XIV., who had lived so long and strange a life, and witnessed so many and such interesting events, he immediately withdrew. The malady of old age is one of which the symptoms make daily progress, and on the 15th of August, 1719, having arrived at its height, she calmly breathed her last.

- ART. IV.—1. *The Forester ; a Practical Treatise on the Planting, Rearing, and General Management of Forest Trees.* By James Brown, Forester, Arniston. 2nd edition. Edinburgh, 1851.
2. *The Forest Trees of Britain.* By the Rev. C. A. Johns, B.A., F.L.S. London, 1847.
3. *A History of British Forest Trees, indigenous and introduced.* By Prideaux John Selby, F.L.S., M.W.S., &c. London.
4. *First and Second Reports of the Commissioners of Her Majesty's Woods, Forests, and Land Revenues, under the Act of the 14th and 15th Vict., cap. 42.* London, 1852-1853.

TREES have a legitimate claim to be considered under various aspects—as living monuments of the past—as essentials in the rural landscape—as subjects for the physiologist's examination and research—for their utility when reduced to timber—and as a source of profit to the landowner and planter. From the reverence paid by men of old to such trees as were known contemporaries of their forefathers, long passed away, was perhaps derived the actual adoration paid to woods and groves. What more natural than that the oak, under which Jacob hid the strange gods of his household, which, three hundred years afterwards, shadowed the memorial pillar set up by Joshua, and under which, two centuries later, the men of Shechem made Abimelech king—what more natural than that this tree should be invested first with a conscious individuality, and finally be worshipped as a sentient deity which had influenced the heroes themselves whose deeds it had witnessed? Schismatic worship once introduced, the transition to the yet more degrading schism of performing religious rites to idol gods under 'every green tree and every thick oak' was easy. 'It is natural,' says Evelyn, 'for man to feel an awful and religious terror when placed in the centre of a thick wood ; on which account, in all ages, such places have been chosen for the celebration of religious ceremonies.' Thus, among the Greeks, the oaks of Dodona were the exponents of the will of Zeus ; every grove had its Dryad, and every tree its Hamadryad. The German tribes acknowledged their deity present in the gloomy depths of their forests ; and our own Yule-log is but a corruption of the Celtic Yaoul, the Saturn of the Druids, who themselves took their name from some form of *drys*—an oak.

Trees enter largely into the poetic imagery of ancient writers, both sacred and profane. Among the earliest allegories extant are those of the trees anointing a king (Judges ix.), and the marriage of the cedar and thistle (2 Kings xiv.) ; the palm-

tree and the willow are acknowledged emblems of the righteous, evergreens generally of God's providential care: the degradation of a mighty monarch is typified by the felling of a tree (Daniel iv.), and 'to leave neither root nor branch' is equivalent to utter extermination.

The classic writers, whether they were alive to the charms of landscape scenery or not, were certainly not insensible to the individual beauty of trees; and even the sensualist Horace considered the enjoyment of his luxurious picnics heightened if the feast were spread beneath poplars and pines.

There are utilitarians in the present age who would, no doubt, encourage, if it were possible, the growth of timber already squared and cut into a convenient length for railway sleepers; but, thank Heaven, no oaken beams fetch a good price in the market till they have for a hundred years borne aloft unutilized boughs, clothed as of yore with foliage for which there has been discovered no *succedaneum*. To make serviceable spars trees must pass through the various stages of their existence, and furnish matter for the contemplation of poet, painter, and naturalist.

Arboriculture is a modern science, and, from its nature, can only exist in a country whose wants are artificial, and the natural condition of whose territories is encroached on by a superabundant population. As long as the forests supply wood for firing and timber for building in sufficient abundance, men do not think of planting; but when once the balance of demand and supply is destroyed, the necessity for a new occupation arises. Dismantled forests must be restored, or, if the land on which they stood has been directed to purely agricultural purposes, it is time to inquire whether tracts of country hitherto unprofitably occupied may not be made to grow timber; and if so, what kinds of trees will flourish best in certain soils. From this need springs up the occupation of the nurseryman, and with it a system of planting, sheltering, pruning, draining, thinning, and the other appliances of the forester.

As is the case with most of the sciences, experiments—against which the *cui bono* cry was raised by 'barren spectators'—led to results which were not contemplated by their authors. Exotic trees were introduced into England as mere objects of curiosity, and, outliving their foster-parents, proved that both soil and climate were well adapted to their growth. The sycamore, for instance, was in 1640 'nowhere found wild or natural in our land, but only planted in orchards or walkes for the shadowe's sake.' Fifty years earlier, Gerard says,—'The great maple is a stranger in England, only it groweth in the walkes and places of pleasure of noblemen, where it specially is planted for the shadowe

shadowe sake, and under the name of sycamore-tree.' It is now, however, so completely naturalised, springing spontaneously in the wildest places, that few persons suspect its foreign origin, and, even in the work which stands first at the head of this article, it is reckoned a native of Britain by a professed forester. With this exception, Mr. James Brown seems to be correct in his list of British trees.

Practically, the question whether this or that tree is indigenous to Great Britain is not worth deciding. In the present high state of cultivation few forests are allowed to form themselves naturally. The subjects for inquiry are, which are the most useful timber-trees to plant in such situations as cannot profitably be occupied by cereals or green crops? which are the best adapted for renewing dismantled forests which it is intended to restore? which for coppice-woods and for hedge-rows? Provided that they accept our hospitality and fatten on our substance, it is immaterial whether they are natives or aliens. The trees which chiefly fill our artificial forests are oak, ash, English elm, wych-elm, beech, sycamore, chestnut, lime, horse-chestnut, cherry, willows, and poplars—all deciduous trees; the evergreen firs, namely Scotch pine, Norway spruce, silver fir, pinaster, Austrian pine, and the deciduous larch. To these must be added, holly, maple, thorn, mountain ash, hazel, alder, and yew—trees inferior in size to those in the first list, but still of considerable importance.

Of the oak there are two species, *Quercus Robur* or *pedunculata*, and *Q. sessiliflora*. The former has its leaves on very short footstalks, and its fruitstalks elongated; the leaves of the latter are on rather long footstalks, and the fruit is sessile. Much difference of opinion exists as to which species produces the best timber. Early writers on the subject claim the superiority for *Q. Robur*, or the 'old English oak' as they call it, on the ground that it is of more rapid growth, has a cleaner stem and fewer knots, is more durable, and contains a larger proportion of heartwood than the *Q. sessiliflora*, or Durmast oak. The latter, however, both grows faster and is much more handsome. Some recent authors maintain, indeed, that it is the true English oak, and account for the fact that it is now less common than its rival by the supposition that our forefathers, well aware of its superiority, diminished the supply by their extensive use of it. Until lately it was believed that the beautiful carved roof, more than three hundred years old, of Westminster Hall was constructed of chestnut. Recent examination has, however, proved that it is composed entirely of Durmast oak. The foundation on which the stone piers of London Bridge were laid consisted

of huge piles of timber of the same species, which, when taken up, were found to be perfectly sound, though they must have stood for upwards of six hundred years. The principal difference apparent to the eye between the timber of the two species is, that *Q. Robur* is plentifully furnished with medullary rays, called by carpenters 'silver grain,' of which the *Q. sessiliflora* is almost entirely destitute; and as in this respect it resembles the chestnut, we can understand why the wood of the one should often have been mistaken for that of the other. Mr. Brown gives a decided preference to *Q. Robur*, and rests his opinion on the fact that it is more difficult to saw. If it can be proved, however, that there are in existence sound specimens of Durmast oak which have lasted three hundred years, some under water and some above, we will overlook the fault of its being easily worked when fresh cut.

Among trees of the fir tribe the larch occupies the foremost place. Of this there are two varieties, the red and the white, of which the latter is generally cultivated, as it attains a much larger size than the red. Occupying in its native state the chasms and ravines on the north side of the mountains of central and southern Europe, and habituated to tempests and cold, it flourishes at a considerable elevation among the mountains even of North Britain, requiring no nursing, and producing the finest timber when most exposed. The excellence of its wood was well known to the ancients; Pliny dilates warmly on its strength and durability; Tiberius used it in the construction of the famous bridge to the Naumachia, and the Venetians employed it not only in the construction of their palaces but in naval architecture. In modern times its value was brought into notice by the father of the late Duke of Athol, on whose estate some trees were cut down and found superior to any other of the fir tribe. His successor planted between the years 1764 and 1826 upwards of 14,000,000 larches, occupying a space of 10,324 imperial acres, the greater part of the land being worth, as pasturage, not more than from ninepence to one shilling per acre. An extravagant estimate has been made of the expected profits of this undertaking; but besides the value of the full-grown trees the profits accruing from the sale of poles, and the superior condition of the land after the plantation has been thinned sufficiently to allow cattle to graze, must be taken into the account. There is no such improver of heath or moor pasturage. The timber itself is said to be superior to foreign fir in the following respects: it is clearer of knots, more durable, even the dead branches being never found rotten; it is much less liable to shrink or split; it may be seasoned in a much shorter time;

time; it is tougher, of a better colour, and susceptible of a polish superior to that of the finest mahogany, and bears exposure to climate and moisture for many years without undergoing any change. Larch timber has also been much commended as a material for shipbuilding; but for this purpose we presume it has been found open to objection, since the *Athol*, a 28-gun frigate, built partially of larch at Woolwich in 1821, at a cost of 14,590*l.*, has since her first going to sea cost 29,563*l.* in repairs.

The average returns from properly managed plantations, inclusive of the proceeds derived from periodical thinnings, and deducting all expenses, appear to be on the final cutting of—

		£.	s.	d.
Spruce fir, at 80 years,	per acre	3	7	6
Scotch fir, at 80 years,	„	5	15	0
Oak, at 100 years,	„	5	0	0
Mixed hardwood, at 70 years,	„	6	14	0
Larch, at 60 years,	„	8	10	0

From this table it appears that the larch yields the largest profit of any description of tree, and in the shortest time. It is proverbial, in fact, that larch will buy a horse before oak will furnish the saddle. It must, however, be borne in mind that these calculations were made for localities naturally well adapted for the growth of the fir tribe. A conspectus of the relative value of the same kinds of timber in the richer lowlands would give a very different result. The most profitable trees to plant in any given locality, the demand for all kinds being equal, are those to which the soil, &c., are best adapted. Nor is mere quickness of growth to be alone considered. The timber must be marked by all the desirable properties which are characteristic of the kind; for there appears to be no crop which varies more in quality, and consequently in marketable value.

There are, in various parts of England and Scotland, extensive tracts of land bearing a merely nominal rental, which were, at a remote period, covered with forest; and a still greater number which, though perhaps they have never yet been shadowed by a tree, might, in a definite time, offer a solid remuneration to the planter. If it be asked whether there is any demand for the increased supply which such plantations would furnish, we may reply that it takes 2200 full-grown trees, or the matured crop of forty-four acres of woodland, to furnish timber for a single 74-gun ship. Of the quantity of timber used at the royal dockyards the Crown forests furnish little more than one-sixteenth; a small proportion of the remainder is derived from private estates,

estates, but by far the greater bulk comes from abroad. Every year is making a sensible difference in the extent of forest-land in most of the countries to which we look for supplies. Fields and gardens are everywhere encroaching on woods. The United States even now are dependent on Canada for useful timber, so that we shall shortly be reduced to this point, that either foreign states must plant for us, or we must grow for ourselves. We require, too, more arable land; but it is of little use to set steam-ploughs at work on mosses and heaths unless they are previously sheltered by trees. Of every hundred acres of bare hill-side which it is desired to reclaim, ten at least must be planted, in order to give shelter to the remaining ninety. There is many a common in England whose bleakness would by this means be converted into a genial climate; for forests both alter the condition of the climate above and the character of the soil below. Even within fifty miles of the metropolis we may encounter a series of hills, some of which shall be arid in summer, bare in winter, others smiling and park-like all the year round, and the sole reason for the difference is, that the latter belong to an improving landlord, the former to a churl who will not undertake a work of which he cannot reap the harvest into his own bosom.

The first points to be taken into consideration in the laying out of a plantation are the nature and capabilities of the soil, its condition as to moisture, and the degree of its exposure to cutting winds. On the solution of these three questions depend the sort of trees to be planted, the expediency of draining, and the amount of shelter which will be required. That a healthy plantation of low-priced timber growing in a congenial soil is to be preferred to a sickly array of starveling trees of a better sort is one of the axioms of forestry. It is equally an axiom that, if the soil be saturated with stagnant moisture, a complete system of drainage must be adopted. Unless this be done, all other labour will be thrown away. The general neglect of this precaution till within the last few years is the cause why numerous plantations have been rendered worthless. The heart-rot, which has been so fatal to the larch, is ascribed by Mr. Brown entirely to the excess of pent-up moisture; and he states that he has brought back several young woods to health by drainage alone. The method which he recommends for ascertaining in what portions of the ground the process is necessary, is to dig holes a foot deep at intervals of twenty yards, and, where water gathers in them within ten hours, it is a conclusive proof that an outlet is required. The drains ought always to be open, for, if covered, though they may answer very well for a few years,

years, they will to a certainty be choked as soon as the roots have begun to search for nourishment. Not that these show any preference for closed over open drains, but the latter may be cleared as often as occasion requires, whereas any attempt to clear the former is equivalent to renewing the whole original process. This tendency of roots to make their way to drains and to creep along their course amounts to something approaching an instinct. One instance is mentioned by Mr. Brown, in which the roots of some large elm-trees planted ten feet outside a garden wall had passed under its foundation, travelled no less than thirty-five yards into the garden, and dipped their extremities into a well, the surface-water of which was eight feet below the level of the ground. At the end of 1853 a drain of 6-inch pipe, laid four feet deep, in the Regent's Park, and which had only been put down a single twelvemonth, was found to be completely choked by the roots of an Italian poplar which stood at a distance of twenty-five yards. The whole of this fibrous mass, which had already advanced six feet along the drain, proceeded from a solitary parent root that was not above three-eighths of an inch in diameter at the point where it entered.

The drains should be placed at intervals of from twenty-five to fifty feet. A less distance than twenty-five feet would make the hold of the trees in the ground insecure; a greater than fifty would be ineffective. Their breadth at the bottom should be sufficient to allow the free use of a common spade, and at the surface should be proportioned to the depth. Mr. Brown's rule is to make the width exceed the depth by a third. As the roots of oak-trees descend to the depth of two or three feet, it would be well in all cases if the drainage extended below this distance. But the depth, which, in ordinary sorts of land, is only desirable, becomes absolutely necessary in that which is kept constantly cold by the evaporation of surface moisture. In such a case there can be no healthy growth unless the evaporation be diminished by more completely relieving the saturated soil of its water than can be accomplished by shallow draining.* In exposed situations, again, unless there be deep drainage, the trees will be liable to be torn up by storms, for the roots will shrink from descending far into stagnant water, but readily enter a dry soil in search of moisture. Thus, the lower the water-level be reduced, the farther the trees will penetrate into the earth, and

* The water of the globe is incessantly being converted into vapour at all temperatures, low as well as high. In the process of conversion it absorbs heat, which must be derived from the surrounding parts, and the soil is thus chilled in proportion to the extent of the evaporation.

the firmer consequently will be their hold. The drains of wet or exposed oak-land should be four feet at least.

The young trees, in an extensive plantation, will begin to shelter one another as soon as they have made any advance in growth; whereas the whole of a narrow belt will be exposed to the inclemency of the weather. If, however, there be another belt within them on the side away from the prevailing wind, though stunted themselves, they will screen their more fortunate neighbours. On this account it is advisable to make forty yards the lowest limit of a belt; while a plantation destined to become a wood should never fall below a hundred yards in width.

Simultaneously with the draining, or prior to it, an artificial fence should be made, forming a boundary-line to the plantation, avoiding as much as possible straight lines, making all the salient curves in the most exposed parts, and allowing the line to recede wherever the ground in front is sheltered, but taking care that the plantation in the rear shall be sufficiently wide. These rules observed, the result will be that exposed hills will be crowned with plantations, and will afford protection to cattle and crops behind them, while hollow slopes, which are already to a certain extent sheltered, and adapted for tillage or pasturage, will be every year becoming more available. In certain cases a plantation may be made to descend over a knoll till it joins the level country, if, for instance, it will screen an adjoining hollow, or prevent an inclement wind from blowing up a chilly valley; but in general the boundary-line should not wander far from the brow of the hill, in order that cattle may be able to repair to the uplands when the lower grounds are damp. Add to this that there are very few kinds of trees which do not ripen their timber in an elevated position better than in valleys. In the latter situation they may indeed grow more rapidly, but will prove far less serviceable. Rapidity and luxuriance of growth are, by the bounty of Providence, conjoined with excellence of quality only in the case of those vegetable productions which form the staple food of man and of the animals on which he is mainly dependent. The full ear and the heavy swathe, which have been stimulated by manure in the rich alluvium of the lowlands, make the nutritious loaf and the fattening truss of hay; but timber, to be excellent in its kind, must harden slowly on the dry hill-side, where the cereals dwindle and the richest pasture is but a sheep-walk.

The use of the boundary-fence of a plantation is two-fold,—to protect the young trees from the inroads of cattle, and to shelter them from blighting winds. Where the former object alone is aimed at, a wooden paling or wire-fence may be adopted with
advantage;

advantage ; but if both purposes are to be kept in view, recourse must be had to something more substantial, and in this the planter will be guided by the custom of the country and the facility of procuring materials. In one place a rough stone dyke will be most available, in another a bank of turf ; here a dyke planted with furze, there a quickset hedge. If the last be selected, it will be rendered more efficacious though less ornamental by mixing beeches with the thorns, as these trees, when young, retain their withered leaves until spring, affording shelter to the plantation during the budding season, which is the period when their services are most needed. The young thorns, before being set, should be cut down to about four inches above the crown of the root ; but the beeches must be left whole. Both should be planted about seven inches apart, in the proportion of two thorns to one beech. After the young plants have made two years' wood, it is advisable to cut them all down to about nine inches of the surface, an operation which will have the effect of making them throw out numerous side branches. On the importance of keeping the fence clear from weeds it is impossible to insist too strongly ; it ought to be bushy down to the ground, but this it will never be if a mass of weeds exclude air and light from the base of the stems. The operation of clipping should be an annual one ; and since in the course of many years even the best fence will assume a loose overgrown appearance, owing to the smaller twigs being all cut away, the operation of *ribbing* must be resorted to. This consists of stripping a hedge of all its branches, except those which are interlaced laterally, and should be performed in March or April, in order that the young shoots, which will immediately start from the remaining stems, may not be checked by exposure to severe weather.

Draining and fencing having been looked to, we come now to the preparation of the soil which is to receive the young trees. Timber is a product essentially *ferâ naturâ* ; the hardest oak and the toughest ash that have ever been submitted to the handicraft of the shipwright and engineer were indebted for none of their good qualities to the tillage of the ground in which they grew. Rooks and dormice were the only planters at the time when the beams of Westminster Hall were threads of timber tottering under the weight of half a dozen leaves : ploughing and trenching did nothing for them. If the same high cultivation which now prevails in agriculture were applied to a forest-tree, cellular tissue would be elaborated in great abundance, and the tree would make a vigorous growth ; but the quantity of woody fibre, the bone and sinews of timber, would be proportionally small, and when felled and squared it would be as
unfit

unfit for the carpenter's shop as a stringy turnip is for the table. When, however, trees are wanted as ornaments in parks and in the vicinity of houses, rapidity and exuberance of growth become desiderata. In such cases the operations of ploughing, trenching, and even manuring, may be adopted with advantage; and as the trees are not intended to be converted into timber, it matters little whether their heart-wood be compact or spongy.

It may be taken as a law in vegetable physiology that plants can only maintain a vigorous state of growth as long as a balance is preserved between the quantity of moisture absorbed by the roots and that transmitted into the air by evaporation. If the excess be on the side of the former the plant becomes overcharged with fluids, and a dropsical disease is superinduced: hence the necessity of draining. If, on the other hand, the demand exceed the supply, the plant is liable to perish from want of nourishment. That demand is greatest when a tree is in full foliage, when every leaf is pumping up its due modicum of water from the earth, and the service of no single rootlet can be spared without danger. Now, as it is practically impossible to remove a tree, however young, from the nursery beds without injuring or impairing the efficiency of its rootlets, it follows that to transplant a tree when it is in full leaf is to ensure its destruction; for not only is the demand then greatest, but the supply most limited, summer being both the season when leaves are green and when the ground is dry. On the contrary, in the period between the fall and spring, the ground is usually moist and the fluids of the tree stagnant. From November, therefore, to April is the universal planting season. Whether the wane of the old year be preferable or the opening of the new depends much on local circumstances. Foresters who have tried both give different verdicts, and each appeals to his own experience. If the ground intended to be planted be naturally dry, the former season should be preferred, as the young trees will not then be likely to suffer from want of moisture, and it is probable that the roots will have some time to make a start before frost sets in and suspends vegetation; but if naturally wet, planting may well be delayed until the spring months, and thus the tender rootlets will be spared the risk of rotting in a cold bath before they have recovered from the shock attending their removal. Under ordinary circumstances the period will be chosen when the greatest number of labourers can be called away from other agricultural pursuits.

Of the actual planting of forest-trees two different methods are in practice among foresters—the first, that of planting in *pits*; and the second, that of planting in *notches*. The method of planting
in

in pits should be employed for all hardwood trees, for two-years' planted larches and Scotch firs, and for three-years' transplanted spruce firs. Pits for hardwood trees should be about sixteen inches square and fourteen deep; those for firs nine inches square and ten inches deep. These should all be prepared at least three months before they are used, exposure of the soil to the weather—air, light, moisture, and frost—rendering it better adapted to the requirements of the tender rootlets. In sheltered situations the young tree should be placed in the centre of the pit; but if the plantation be exposed, each tree should be carefully made to stand in one of the corners, in order that it may be supported by the adjacent sides against violent winds. In either case the finest particles of soil should be first thrown in. If the earth is lumpy or tenacious, it will not lie close to the rootlets, which become mildewed in consequence, and the tree either dies, or is thrown back in its growth for two or three years. There is nothing in planting which requires more care. When all the soil is filled in, but not before, it should be trampled down firmly to keep the tree in its place, and all be made snug by restoring the surface soil.

Trees of younger growth are usually planted by the process of *notching*, that is, by making with a spade two cuts in the ground crosswise; another similar cut is then made at right angles to one of the extremities of the cross; the spade is depressed and the cross opens, when the plant is inserted next the spade, and drawn along till it stands in the centre. Care must be taken afterwards that the cut or notch be properly closed by trampling.

An important consideration is the distance at which the young trees should stand from each other; and here, again, there is much variety of opinion—some foresters maintaining that they should not be put into the ground less than from six to eight feet apart, making about nine hundred young trees to the acre. This method, it must be allowed, is cheaper than closer planting; but the rising trees afford little shelter to each other, a long time must elapse before any pecuniary return can accrue from thinnings, and a very few deaths will cause awkward gaps. Mr. Brown, with much show of reason, recommends putting in the trees not closer than three feet, because, at any distance much less than this, the trees would come to no useful size before they would require to be thinned for the health of the plantation; and not more than five feet apart, because at distances beyond that there would be great loss of land by its not being occupied. Which of these extremes should be approached depends on the joint consideration of the character of the plantation, whether exposed or sheltered, and the probability of a demand for small timber-

timber-thinnings in the locality. In sheltered situations, or where there is no such demand, five feet will be found a convenient distance; but, in exposed districts, three feet may be made the limit, and on no account should it exceed four.

Our limits will not allow us to enter on the question of the soil and elevation to which each tree is peculiarly adapted; but we will proceed to sketch an outline of the measures to be pursued in planting, thinning, and pruning a wood destined eventually to consist of oaks. Whatever be the character of the district, it is indispensable that the plantation should at first comprise a large proportion of trees other than those which are intended for the permanent crop. Their services are required as nurses, and when they have fulfilled that office they are to be discarded. All that is wanted is that they should be hardier than the crop they are required to foster, that their habit should be such as to fit them for affording shelter, that they should neither send up suckers from their roots, nor, when cut down, be capable of shooting again. These properties belong in an eminent degree to the fir tribe.

The kinds of fir which are principally used for the purpose are the Scotch, the Pinaster, the Austrian, and the larch. Of these the Pinaster has long been employed in the formation of belts to shelter plantations from the sea blast; hence it is sometimes called *Pinus maritima*. Even in the most exposed situations it proves an excellent protector, never showing the least tendency to bend before the prevailing wind, or having its outer branches blighted; it is said, however, to be tender when planted in very elevated parts of the country inland. Equal to the Pinaster as a defence against the sea-breeze, and superior in hardiness when planted in high inland districts, is the Austrian pine, which, strange to say, neither Mr. Johns nor Mr. Brown has mentioned even by name. It inhabits the mountain forests of the country from which it takes its name, where it prefers a deep, dry, calcareous sand; but will succeed in any soil, provided it be not wet. It is much valued in Austria, and its timber is said to surpass even the larch in resisting the injurious effects of alternate wet and drought. It is used by joiners, coopers, &c., and makes excellent fuel and charcoal. It was introduced into Britain in 1835 by Mr. Lawson, of Edinburgh, who raised it from seed in large quantities. Its good qualities have not been untested in England; a gentleman, well known in Cornwall as a zealous planter,* thus speaks of it:—

‘I began to plant *P. Austriaca* in 1839, hearing that it would bear

* The Rev. John Rogers, of Penrose.

exposure,

exposure, and thinking that it might prove a valuable addition to our pines, in a county so exposed to sea-breezes as Cornwall. I have planted between 30,000 and 40,000, and find that no pine can rival it in thriving well in exposed situations. It is straighter in growth and tougher in texture than the Pinaster, though not equal to that hardy pine in rapidity of growth and fulness of foliage. When planted in a wet or badly-drained soil it uniformly fails, and becomes stunted and yellowish green; while pinasters growing with it are not affected. After twelve or fourteen years it generally loses somewhat of its richness of foliage, and is apt to throw out large lateral branches, which impoverish the leading shoots. At present I should be disposed to plant it alternately with the Pinaster, leaving the latter to form a thick external fence against the wind, and cutting it away where the *Austriaca* grows vigorously. In beauty and colour it does not equal the Scotch fir, and the foliage is coarser, but it will bear winds before which the Scotch fir quails. But I believe it will be found that neither the Pinaster nor the *Austriaca* will bear comparison in rapidity of growth and endurance of the force and blighting effect of winds from the sea, nor in brilliancy of foliage, with the *P. insignis*. This beautiful tree soon towers above those which have been planted many years before; and when the forests of California supply us with its cones on more moderate terms, it will probably become the staple pine of our forests.'

The Scotch fir is one of the hardiest of our forest-trees—unable indeed to resist the sea-breeze, but growing freely at an elevation of 2000 feet. Its timber is available for a great variety of purposes, and possesses further the valuable property of being fit for use immediately when felled, the quality being actually improved by its being cut up at once. It will thrive in any soil provided it be dry or well drained, and from its habit is well qualified as a nurse for other trees.

The larch differs from these members of the fir tribe in being deciduous; nevertheless, from its extreme hardiness, its upright growth, and numerous twigs, it affords an excellent defence to hardwood trees, and the young poles are valuable from their straightness and durability. It will flourish in any well-drained soil, especially that which is the poorest and most exposed, and in such situations it produces the best timber.

Let us suppose that a plantation of fifty acres is to be stocked with such firs and hardwood trees as will yield a fair return to the planter, and stand during the last fifty years of its existence as an oak wood. In a straight line, which runs from one extremity of the plantation to the other, there should be a row of oaks planted twenty feet apart, with an ash in the middle of the interval. Ten feet from each oak stands a sycamore, and at the same distance from each ash an elm, these last-named trees forming a second row parallel to the first, and so on throughout the whole wood, each hardwood tree being

being ten feet from its next neighbour. In the same lines, and between every two hardwood trees, stands a Scotch fir; and a row of the same firs, five feet apart, is extended throughout the plantation, half-way between every two rows of the hardwood trees, and having on either side of it a row of larches planted quincunx fashion. Thus, if an oak be taken as a centre in any part of the plantation, it will be found to stand twenty feet from the nearest oak, ten feet from an ash, ten feet from a sycamore, five feet from a Scotch fir, and three and a half from a larch. Or any hardwood tree may be taken as the middle point of the diagonal of a square, which has at each angle, situated five feet off, a Scotch fir, and in the centre of each side, three and a half feet off, a larch. All that is now required is to keep the plantation clear of weeds and long grass, an operation which should be performed towards the end of June, and a second time in August. The first object is to encourage the trees to root themselves firmly in the ground. A plant should never be required to do two things at once, or one, perhaps both, will be performed imperfectly, and the plant will suffer. On this principle it is a bad practice to prune a young tree severely when transplanted, while to cut it down to the roots is likely to be most pernicious. Leaves and roots have correlative duties to perform; if either of them is injured, the other sets about repairing the mischief; but if both be weakened at the same time, they are deprived of mutual help, and the result is that the plant often perishes in the effort to do more than its strength can accomplish. The only pruning that is advisable at the time of transplanting is to *shorten* all the larger branches that threaten to gain upon the top or leading shoot of the young tree.

At the expiration of five or six years, the young trees may be supposed to have established themselves thoroughly. At this stage of their growth it will be necessary to remove entirely the remainder of the branches which were previously shortened, and to take clean off all other branches that may have gained, or may have the appearance of gaining, upon the main shoot. At the same time any unhealthy plant which may not have succeeded well should be cut down to the ground; it will probably send out several new shoots from the collar or crown of the root, the strongest of which should be allowed to remain as the future tree, and the rest be cut away. These remarks apply exclusively to hardwood trees; the fir tribe abhor the knife.

About the eighth or ninth year it will probably be found that the hardwood trees and larches have begun to interlace their branches, which should be taken as an intimation that the former require a judicious course of pruning. All superfluous

fluous side branches must be lopped away close to the bole, and any intrusive branches of larch should be shortened back so as to allow free scope to the more valuable crop; but no thinning should be attempted until the saplings are quite recovered from the mutilation they have undergone. In the course of another two years, under ordinary circumstances, the branches of the hardwood trees and larches will again be found to be in contact; and now a process of thinning must be commenced. Such of the larches as have encroached on the hardwood trees so as to impede their growth must be cut down; in some cases the removal of the one which is between the foster tree and the prevailing wind will be sufficient; in other cases it will be necessary to remove two or even three. But as young trees conform to no fixed rule of growth, no fixed rule for thinning can be observed with advantage.

An annual examination now becomes necessary. In about fourteen years the larches will have disappeared; and in about the eighteenth year the Scotch firs will begin to follow them, being felled immediately they are found to interfere with the hardwood timber. If at any period one of the latter is diseased, or affords no probability of making good timber, it should be taken away, and the nearest fir, a larch if possible, be allowed to rise in its place. By the time the plantation is twenty-five years old the hardwood trees will probably average twenty feet in height, with a diameter, at five feet from the ground, of four and a half inches, having abundance of leafy branches upon them for three-fourths of their length. In this state they may be allowed to remain for five years, when the remainder of the Scotch firs should be felled, not all together, but according as they press most on the hardwood trees. Those on the windward side will generally need first to come away, because the branches almost invariably extend to the greatest distance in the direction opposite to the prevailing wind.

When the wood is thirty years old, a beginning may be made of felling such of the hardwood trees as appear less likely than the rest to afford valuable timber; and during the next five years the ash may be gradually appropriated, since they will now become serviceable for many rural purposes, especially for tool-handles. After another period of five years the sycamores will have disappeared; and at the expiration of the fiftieth year the elms will also have been felled, and the wood will consist of oaks standing twenty feet apart. At sixty years of age some of these will be found to interfere with the perfect development of their neighbours; and they may from time to time be removed, until there stand about fifty to an acre, which will in all probability be when they are about
eighty

eighty years old. They may then be left till they are a hundred, at which age they will be suitable for any purpose for which large oak is required. Throughout the whole of this period, if it is intended to devote the land to agricultural uses, whenever a hardwood tree is removed its roots should accompany it; for it is easier and less expensive to use the bole of a tree as a lever for lifting its own roots, than to grub up the latter when the land is about to be laid down for tillage. The only general rule for thinning that Mr. Brown thinks it safe to give is, that hardwood trees raised for timber should stand from each other a distance equal to about half their height; the fir tribe one-third of their height; and trees kept for park or lawn scenery, where it is an object to have spreading tops as well as massive trunks, a distance equal to their height.

In districts peculiarly adapted to the rearing of oaks, and where there is a demand for fir-poles of all ages, plantations may be advantageously formed of oaks and larches, the former to be planted nine feet apart, with a larch between every two oaks. Parallel with the row thus formed should stand a row of larches, distant four feet and a half from the row and from each other, and at the same distance another row of oaks and larches planted alternately. When the period of thinning commences, the nurses which stand next the oaks will first come away, and the larches standing in the centre of the squares formed by four oaks may remain until they have attained twenty-two years of age, or more, when they will furnish useful timber; or the oaks may stand four or five feet from each other, in rows twelve feet apart, with three rows of larches between them. As in the former case, the larches nearest the oaks must first be removed, and the intermediate one will have sufficient space to develop itself until it is thirty or thirty-five years of age.

General rules for pruning must be founded on known laws of vegetable physiology, and tested by experience. Mr. Brown's practical directions appear to be tolerably safe, though he fails sometimes in stating accurately his principles of action. For instance, he says:—

‘The watery part of the sap, when it ascends into the leaves, is for the most part given off by them in the form of perspiration; that which remains at this point undergoes a change previous to its descent in the form of proper woody matter, which change is effected by the leaves inhaling *carbonic acid* and other gases, which enter into the composition of the returning sap; and in this manner there is a continual circulation of the sap in the tree.’

There is an error here in applying the term ‘sap’ to the watery

watery fluid which the roots, apparently without any power of choice, absorb from the soil; nor does it 'circulate,' in the proper sense of the word, and in the way that the blood circulates in the animal frame; nor is it again correct to say that 'carbonic acid and other gases' enter into the composition of the returning sap; but a far more important error is the omission to notice the agency of *light*, on the presence or absence of which many of the phenomena that he describes in great measure depend.

The roots of trees are furnished with fibres more or less tufted, the cellular extremities of which absorb from the soil water, either pure or holding in solution certain portions of the salts with which the soil abounds. This fluid, while the tree is in an active state of growth, ascends through capillary tubes, arranged in circles round the pith, to the branches, along which it is transmitted to the leaves. The vessels through which this fluid is conveyed are not equally diffused over both surfaces of the leaf, but constitute the upper portion of the leaf-stalk, and, reaching the lamina or blade of the leaf, form a network of veins extending over its superior surface. Arrived at the edge of the leaf, they bend over, and having formed a second mesh of veins, exactly corresponding with the upper, and closely attached to it, unite at the leaf-stalk, of which they form the under portion, and descend between the inner bark and outer wood of the previous year. The leaf is thus composed of two networks of veins, the upper of which is filled with ascending fluid, the lower with descending. The interstices of the meshes are filled up with cellular matter; and both the upper and under surfaces are covered by a thin skin or *cuticle*. The upper cuticle is abundantly furnished with minute perforations termed *stomata* (mouths), which have the power of transmitting fluid in the form of vapour to the air, and of inhaling and exhaling gases. The leaves, submitted to the action of heat, draw up from the soil, through the rootlets, any moisture with which the latter may be in contact, transmitting by far the largest portion to the atmosphere; and as long as the demand and supply balance each other they retain their freshness. But if moisture be supplied to them for a long time in a larger quantity than they can dispose of, they become overcharged, and contract disease. If, on the other hand, the supply falls short of the demand, they flag, or fail in attaining their full size. Meanwhile, if *light* be present, they are stimulated to inhale from the atmosphere which floats around them carbonic acid gas, which they decompose into its primitive elements of *oxygen* and *carbon*. The carbon uniting with the juice retained in the leaf becomes green *sap*, and the oxygen is given off

pure to the air. But unless *light* be present, no carbonic acid is absorbed; the leaves do not become green; no true sap is generated; and no healthy progress is made in the growth of the tree. Blanched vegetables, sea-kale, endive, celery, are leaves of these several plants shaded from light, and unnaturally mild in flavour, because they are deficient in carbonized juices. The true sap thus elaborated is returned by the veins, which traverse the under side of the leaf, to the twig or branch, where it is converted into cellular and woody tissues, and forms, conjointly with supplies from other leaves, a cylinder of wood enclosing the wood already formed, and thrusting out the previously formed bark, to which also it contributes a new layer, on the inside. Thus every crop of healthy leaves, duly stimulated by heat and light, and duly supplied with moisture and air, tends to increase the bulk of timber in a tree; first in the small twigs, then in the branches, and finally throughout the whole trunk. It follows, then, that the leaf-bearing branch is not to be considered merely as an ornamental appendage to a tree, which may be discarded without affecting the welfare of the body corporate, but as one among many other members on the healthy existence of which the prosperity of the whole depends; and that to deprive a tree of a leaf-bearing branch is to rob it of a portion of its digestive and respirative organs. Hence a *primâ facie* case is made out that *all pruning is bad*; and so no doubt it is, as long as the planter's sole object is to rear the most luxuriant trees, preserving their natural habit. But this is not exactly the true state of the case, except where they are planted for ornament. It is the forester's business to produce on any given extent of ground the greatest quantity of useful timber; and as his limits are circumscribed laterally, he will best attain his object by inducing his trees to extend themselves in the direction where his space is unlimited, namely, upwards, and to concentrate their energies in the production of a single solid trunk; he therefore plants his trees as near together as is consistent with their healthy development, and encourages upward growth. Lateral expansion he discourages from the very beginning, knowing that, if he were to allow them to expend their strength in this direction, branches so formed would be of little value, even if they attained perfection; but that in reality their efforts to reach this point would be expended in vain, because they would be shaded from the necessary amount of light by the surrounding and overshadowing foliage. This is the main secret of all forest pruning; not, it must be remembered, of the pruning of fruit-trees; for here an entirely different object must be kept in view, the production of fruit, and not of timber. Accordingly, at the time of planting, the forester cuts

cuts back all straggling branches; and when the young trees have established themselves in their new homes he removes close to the bole all the branches thus shortened. Only a few leaves are thus lost to each tree, the scar is soon healed over, and no detriment is inflicted on the future timber. If, after this first pruning, the tree again shows a tendency to expand laterally, it is encouraged to rise by cutting away the few branches that persist in growing horizontally; that is, in taking a direction where they would eventually sustain a lingering existence, alike unprofitable to the branch and its stock; but no pruning of side branches is allowable if they can be encouraged to rise by the removal of an adjoining nurse; and experience shows that the admission of light from above will often tempt the most obstinate branch to take an upward growth.

In the case of neglected plantations a different system of pruning must be pursued. Trees will here be found to have contracted an unprofitable habit of growth, perhaps from having been insufficiently nursed or the reverse, or perhaps from defective draining. Some will be stag-headed, and, as no pruning can improve these, the sooner they come away the better, provided that their removal can be carried into effect without unduly exposing the rest. Wherever lateral branches have extended themselves so far beneath the shade of other trees that they have been inadequately supplied with light, they will be found to be either dead or dying. As to dead branches, they are not only useless incumbrances to the tree, holding damp, generating rottenness, and affording harbour to numerous noxious insects, but they are positively pernicious to the sound timber from which they spring; for, in the first place, their own diseased condition is likely to be communicated to the bole of the tree; and secondly, a portion of their substance will gradually become imbedded in the solid timber of the trunk. The consequence will be, either that there will be a visible flaw in the shape of a cylindrical hole of equal diameter to the rotten member, or the defect will be skinned over by as many concentric circles of wood as have been formed since the bough fell off. With respect, therefore, to the propriety of immediately removing dead branches as close as possible to the trunk there can be no question. But as to the pruning of living but unhealthy and useless boughs, there exists among foresters a difference of opinion which we shall not attempt to reconcile, but content ourselves with stating our own conclusion. Retaining our antipathy to pruning, we cut away nothing that we can encourage to healthy growth, but when a branch must come away, we remove it if of small size with a clean cut close to the bole. The tree does not suffer from the loss, and the wound is soon

covered by new wood and bark. If, however, the condemned branch exceed three or four inches in diameter, the fluid destined to support the branch, being deprived of its accustomed outlet, would either originate a tuft of sapling twigs near the wound, or would stagnate in the sapwood of the trunk and superinduce decay. This mischief may be avoided by lopping off the bough at some distance from the bole, leaving if possible a portion of foliage to keep it alive, and subsequently, at the expiration of two or three years, cutting off the remainder close to the trunk; thus substituting for one great shock two minor ones, each of which singly would not be more than equivalent to the removal of a small branch. The best season for pruning is from April to July both inclusive, May and June being especially appropriate; for wounds inflicted at this time heal rapidly, and if the subjects are oaks the removed branches may be stripped of their bark.

In fir plantations, as we have already stated, no pruning should be allowed, as the operation injures both the health of the individual and the quality of the wood. If the trees are kept at a distance from each other equal to a third of their height, the lower branches, being deprived of *light* (more, certainly, on this account than from 'want of free air,' as Mr. Brown supposes), gradually die and fall off. Care, however, should be taken to remove the dead stumps as soon as possible, for, being resinous, they are not liable to rapid decay, and, becoming enclosed by the wood in course of formation, make the timber knotty.

In certain districts, where no great quantity of land can be devoted to the formation of woods, it is usual to plant trees in strips or belts; and greatly, it must be confessed, do such plantations contribute to the beauty of the country, though the timber thus produced may be inferior to that derived from genuine woodlands. On this subject Mr. Brown gives most valuable advice:—

'Wherever it is found of importance to have a strip of plantation much under forty yards to shelter a part of an estate, let it be considered what sort of hardwood trees will thrive best as a permanent crop upon the land; and if the soil be of a moderate quality, we will say a mixture of oak, ash, and plane [sycamore]. Let a row or line of these be planted immediately behind the fence, upon the most sheltered side of the strip, mixing them regularly, or plant one sort continuously for a certain distance, if that should be considered necessary, upon consideration of a variety of soil occurring in the line, and, having done this, make up the body of the strip with such trees as may be considered proper upon account of soil and situation, and of kinds that will be most likely to produce shelter quickly, and be profitable in the cutting down entirely as thinnings. Let such a strip of plantation be carefully managed, paying particular attention to the proper pruning of the
line

line of hardwood trees behind the fence, keeping the others well off them as they advance; and, in due time, they will make rapid progress, being situated upon the sheltered side. I may say that by the time they attain thirty years old they will be strong, spreading, vigorous, and hardy trees; and at this stage, if the body of the strip have been kept rather thin of trees, in order to make the row of hardwood upon the sheltered side hardy by degrees, the whole of the trees in the strip, excepting themselves, may be cut down, and the hardwood alone left as a line of hedge-row timber.'—*Forester*, p. 34.

The advantages attending this method are, that instead of a belt of ill-conditioned drawn up trees, having no space to acquire dimensions which would recommend them for either beauty or profit, the proprietor supplies himself with a variety of useful thinnings, and, when all these are cleared away, finds himself owner of a row of handsome well-grown trees, which afford a far better protection to his fields than any belt could do, and occupy, too, much less space; since by the time that the belt has been converted into a hedgerow the ground on which the nurse-trees stood may again be brought under the plough. But however the hedgerow be made it should be composed only of such trees as have a tendency to an upright habit, with the exception of the fir tribe; for these trees, though little disposed to spread, thrive much better in masses than when standing alone, and extend their roots so near to the surface of the ground as to interfere with the operation of ploughing. Mr. Brown recommends the following as best adapted for this purpose:—oak, small-leaved elm, sycamore, Norway maple, birch, sweet chestnut, poplar, and willow. The worst are the ash and beech, the former not only because it is disposed to diverge into large limbs, but because, as Evelyn long ago observed, 'the roots will be obnoxious to the coulter, and the shade of the tree is malignant both to corn and grass when the head and branches over-drip and emaciate them.' The injurious effects of the ash on growing crops are, however, to be attributed not so much to its drip as to the agency of its roots; these are remarkable for their tendency to take a horizontal direction, and being abundantly furnished with fibres, which approach closely to the surface, effectually check the growth of almost all other vegetation. The beech is objectionable, because it is of a diverging habit and impatient of pruning, and yet more from the undoubtedly mischievous effects of its drip. A grove of beeches in winter affords a more perfect picture of suspended animation than can be found elsewhere.

'Come again to this spot

when rosy-footed May
Steals blushing on,—

we

we shall look in vain for a carpet of herbage beneath its shade. Here and there a sickly holly has resisted the malignant influence of its drip, or a tangled bed of periwinkle has established itself, and grows on luxuriantly, unaffected by the prevailing cause of sterility: but with these exceptions the beech has appropriated the whole of the soil. Where it has attained the sway, it suffers no other verdure to exist. Consequently the ground, covered with decaying leaves at all seasons of the year, always presents the same appearance. As summer advances a few orchideous plants may be detected here and there, but not sufficiently numerous or striking in appearance to alter the character of the scene.—*Forest Trees of Britain*, vol. i. p. 329.

The rearing of young trees for hedge-rows is a matter of some importance, and requires unremitting attention. They should be encouraged to throw out their arms laterally in a line with the hedge, and to extend as little as possible over the adjoining fields. With this view, they should be pruned a year before leaving the nursery-beds, and when transplanted, they should be lifted with a ball of earth.

‘As the trees advance let them be regularly pruned, causing each of them to have ultimately a clean bole of from fifteen to twenty feet high, in order to allow the hedge under them to have free air [and light]; and, as the tops of the trees advance in breadth, their branches should be shortened well in, so as, when they have arrived at thirty years old, their side branches may not extend more than four feet over the fence upon each side. In order to keep them in this state, they should have their branches shortened in every two or three years; and even when they have attained full size, they should not extend more than seven or eight feet over the hedge upon each side.’—*Brown’s Forester*, p. 289.

Meanwhile, the hedge itself should not be allowed to exceed three feet in diameter at bottom, nor four and a half in height; thus the adjoining land is but little encroached on, and a valuable shelter is afforded to the crop even when sown close to the hedge. The trees will certainly not be so ornamental as if they had been allowed, as is frequently the case, to extend fourteen or fifteen feet over the land; but, on the other hand, they will rob the growing crops of little light, and never present that hideous appearance which results from the custom of allowing a row of hedge-trees to attain a large size unchecked, and then to lop them mercilessly throughout their whole length, disfiguring the country, and materially injuring the timber.

The profitable laying out of coppice-woods is another subject on which Mr. Brown offers valuable hints. He recommends, for this purpose, ash, elm, oak, poplar, willow, chestnut, lime, mountain-ash, maple, sycamore, birch, alder, hazel, and bird-cherry,
not

not planted indiscriminately, but each in the soil to which it is best adapted, and with a due regard to the average rate of growth in each. In bare, hilly districts, the soil of which is light and not above four inches deep, birch, mountain-ash, and hazel may be planted with advantage; lower down, and where the soil is somewhat deeper, maple, sycamore, oak, and chestnut may be employed; and in districts yet lower, where the soil is loamy, ash, elm, lime, poplar, and oak may be planted, not however promiscuously, but in successive masses, for the reason above hinted, that no one may interfere with another's growth, and because, when the period of felling arrives, each particular sort is more available, and will command a better price, if sold in a mass by itself. Scotch firs and larches should be employed as nurses, in the following proportions: in high, exposed parts, where the hardwood trees are liable to suffer from the effects of storms, about a third may be Scotch; in less exposed parts, a fourth; and where the ground is generally of a sheltered nature, the whole of the nurses may be larch. In damp loamy soil osier-beds may be formed, the plants being inserted in rows, varying in width according to the species of willow employed; and swamps and mosses may be devoted to the growth of alders and birches. The rules for thinning out the firs and larches are pretty much the same as for woods of timber-trees; pruning is useless, or worse. When the hardwood trees have attained a diameter of about five or six inches, which they will probably do in from fifteen to twenty years, the trees are to be cut over two inches from the ground. In the ordinary felling of timber, the trunk to be taken away is the main object of the woodman's care; but in cutting over a coppice, it is the stump that remains which demands his especial regard, as on this depends the future well-being of the coppice. This stump or stole then must be left in a condition as little mutilated as possible, and so trimmed as to be incapable of holding moisture. These two objects are attained by cutting with a saw somewhat less than half way through the stem, and then completing the cut from the other side; thus the tree will fall without stripping any bark from the stole, and the stole itself is afterwards pared away with an adze till its upper extremity acquires a nearly regular, convex form.

The transplantation of large trees belongs more to ornamental planting than to forestry, properly so called; but it may be convenient to some that we should notice it in passing. Mr. Brown devotes no less than forty pages to the subject. The fault of his excellent book, of which we have endeavoured to give a summary, is prolixity; and here he has outdone himself without, it appears to us, sufficient reason. The method
which

which he describes is by no means a new one, differing only in detail from that adopted by Sir Henry Steuart, and thus briefly described in a Report of a Committee of the Highland Society, made in 1823. 'The system appears to be to disturb the processes of nature in the growth of the tree as little as possible, and, when disturbed, to provide an efficacious remedy. It will naturally occur to the members of the Committee that it will be quite impossible to move the widely-extended roots of a twenty or thirty years old tree without injuring many, however carefully the earth were moved away; besides, the labour of following out long roots would be immense. Add to this, that the nourishment drawn is almost entirely from the firm fibrous roots. Hence, the first operation is to cut off at a due distance the long horizontal roots, supply fresh mould, and allow, by waiting two or three years, the tree to form all round those fine fibrous roots that are to nourish it in its new situation. This, and the actual removal, is all that the tree suffers in being moved to a new situation; and on this simple system Sir Henry seems the first who has succeeded in any extraordinary degree. . . . One of the leading points is the choice of the tree. A tree taken from the interior of a plantation will not succeed, nor one of which the branches and spray, as well as the bark and stem, are not all *properly prepared in due proportion.*' The trees thus treated are described by the Committee as 'growing in their new situations with extraordinary vigour and luxuriance.' Others 'were entirely in leaf when we examined them, and their foliage was of a healthy and deep green colour. Their branches were quite entire, and they stood firm and erect without prop or support.' Again: 'Seldom a twig or branch appears to decay in consequence of the operation; thus the peculiar conformation and character of each tree is preserved. The above remarkable fact was clearly proved to us by viewing trees of various sorts in every stage of their progress, *from the first year to the tenth and upwards.*' 'What is more surprising is that no prop or support of any kind is ever used at this place to trees newly planted.' 'From Sir Henry's explanation we gathered that the firmness or steadiness produced was chiefly owing to the selection of such subjects as had a certain weight and strength of stem; and more especially to a new and peculiar method of *disposing and securing the roots underground*, at the time of removal, attended with such advantage in giving stability to the tree, that when it is placed in its new situation, and *before* the earth has been laid on the roots, a very considerable force might be applied without throwing it down or misplacing it.' Sir Henry, being desirous of having a clump of trees in a certain part of his grounds, accomplished his
object

object in a single season by transplanting trees of various sorts from twenty-five to thirty feet high, and filling up the interstices with stoles of copse or underwood. 'This plantation,' says the Committee, 'which has all the natural luxuriance and wild richness of an old copse, intermingled with grove or standard trees, had been formed only four years; and we are confident that no less a time than from five-and-twenty to forty years, according to situation and climate, could have produced the same effect by the usual process of planting and thinning out.'

We proceed now to describe the method of transplanting large trees, as at present pursued, and have no objection to submit to Mr. Brown's practical directions, which we doubt not are as good as those of any other exponent of Sir Henry Steuart's system. In the first place, the tree selected for transplantation should be taken, if possible, from a light, porous, and shallow soil, because in such a situation the rootlets are likely to be abundant, and closer both to the bole and to the surface of the ground, and on all these accounts less liable to be injured by transplantation. Secondly, a tree growing in an exposed situation should be preferred to one standing in the middle of a wood, for the reason that in the former situation it will be found to be provided with a great number of lateral roots and but few descending ones. At a distance of two-thirds from the bole of the tree to the drip of the extreme twigs, dig a circular trench from two to three feet wide and of the same depth, cutting through with a sharp instrument all the roots that occur. This done, carefully remove from the ball surrounding the tree all the loose earth; undermine, in like manner, as many of the superficial roots as is practicable, and supply them with soil of a more stimulating nature than that which is taken away; then fill in the trench with poor earth, make a drain, if necessary, on the lower side to carry off superfluous moisture, and leave all alone for two years. In the mean while, the tree, deprived of all nourishment from the fibrous rootlets—which are most numerous at the extremities of its lateral roots—will suffer a check, but will soon endeavour to recover itself by forming new rootlets in the immediate neighbourhood of the bole. These, finding a congenial soil, will grow vigorously, and the tree will again be in a healthy state. It is now ready for removal, and this operation may be performed either by the old clumsy contrivance of lashing it to a pole fixed to the axle of a pair of wheels, and then pulling down the extremity of the pole, which, acting as a lever, raises the tree from the ground, and keeps it, roots and all, suspended over the wheels, and ready for removal; or by recently-invented machines.

machines.* Frosty weather may be chosen with advantage for this part of the process, as the ball of earth will then have little tendency to crumble away. Arrived at its new home, the tree is lowered into a pit previously prepared and manured with whatever soils are best adapted to its wants, due care being taken that it shall not suffer from drought during the time that must elapse before it has thoroughly established itself.

And now, having inquired into the most approved practice at present in vogue of draining, planting, pruning, thinning, or, in a word, rearing serviceable timber, let us turn to the Royal Forests, where, without doubt, we shall find all these measures admirably executed by well-paid and proportionally skilled officers. Let us transport ourselves in imagination to the New Forest, now no longer a tyrant's hunting-ground, and contemplate the monarchs of the wood, from whose hardy trunks are extracted those hearts of oak which are destined to carry to every navigable sea the terror of the English name. Here stands a well-defined grove of massive columns, not one in twenty of which betrays a flaw or symptom of decay, bearing aloft ponderous arms, leafy to the utmost twig, with nowhere a decayed branch or overshadowed bough, but all indicating many years' unremitting devotion to the noble art of forestry. But the sound of the woodman's axe suggests the painful idea that these glorious trees must fall in their turn, and we hasten across a ferny brake and through a promising plantation of saplings, in pursuit of the sylvan sound. No fear of a wet foot here: for, swampy though the ground once was, it is so traversed by well-cleared drains that the soil is always dry and warm, and the roots are encouraged to descend into the ground as freely as if they stood on the steep hill-side. We reach the spot where the work of devastation is in full swing. Brawny woodmen, under the direction of able inspectors, are employed in lopping off and tying up in faggots the branches of mighty giants whose naked

* Mr. M'Glashen's tree-lifter, which received in March, 1854, the approval of the Caledonian Horticultural Society, and has since had its powers tested at Balmoral and St. Cloud, appears likely to drive all other competitors from the field. It consists of a stout frame, in which are inserted four or eight spades; these are driven obliquely into the ground, in such a way as to enclose the main roots of the tree, cutting them through in the descent. The tree, with its ball of earth, is then raised by screw power, and, a carriage being attached, is carried to its destination preserving its erect position. A sycamore in Cramond Park, 53 feet high, and measuring in circumference 5 feet 4 inches, was transplanted, with a ball of earth attached, weighing in all about 14 tons, by this apparatus in March, 1853, and in the same month of the following year was found to have made new tufted roots from 7 to 10 inches long.

carcases lie bleaching in the summer sun, not felled, as we might expect sometimes to find them in private plantations, in such a way as to injure the fair proportions of their neighbours, but stretched with their branches, as near as can be, in one direction, and raised above the soil, though it is scarcely damp, by rollers and trestles. The Surveyor of the Navy, note-book in hand, is pointing out to the workmen the boughs which he wishes to have cut off with especial care and to be set aside as knee-timber. Hard by stands the Deputy-Surveyor, concluding with a couple of merchants a contract for the sale of bark, which has just completed the process of drying on temporary stages erected at a convenient distance from the scene of labour. To judge from the long faces of the merchants and his own pleased expression, he has concluded a bargain profitable to the Crown: for both parties know full well that bark dried in the royal forests is worth full twenty per cent. more than what is cured elsewhere, owing to the numerous appliances of Government and the skilful vigilance of its officers; and the merchants have found to their disappointment that Crown officers are as watchful for the public interest as for their own. In other parts of the forest accurately registered experiments are being made on the capabilities of different soils for growing oak, the relative merits of the several kinds of fir as nurses, the advantage or otherwise of pruning trees at the various stages of their growth, the expediency of digging deep or shallow, close or open, perpendicular or sloping drains. These are operations which we must not criticise too closely, for they are confessedly experiments, and would be worthless if they all succeeded alike. We will not visit the nurseries, for the Deputy-Surveyor has long been doubtful whether the original selection of a nursery-ground was a wise one, and, at his urgent entreaty, has obtained permission from the chief Commissioner to form a new one in an eligible site, and the necessary works are now in progress. What peculiarly characterises the Royal Forests is that no interference is needed from disinterested parties, no gratuitous advice is offered from without. Indeed, foresters intrusted with the management of private estates come hither from all parts of the United Kingdom to take practical lessons in their art.

This, surely, is not an overcharged picture of what a Royal Forest ought to be; what it is, and, we fear, is likely to remain, we may learn from the subjoined document, which was written about the year 1803, and recently verified by comparison with the original in Lord Nelson's writing:—

‘The Forest of Dean, containing about 23,000 acres of the finest land in the kingdom, which I am informed is in a high state of cultivation
of

of oak, would produce about 9200 loads of timber fit for building ships of the line every year; that is, the forest would grow in full vigour 920,000 oak-trees. The state of the forest at this moment is deplorable, for, if my information is true, there is not 3500 load of timber in the whole forest fit for building, and none coming forward. It is useless, I admit, to state the causes of such a want of timber where so much could be produced, except that by knowing the faults we may be better able to amend ourselves. First, the generality of trees for these last fifty years have been allowed to stand too long; they are passed by instead of removed, and thus occupy a space which ought to have been replanted with young trees. Secondly, that, where good timber is felled, nothing is planted, and nothing can grow *self-sown*: for the deer (of which now only a few remain) bark all the young trees. Vast droves of hogs are allowed to go into the woods in the autumn, and if any fortunate acorn escapes their search, and takes root, then *flocks* of sheep are allowed to go into the forest, and they bite off the tender shoot. These are sufficient reasons why timber does not grow in the Forest of Dean.

‘Of the waste of timber in former times I can say nothing, but of late years it has been, I am told, shameful. Trees cut down in swampy places, as the carriage is done by contract, are left to rot, and are cut up by the people in the neighbourhood. Another abuse is, contractors, as they can carry more measurement, are allowed to cut the trees to their advantage of carriage, by which means the invaluable crooked timber is lost for the service of the Navy. There is also another cause of the failure of timber: a set of people called Forest Free Miners, who consider themselves as having a right to dig for coal in any part they please; these people, in many places, enclose pieces of ground, which is daily increasing by the inattention, to call it by no worse name, of the *Surveyors, Verderers, &c.*, who have the charge of the forest.

‘Of late years some apparently vigorous measures were taken for preserving and encouraging the growth of timber in the King’s forests, and part of the Forest of Dean has been enclosed; but it is so very ill attended to, that it is little, if anything, better than the other part.

‘There is another abuse which I omitted to mention: trees which die of themselves are considered as of no value: a gentleman told me that in shooting on foot, for on horseback it cannot be seen, hid by the fern which grows a great height, the tree of fifty years’ growth, fit for buildings, fencing, &c., is cut just above the ground entirely through the bark; in two years the tree dies, and it becomes either a perquisite, or is allowed to be taken away by favoured people.

‘These shameful abuses are probably known to those high in power, but I have gathered the information of them from people of all descriptions, and perfectly disinterested in telling me or knowing that I had any view in a transient inquiry; but knowing the abuses, it is for the serious consideration of every lover of his country how they can either be done away, or at least lessened, perhaps a very difficult or impossible task.

‘If

‘If the Forest of Dean is to be preserved as a useful forest for the country, strong measures must be pursued. First, the *guardian* of the support of our Navy must be an intelligent honest man, who will give up his time to his employment; therefore he must live in the forest, have a house, a small farm, and an adequate salary.

‘I omitted to mention that the expense of Surveyor of Woods, as far as relates to this forest, to be done away; verderer as at present; also, the guardian to have proper verderers under him, who understand the planting, thinning, and management of timber-trees; their places should be so comfortable, that the fear of being turned out should be a great object of terror, and, of course, an inducement for them to exert themselves in their different stations.

‘The first thing necessary in the Forest of Dean is, to plant some acres of acorns; and I saw plenty of clear fields, with cattle grazing, in my voyage down the Wye: in two years these will be fit for transplanting.

Such was the state of things in 1803, and, with the exception that some of the minor evils have been remedied, such it is in 1855, as any one who will take the trouble to read the blue-books on the subject will at once discover. The nursery-grounds selected without reference to soil or aspect, and undrained; the seed-beds filled with weeds, badly-grown oaks, and firs too old to bear transplantation; the young plantations perishing by acres in a single season from mismanagement, the middle-aged ones overgrown with moss and lichen; the trees, here drawn up to fishing-rods for want of thinning, there blasted or uprooted by sudden exposure; here pruned after the barbarous fashion in which hedge-row elms are lopped, there encumbered by rotten boughs, or stifled by an undergrowth of coppice; money annually expended in the purchase of beech timber, while the forest is overstocked with trees of the same kind which it would be a wise economy to give away; bark so spoilt in the drying as to be deteriorated to the extent of half its value; incompetent officials cutting down 4500 loads of timber to be sure of securing 2000, rarely meddling with a tree until it shows symptoms of decay, and selling, for 2*l.* 15*s.* a load, timber, for which private individuals can obtain from the Admiralty 4*l.* a load,—these are only a portion of the evils, which, as they are severally pointed out, the responsible officers admit and defend. The late Commissioner of Woods and Forests, Mr. Kennedy, did his utmost to rectify them, but found the existing system too strong for him; and the collisions which arose out of his strenuous but, perhaps, too impatient efforts have ended in his dismissal.

- ART. V.—1. *Food, and its Adulterations; composing the Reports of the Analytic Sanitary Commission of the 'Lancet,' in the years 1851 to 1854 inclusive.* By Arthur Hill Hassall, M.D., Chief Analyst of the Commission. London, 1855.
2. *'There's Death in the Pot.'* By Frederick Accum. London, 1820.
3. *Des Falsifications des Substances Alimentaires et des moyens chimiques de les reconnaître.* Par Jules Garnier et Ch. Harel. Paris.
4. *Dictionnaire des Altérations et Falsifications des Substances Alimentaires, Medicamenteuses et Commerciales, avec l'indication des moyens de les reconnaître.* Par M. A. Chevallier. Paris.

A STORY is told of an European who, wishing to convince a Brahmin of the folly of his faith in interdicting, as an article of food, anything that once possessed life, showed him, by the aid of the microscope, that the very water which he drank was full of living things. The Indian, thus suddenly introduced to an unseen world, dashed the instrument to the ground, and reproached his teacher for having so wantonly destroyed the guiding principle of his life. We too have at home a Hindoo, in the shape of the believing British public, to whose eye Dr. Hassall nicely adjusts the focus of his microscope, and bids him behold what unseen villanies are daily perpetrated upon his purse and person.

The world at large has almost forgotten Accum's celebrated work *'Death in the Pot;'* a new generation has indeed sprung up since it was written, and fraudulent tradesmen and manufacturers have gone on in silence, and, up to this time, in security, falsifying the food and picking the pockets of the people. Startling indeed as were the revelations in that remarkable book, yet it had little effect in reforming the abuses it exposed. General denunciations of grocers did not touch individuals of the craft, and they were consequently not driven to improve the quality of their wares. The *'Lancet'* Commission went to work in a different manner. In Turkey, when of old they caught a baker giving false weight or adulterating the staff of life, they nailed his ear to the doorpost, *'pour encourager les autres.'* Dr. Hassall, like a modern Al Rachid, perambulated the town himself, or sent his trustworthy agents to purchase articles, upon all of which the inexorable microscope was set to work, and every fraudulent sample, after due notice given, subjected its vendor to be pinned for ever to the terrible pages of the Commissioner's report. In this manner direct responsibility was obtained.

obtained. If the falsification denounced was not the work of the retailer, he was glad enough to shift the blame upon the manufacturer, and thus the truth came out.

A gun suddenly fired into a rookery could not cause a greater commotion than this publication of the names of dishonest tradesmen, nor does the daylight, when you lift a stone, startle ugly and loathsome things more quickly than the pencil of light, streaming through a quarter-inch lens, surprised in their naked ugliness the thousand and one illegal substances which enter more or less into every description of food that it will pay to adulterate. Nay, to such a pitch of refinement has the art of falsification of alimentary substances reached, that the very articles used to adulterate are adulterated; and while one tradesman is picking the pockets of his customers, a still more cunning rogue is, unknown to himself, deep in his own!

The manner in which food is adulterated is not only one of degree but of kind. The most simple of all sophistications, and that which is most harmless, is the mixture of inferior qualities of the same substance. Indeed, if the price charged were according to quality, it would be no fraud at all, but this adjustment rarely takes place. Secondly, the mixture of cheaper articles of another kind; Thirdly, the surreptitious introduction of materials which, taken in large quantities, are prejudicial to health; and Fourthly, the admixture of the most deadly poisons in order to improve the appearance of the article 'doctored.'

The microscope alone is capable of detecting at one operation the nature and extent of the more harmless but general of these frauds. When once the investigator, by the aid of that instrument, has become familiar with the configurations of different kinds of the same chemically composed substances, he is armed with far greater detective power than chemical agents could provide him with. It is beyond the limit of the test-tube to show the mind the various forms of animal and vegetable life which exist in impure water; delicate as are its powers it could not indicate the presence of the sugar insect, or distinguish with unerring nicety an admixture of the common *Circuma* arrowroot with the finer *Maranta*. Chemistry is quite capable of telling the component parts of any article: what are the definite forms and natures of the various ingredients which enter into a mixture it cannot so easily answer. This the microscope can at once effect, and in its present application consists Dr. Hassall's advantage over all previous investigators in the same field. The precision with which he is enabled to state the result of his labours leaves no appeal; he shows his reader the intimate structures of a coffee-grain and of oak or mahogany sawdust; and then

then a specimen of the two combined, sold under the title of genuine Mocha. Many manufacturers and retailers, who have been detected falsifying the food of the public, have threatened actions, but they all flinched from the test of this unerring instrument.

The system of adulteration is so wide-spread and embraces so many of the items of the daily meal, that we scarcely know where to begin—what corner of the veil first to lift. Let us hold up the 'cruet-frame, for example, and analyse its contents. There is mustard, pepper (black and cayenne), vinegar, anchovy and Harvey sauce—so thinks the unsuspecting reader—let us show him what else beside. To begin with mustard, 'Best Durham,' or 'Superfine Durham,' no doubt it was purchased for, but we will summarily dismiss this substance by stating that it is impossible to procure it pure at all; out of forty-two samples bought by Dr. Hassall at the best as well as inferior shops, all were more or less adulterated with wheaten flour for bulk, and with turmeric for colour. Vinegar also suffers a double adulteration; it is first watered, and then pungency is given to it by the addition of sulphuric acid. A small quantity of this acid is allowed by law; and this is frequently trebled by the victuallers. The pepper-caster is another stronghold of fraud—fraud so long and openly practised, that we question if the great mass of the perpetrators even think they are doing wrong. Among the milder forms of sophistication to which this article is subjected are to be found such ingredients as wheaten flour, ground rice, ground mustard-seeds, and linseed-meal. The grocer maintains a certain reserve as to the generality of the articles he employs in vitiating his wares, but pepper he seems to think is given up to him by the public to 'cook' in any manner he thinks fit. This he almost invariably does by the addition of what is known in the trade as P. D., or pepper-dust, alias the sweepings from the pepper-warehouses. But there is a lower depth still; P. D. is too genuine a commodity for some markets, and it is accordingly mixed with D. P. D., or dirt of pepper-dust.

A little book, published not long since, entitled 'The Successful Merchant,' which gives the minute trade history of a gentleman very much respected in Bristol, Samuel Budgett, Esq., affords us a passage bearing upon this P. D. which is worthy of notice:—

'In Mr. Budgett's early days,' says his biographer, 'pepper was under a heavy tax, and in the trade universal tradition said that out of the trade everybody expected pepper to be mixed. In the shop stood a cask, labelled P. D., containing something *very like* pepper-dust, wherewith it was usual to mix the pepper before sending it forth to

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serve the public. The trade tradition had obtained for the apocryphal P. D. a place amongst the standard articles of the shop, and on the strength of that tradition it was vended for pepper by men who thought they were honest. But as Samuel went on in life his ideas on trade morality grew clearer; this P. D. began to give him much discomfort. He thought upon it till he was satisfied that, after all that could be said, the thing was wrong; arrived at this conclusion, he felt that no blessing could light upon the place while it was there. He instantly decreed that P. D. should perish. It was night, but back he went to the shop, took the hypocritical cask, carried it out to the quarry, then staved it, and scattered P. D. among the clods, and slag, and stones.'

Would we could say that the reduction of the tax upon pepper had stimulated the honesty of other grocers to act a similar part to that of Mr. Budgett, but P. D. flourishes as flagrantly as ever; and if every possessor of the article in London were to stave his casks in the roadway, as conscientiously as did the 'Successful Merchant,' there would be hard work for the scavengers. In the days of Accum it was usual to manufacture pepper-corns out of oiled linseed-cake, clay, and cayenne pepper, formed into a mass, and then granulated: these fraudulent corns were mixed with the real, to the extent of 17 per cent. This form of imposition, like that of wooden nutmegs among our American friends, has, we are happy to say, long been abandoned. The adulterations we have mentioned are simply dirty and fraudulent, but in the cayenne-cruet we find, in addition, a deadly poison. Out of twenty-eight samples submitted to examination, no less than twenty-four were adulterated with white mustard-seed, brickdust, salt, ground rice, and *deal sawdust*, by way of giving bulk; but as all of these tend to lighten the colour, it is necessary to heighten it to the required pitch. And what is employed to do this? Hear and tremble, old Indians, and lovers of high-seasoned food—with RED LEAD. Out of twenty-eight samples, red lead, and *often in poisonous quantities*, was present in thirteen! Who knows how many 'yellow admirals' at Bath have fallen victims to their cayenne-cruets? Nor can it be said that the small quantity taken at a time could do no permanent mischief, for lead belongs to the class of poisons which are cumulative in their effects.

He who loves cayenne, as a rule is fond of curry-powder, and here also the poisonous oxide is to be found in large quantities. Some years ago a certain amiable duke recommended the labouring population, during a season of famine, to take a pinch of this condiment every morning before going to work, as 'warm and comforting to the stomach.' If they had followed his advice,

thirteen out of every twenty-eight persons would have imbibed a slow poison. Those who are in the habit of using curry, generally take it in considerable quantities, and thus the villanous falsification plays a more deadly part than even in cayenne pepper. Imagine a man for years pertinaciously painting his stomach with red lead! We do not know whether medical statistics prove that paralysis prevails much among 'Nabobs,' but of this we may be sure, that there could be no more fruitful source of it than the two favourite stimulants we have named.

The great staple articles of food are not subject to adulteration in the same proportion as many other articles of minor demand. We need scarcely say that meat is exempt so long as it remains in the condition of joints, but immediately it is prepared in any shape in which its original fibre and form can be hidden, the spirit of craft begins to work. The public have always had certain prejudices against sausages and polonies for example, and, if we are to believe a witness examined on oath before the Smithfield Market Commissioners in 1850, not without reason. It is a very old joke that there are no live donkeys to be found within twenty miles of Epping; but if all the asinine tribe in England were to fall victims to the chopping-machine, we question if they could supply the à-la-mode, polony, and sausage establishments. Mr. J. Harper, for instance, being under examination, upon being asked what became of the diseased meat brought into London, replied:—

'It is purchased by the soup-shops, sausage-makers, the à-la-mode beef and meat-pie shops, &c. There is one soup-shop I believe doing five hundred pounds per week in diseased meat; this firm has a large foreign trade (thank goodness!). The trade in diseased meat is very alarming, as anything in the shape of flesh can be sold at about one penny per pound, or eight pence per stone.' * * * * 'I am certain that if one hundred carcasses of cows were lying dead in the neighbourhood of London, I could get them all sold within twenty-four hours; *it don't matter what they died of.*'

It must not be imagined that the à-la-mode beef interest is supplied with this carrion by needy men, whose necessities may in some degree palliate their evil dealings. In proof of this we quote further from Mr. Harper's evidence. In answer to the question, 'Is there any slaughtering of bad meat in the country for the supply of the London market?' he says—

'The London market is very extensively supplied with diseased meat from the country. There are three insurance-offices in London in which graziers can insure their beasts from disease: it was the practice of one of these offices to send the unsound animals dying from disease
to

to their own slaughter-houses, situate a hundred and sixty miles from London, to be dressed and sent to the London market. *** Cattle, sheep, &c., are insured against all kinds of diseases, and one of the conditions is, that the diseased animal, when dead, becomes the property of the insurance company, the party insuring receiving two-thirds of the value of the animal and one-third of the salvage; or, in other words, one-third of the amount the beast is sold for when dead.'

Upon being asked, 'Do you believe it is still the habit of this company to send up the diseased animals to London?' he replied—

'Yes, I do; until lately they were regularly consigned to a meat-salesman in Newgate Market of the name of Mathews. *** The larger quantities are sold to people who manufacture it into soup, meat-pies, sausages, &c.'

We have no wish to destroy the generally robust appetite of the persons who visit such shops by any gratuitous disclosure, but we question whether the most hungry crossing-sweeper would look any more with a longing eye upon the huge German sausages, rich and inviting as they appear, if, like Mr. Harper, he knew the too probable antecedents of their contents. The only other preparations of flesh open to adulteration are preserved meats. Some years ago 'the Goldner canister business' so excited the public against this invaluable method of storing perishing articles of food, that a prejudice has existed against it ever since—and a more senseless prejudice could not be. Goldner's process, since adopted by Messrs. Cooper and Aves, is simple and beautiful. The provisions, being placed in tin canisters having their covers soldered down, are plunged up to their necks in a bath of chloride of calcium (a preparation which imbibes a great heat without boiling), and their contents are speedily cooked; at the same time, all the air in the meat, and some of the water, are expelled in the form of steam, which issues from a pin-hole in the lid. The instant the cook ascertains the process to be complete, he drops a plug of solder upon the hole, and the mass is thus hermetically sealed. Exclusion of air, and coagulation of the albumen, are the two conditions, which enable us to hand the most delicate flavoured meats down to remote generations,—for as long, in fact, as a stout painted tin canister can maintain itself intact against the oxidating effect of the atmosphere. We have ourselves partaken lately of a duck that was winged, and of milk that came from the cow as long as eight years ago. Fruit which had been gathered whilst the free-trade struggle was still going on, we

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found

found as delicate in flavour as though it had just been plucked from the branch. Out of the many cases of all kinds of provisions opened and examined by Dr. Hassall, scarcely any have been found to be bad. At a time when the graves of so many of our soldiers in the Crimea may be justly inscribed, 'Died of salt pork,' we cannot forbear to call attention to a neglected means of feeding our troops with good and nutritious food, instead of with the tough fibre called meat, from which half the blood-making qualities have been extracted by the process of boiling, whilst the remaining half is rendered indigestible by the action of salt, and poisonous by the extraction of one of its most important constituents. It would seem as if we were living in the days of Anson, who lost 626 men of scurvy, out of a crew of 961, before he could reach the island of Juan Fernandez, or of the still later cruise of Sir C. Hardy, who sent 3500 to hospital with this fatal disease, after a six weeks' sail with the Channel fleet. It may be urged that the sailors have not sickened on salt pork; but while they have the necessary amount of potass, which the stomach requires to make blood, in the lime-juice served out to them, our troops were without this indispensable accompaniment, and consequently died. In the preserved meats, which are made up with potatoes and other vegetables, the needful potass exists, and such food may be forwarded to the Crimea as cheaply as the pernicious salt junk which is patronised by the Government.

Bread, the great blood-producer, claims particular attention. It often surprises persons who walk about the metropolis to find that prices vary according to the locality:—thus the loaf that costs in the Borough or the New Cut 7*d.* a quartern, is 10½*d.* at the West End. Can plate-glass windows and rent cause all this difference? Certainly not. We are glad, however, to find that many of the adulterations mentioned by our older writers have vanished with free trade. Prince and Accum mention plaster of Paris, bone-dust, the meal of other cereal grains, white clay, alum, sulphate of copper, potatoes, &c. All of these sophistications have disappeared with the exception of potatoes, which are occasionally employed when the difference between their value and that of flour makes it worth while for the baker or miller to introduce them. When we see a loaf marked under the market-price, we may rest assured that it is made of flour ground from inferior and damaged wheat. In order to bring this up to the required colour, and to destroy the sour taste which often belongs to it, bakers are in the habit of introducing a mixture called in the trade 'hards' and 'stuff,' which is nothing more than alum and salt,
kept

kept prepared in large quantities by the druggists. The quantity of alum necessary to render bread white is certainly not great—Mitchell found that it ranged from 116 grains to $34\frac{1}{2}$ grains in the four-pound loaf—but the great advantage the baker derives from it, in addition to improving the colour of his wares, is, that it absorbs a large quantity of water, which he sells at the present time at the rate of 2d. a pound. Out of 28 loaves of bread bought in every quarter of the metropolis, Dr. Hassall did not find one free from the adulteration of alum, and in some of the samples he found considerable quantities. As a general rule, the lower the neighbourhood, the cheaper the bread, and the greater the quantity of this ‘hards’ or ‘stuff’ introduced. We must not, however, lay all the blame upon the baker. This was satisfactorily shown by the Sanitary Commissioners, when dealing with the bread sold by the League Bread Company, whose advertisement to the following effect is constantly to be seen in the ‘Times.’

‘The object for which the above Company was established, and is now in operation, is to ensure to the public bread of a pure and nutritious character. Experience daily proves how much our health is dependent upon the quality and purity of our food, consequently how important it is that an article of such universal consumption as bread should be free from adulteration. That various diseases are caused by the use of *alum* and other deleterious ingredients in the manufacture of bread, the testimony of many eminent men will fully corroborate. Pure unadulterated bread, full weight, best quality, and the lowest possible price.’

Upon several samples of this *pure bread*, purchased of various agents of the Company, being tested, they were found to be contaminated with *alum*! Here was a discovery. The Company protested that the analyses were worthless; and all their workmen made a solemn declaration that they had never used any alum whilst in their employ. The agents of the Company also declared that they never sold any but their bread. The analyst looked again through his microscope, and again reiterated his charge, that alum their bread contained. It was then agreed to test the flour supplied to the Company, and three samples were proved to contain the obnoxious material. Thus we find that the miller still, in some instances, maintains his doubtful reputation, and is at the bottom of this roguery.

Our succeeding remarks will fall, we fear, like a bomb upon many a tea-table, and stagger teetotalism in its stronghold. A drunkard's stomach is sometimes exhibited at total-abstinence lectures, in every stage of congestion and inflammation, painted up to match the fervid eloquence of the lecturer. If tea is our only refuge from the frightful maladies entailed upon

upon us by fermented liquors, we fear the British public is in a perplexing dilemma. Ladies, there is death in the teapot! Green-tea drinkers, beware! There has always been a vague idea afloat in the public mind about hot copper plates—a suspicion that gunpowder and hyson do not come by their colour honestly. The old Duchess of Marlborough used to boast that she came into the world before ‘nerves were in fashion.’ We feel half inclined to believe this joke had a great truth in it; for since the introduction of tea, nervous complaints of all kinds have greatly increased; and we need not look far to find one at least of the causes in the teapot. There is no such a thing as pure green tea to be met with in England. It is adulterated in China; and we have lately learnt to adulterate it at home almost as well as the cunning Asiatic. The pure green tea made from the most delicate green leaves grown upon manured soil, such as the Chinese use themselves, is, it is true, wholly untainted; and we are informed that its beautiful bluish bloom, like that upon a grape, is given by the third process of roasting which it undergoes. The enormous demand for a moderately-priced green tea which has arisen both in England and China since the opening of the trade has led the Hong merchants to imitate this peculiar colour; and this they do so successfully as to deceive the ordinary judges of the article. Black tea is openly coloured in the neighbourhood of Canton in the most wholesale manner.

Mr. Robert Fortune, in his very interesting work, ‘The Tea Districts of China and India,’ gives us a good description of the manner in which this colouring process is performed, as witnessed by himself.

‘Having procured a portion of Prussian-blue, he threw it into a porcelain bowl, not unlike a chemist’s mortar, and crushed it into a very fine powder. At the same time a quantity of gypsum was produced and burned in the charcoal fires which were then roasting the teas. The object of this was to soften it, in order that it might be readily pounded into a very fine powder, in the same manner as the Prussian-blue had been. The gypsum, having been taken out of the fire after a certain time had elapsed, readily crumbled down, and was reduced to powder in the mortar. These two substances, having been thus prepared, were then mixed together in the proportion of four parts of gypsum to three parts of Prussian-blue, and formed a light blue powder, which was then ready for use.

‘This colouring matter was applied to the teas during the process of roasting. About five minutes before the tea was removed from the pans—the time being regulated by the burning of a joss-stick—the superintendent took a small porcelain spoon, and with it he scattered a portion of the colouring matter over the leaves in each pan. The workmen then turned the leaves round rapidly with both hands, in order that

that the colour might be equally diffused. During this part of the operation the hands of the workmen were quite blue. I could not help thinking if any green-tea drinkers had been present during the operation their taste would have been corrected and I believe improved.

‘One day an English gentleman in Shanghai, being in conversation with some Chinese from the green-tea country, asked them what reason they had for dyeing the tea, and whether it would not be better without undergoing this process. They acknowledged that tea was much better when prepared without having any such ingredients mixed with it, and that *they never drank dyed teas* themselves, but justly remarked, that, as foreigners seemed to prefer having a mixture of *Prussian-blue and gypsum with their tea* to make it look uniform and pretty, and as these ingredients were cheap enough, the Chinese had no objection to supply them, especially as such teas always fetched a higher price.

‘I took some trouble to ascertain precisely the quantity of colouring matter used in the process of dyeing green teas, not certainly with the view of assisting others, either at home or abroad, in the art of colouring, but simply to show green-tea drinkers in England, and more particularly in the United States of America, what *quantity* of Prussian-blue and gypsum they imbibe in the course of one year. To 14½ lbs. were applied 8 mace 2½ candareens of colouring matter, or rather more than an ounce. To every hundred pounds of coloured green tea consumed in England or America, the consumer actually drinks more than half a pound of Prussian-blue and gypsum. And yet, tell the drinkers of this coloured tea that the Chinese eat cats and dogs, and they will hold up their hands in amazement and pity the poor Celestials.’

If the Chinese use it in these quantities to tinge the genuine leaf, how much more must the English employ in making up afresh exhausted leaves! That every spoonful of hyson or gunpowder contains a considerable quantity of this deleterious dye will be seen by any one who places a pinch upon a fine sieve, and pours upon it a gentle stream of water, when the tinging of the liquid will show at once the extent of the adulteration, and the folly of drinking painted tea. Assam tea, though not so inviting in colour, is free from adulteration. A word to the wise is enough.

Of fifty samples of green tea analysed by Dr. Hassall, all were adulterated. There is one particular kind which is almost entirely a manufactured article—gunpowder, both black and green—the former being called scented caper. Both have a large admixture of what is termed ‘lye tea,’ or a compound of sand, dirt, tea-dust, and broken-down portions of other leaves worked together with gum into small nodules. This detestable compound, which, according to Mr. Warrington,* who has analysed it, con-

* In an article upon the teas of commerce, which appeared in the ‘Quarterly Journal of the Chemical Society’ for July, 1851.

tains forty-five per cent. of earthy matter, is manufactured both in China and in England, for the express purpose of adulterating tea. When mixed with 'scented caper' it is 'faced' with black lead; when with gunpowder, Prussian-blue; turmeric and French chalk give it the required bloom. Mr. Warrington states that about 750,000 lbs. of this spurious tea has been imported into Great Britain within eighteen months! Singularly enough, the low-priced teas are the only genuine ones. Every sample of this class which was analysed by Dr. Hassall proved to be perfectly pure. Here at least the poor have the advantage of the better classes, who pay a higher price to be injured in their health by a painted beverage.

The practice of redrying used-up leaves is also carried on to some extent in England. Mr. George Philips, of the Inland Revenue Office, states that in 1843 there were no less than eight manufactories for the purpose of redrying tea-leaves in London alone, whilst there were many others in different parts of the country. These manufacturers had agents who bought up the used leaves from hotels, clubs, coffeehouses, &c., for two-pence-halfpenny and threepence per lb. With these leaves, others of various trees were used, and very fine pekoe still flourishes upon the hawthorn-bushes, sloe-trees, &c., around the metropolis. As late as the year 1851 the following account of the proceedings of one of these nefarious manufacturers appeared in 'The Times':—

'Clerkenwell.—Edward South and Louisa his wife were placed at the bar before Mr. Combe, charged by Mr. Inspector Brennan of the E division with being concerned in the manufacture of spurious tea. It appeared from the statement of the Inspector that, in consequence of information that the prisoners and others were in the habit of carrying on extensive traffic in manufacturing spurious tea on the premises situate at 27½, Clerkenwell Close, Clerkenwell Green, on Saturday evening, at about seven o'clock, the witness, in company with Serjeant Cole, proceeded to the house, where they found the prisoners in an apartment busily engaged in the manufacture of spurious tea. There was an extensive furnace, before which was suspended an iron pan, containing sloe-leaves and tea-leaves, which they were in the practice of purchasing from coffeshop-keepers after being used. On searching the place they found an immense quantity of used tea, bay-leaves, and every description of spurious ingredients for the purpose of manufacturing illicit tea, and they were mixed with a solution of gum and a quantity of *copperas*. The woman was employed in stirring about the bay-leaves and other composition with the solution of gum in the pan; and in one part of the room there was a large quantity of spurious stuff, the exact imitation of genuine tea. In a back room they found nearly a hundred pounds weight of redried tea-leaves, bay-leaves, and sloe-leaves,

leaves, all spread on the floor drying. . . . Mr. Brennan added that the prisoners had pursued this nefarious traffic most extensively, and were in the habit of dealing largely with grocers, chandlers, and others in the country.'

This poisonous, imitation green tea, 'so largely supplied to country grocers,' was no doubt used for adulterating other green teas already dosed with Prussian-blue, turmeric, &c. These have found their way into many a country home of small means. When the nephew comes on a visit, or the curate calls of an afternoon, the ordinary two spoonfuls of black are 'improved' with 'just a dash of green,' and the poor innocent gentleman wonders afterwards what it can be that keeps him awake all night.

We often hear the remark from old-fashioned people that we have never had any good tea since the monopoly of the East India Company was broken up: in this remark there is some truth and much error. There can be no possible doubt that the higher-priced teas have fallen off since the trade has been open, as the buyers of the Company were perfectly aware of the frauds perpetrated by the Hong merchants, and never allowed a spurious article to be shipped. On the other hand, the great reduction which has taken place in the price of the common black teas, both on account of the cessation of the monopoly and the reduction of the duty, has in a great measure destroyed the English manufacture of spurious tea from indigenous leaves. The extent to which this formerly took place may be judged from a Report of the Committee of the House of Commons in 1783, which states that no less than four millions of pounds were annually manufactured from sloe and ash leaves in different parts of England, and this, be it remembered, when the whole quantity of genuine tea sold by the East India Company did not amount to more than six millions of pounds annually.

If the better class of black and all green teas* are thus vilely adulterated, the reader may fancy he can at least take refuge in coffee—alas! in too many cases he will only avoid Scylla to fall into Charybdis. Coffee, as generally sold in the metropolis and in all large towns, is adulterated even more than tea. The Treasury Minute, which allowed it to be mixed with chicory, is at the head and front of the offending. In the year 1840 this celebrated Minute was issued by the sanction of the then Chancellor of the Exchequer, Sir C. Wood, the immediate consequence of which was that grocers began to mix it with pure

* Assam tea is the only exception to this rule, but very little of it is imported.
coffee

coffee in very large quantities, quite forgetting to inform the public of the nature of the mixture, and neglecting at the same time to lower the price. The evil became so flagrant that upon the installation of the Derby administration Mr. Disraeli promised to rescind this licence to adulterate; but before the promise was redeemed, the administration was rescinded itself. Mr. Gladstone, upon his acceptance of office, loth, it appears, to injure the chicory interest, modified the original Minute, but allowed the amalgamation to continue, provided the package was labelled 'Mixture of Chicory and Coffee.' It was speedily found, however, that this announcement became so confounded with other printing on the label that it was not easily distinguishable, and in consequence it was provided that the words 'This is sold as a mixture of Chicory and Coffee' should be printed by themselves on one side of the canister. It may be asked what is the nature of this ingredient, that the right to mix it with coffee should be maintained by two Chancellors of the Exchequer during a period of fifteen years as jealously as though it were some important principle of our constitution? Chicory, to say the best of it, is an insipid root, totally destitute of any nourishing or refreshing quality, being utterly deficient in any nitrogenized principle, whilst there are strong doubts whether it is not absolutely hurtful to the nervous system. Professor Beer, the celebrated oculist of Vienna, forbids the use of it to his patients, considering it to be the cause of amaurotic blindness. Even supposing it to be perfectly harmless, we have a material of the value of 8d. a pound, which the grocer is allowed to mix *ad libitum* with one worth 1s. 4d. If the poor got the benefit of the adulteration, there might be some excuse for permitting the admixture of chicory, but it is proved that the combination is sold in many shops at the same price as pure coffee. Analyses made by Dr. Hassall of upwards of a hundred different samples of coffee, purchased in all parts of the metropolis before the issuing of the order for the labelling of the packages 'chicory and coffee,' proved that, in a great number of cases, articles sold as 'finest Mocha,' 'choice Jamaica coffee,' 'superb coffee,' &c., contained, in some cases, very little coffee at all; in others 'only a fifth, a third, half,' &c., the rest being made up mainly of chicory. Nothing is more indicative of the barefaced frauds perpetrated by grocers upon the public than the manner in which they go out of their way to puff in the grossest style the most abominable trash. The report of the Sanitary Commission gives many examples of these puffs and announcements, which, we are informed, are kept set up at the printers', and may be had in any quantities. We quote one as an exa^e

‘JOHN ———’s COFFEE,

‘The richness, flavour, and strength of which are not to be surpassed.

‘Coffee has now become an article of consumption among all classes of the community. Hence the importance of supplying an article of such a character as to encourage its consumption in preference to beverages the use of which promotes a vast amount of misery.

‘John ———’s coffee meets the requirement of the age, and, as a natural result, the celebrity to which it has attained is wholly unparalleled. Its peculiarity consists in its possessing that rich aromatic flavour, combined with great strength and deliciousness, which is to be found alone in the choicest mountain growths. It may, with perfect truth, be stated that no article connected with *domestic economy* has given such general satisfaction, and the demand for it is rapidly increasing.

‘John ———’s establishment, both for extent and capability, is the first in the empire.

‘Observe!

‘Every canister of John ———’s coffee bears his signature, without which none is *genuine*.’

At the end of this puff the analyst places the words—

‘*Adulterated with a considerable quantity of chicory!*’

More erudite grocers treat us to the puff literary, as in the following instance:—

‘Rich-flavoured coffees fresh roasted daily.

‘USE OF COFFEE IN TURKEY.

‘Sandys, the translator of “Ovid’s Metamorphoses,” and who travelled in Turkey in 1610, gives the following passage in his “Travailes,” page 51 (edit. 1657). Speaking of the Turks, he says, “Although they be destitute of taverns, yet have they their coffee-houses, which sometimes resemble them. There sit they chatting most of the day, and sip of a drink called coffa, of the berry that it is made of, in little china dishes, as hot as they can suffer it, black as soot, which helpeth, as they say, digestion, and procureth alacrity.”’

This pleasant sample of the puff indirect has also appended to it the naked sentence—

‘*Adulterated with chicory, of which not less than half the sample consists.*’

The worst kinds of adulterated coffee are to be found in that which is sold in canisters. The value of the tin envelope cannot be less than 2d., and, as the coffee so sold is charged at the same price as that in a paper wrapper, it must be evident that a more extensive adulteration is necessary in order to make up the difference. Such, upon examination, proves to be the case, as it appeared—

‘That

‘That the whole twenty-nine packages, bottles, and canisters submitted to analysis, with a single exception,* were adulterated.

‘That in these twenty-eight adulterated samples the falsification consisted of so-called chicory, which in many instances constituted the chief part of the article.

‘That three of the samples contained mangold-wurzel, and two of them roasted wheat-flour.’

We have said it often happens that the adulterations are adulterated. Chicory is an instance of it. The original fraud is found to have ramified in an endless manner; and Sir Charles Wood will, doubtless, be astonished to hear of the hideous crop of falsifications his most unfortunate order has caused to spring out of the ground.

Immediately the process of transforming chicory into coffee became legalized by the Government, that article came into very extensive consumption, and factories were set up especially for its secret manufacture. The reason for this secrecy may be gathered from the list of articles which are made to subserve the purpose—roasted wheat, ground acorns, roasted carrots, scorched beans, roasted parsnips, mangold-wurzel, lupin-seeds, dog’s biscuits, burnt sugar, *red earth*, roasted horse-chestnuts,—and above and beyond all *baked horses’ and bullocks’ livers*. This statement rests upon the authority of Mr. P. G. Simmonds, in a work entitled ‘Coffee as it is, and as it ought to be:’—

‘In various parts of the metropolis,’ he says, ‘but more especially in the east, are to be found “liver bakers.” These men take the livers of oxen and horses, bake them, and grind them into a powder, which they sell to the low-priced coffee-shopkeepers, at from four-pence to six-pence per lb., horse’s liver coffee being the highest price. It may be known by allowing the coffee to stand until cold, when a thick pellicle or skin would be found on the top. It goes farther than coffee, and is generally *mixed with chicory*, and other vegetable imitations of coffee.’

In confirmation of this horrible statement the Sanitary Commissioners of the Lancet state that, on analysis, this substance, which

‘possessed a disagreeable animal smell, . . . consisted of some imperfectly charred animal matter.’

The new regulation, enjoining grocers to sell coffee and chicory properly labelled as such, is, no doubt, observed in respectable shops, but in the low neighbourhoods the mixture as before is passed off for genuine Mocha. However, the purchaser has the means of protection in his own hands. If he prefers coffee pure, let him buy the roasted berry and grind it

* That sold by Messrs. Dakin of St. Paul’s Churchyard.

himself;

himself; he will thus be sure of having the real article, and will get it in greater perfection than by purchasing it ready ground.

In close proximity to the tea and coffee pots stand the milk-jug and the sugar-basin. What find we here? A few years ago the town was frightened from its propriety by a little work entitled 'Observations on London Milk,' published by a medical gentleman of the name of Rugg, which gave some fearful disclosures relative to the manner in which London milk was adulterated. Dr. Hassall's analyses go to show that, with the exception of the produce of the 'iron-tailed cow,' none of the supposed defilements really exist, and that the milkman is a sadly-maligned individual. Water is added in quantities varying in different samples from 10 to 50 per cent.; and in the more unfashionable parts of the town *all* the cream is abstracted to be forwarded to the West End. If milk *must* be adulterated in large towns, water is undoubtedly the most harmless ingredient; at the same time it will be seen what a fraud is perpetrated upon the public by selling milky water at 4*d.* a quart.

That the London milking-pail goes as often to the pump as the cow we have no manner of doubt. To bring the diluted goods up to a delicate cream colour, it is common to swing round a ball of annatto in the can; and other careful observers and writers upon the adulteration of food have detected flour, starch, and treacle. All medical men know that children are often violently disordered by their morning or evening portion,—an effect which could not come from the mere admixture of water—and we must confess that we ourselves believe the milkman to be a very wicked fellow.

We are afraid, if we look into the sugar-basin, we shall not find much more comfort than in the milk-jug. We refer here to the ordinary brown sugars, such as are generally used at the breakfast-table for coffee. It is scarcely possible to procure moist sugar which is not infested with animalculæ of the acari genus, a most disgusting class of creatures. In many samples of sugars they swarm to that extent that the mass moves with them; and in almost every case, by dissolving a spoonful in a wine-glass of water, dozens of them can be detected by the naked eye, either floating upon the liquid or adhering to the edge of the glass. Those who are in the habit of 'handling' sugars, as it is termed, are liable to a skin affection called the grocer's itch, which is believed to be occasioned by these living inhabitants of our sugar-basins. Horrible as it is to think that such creatures are an article in daily use, we cannot charge the grocer directly with their introduction; the evil is, however, increased
by

by the manner in which he mixes, or 'handles,' as it is termed in the trade, higher-priced sugars with muscovados, bastards, and other inferior kinds, in which the animalculæ abound. In addition to this foreign animal element, grocers sometimes mix flour with their sugar, and, if we are to put any credit in popular belief, sand; but of the presence of this gritty ingredient we have never seen any trustworthy evidence. Nevertheless we have said enough to show that the tea-dealer and grocer do their best to supply the proverbial 'peck of dirt' which all of us must eat before we die. Would that we were fed with nothing more deleterious or repulsive! Let us see, however, the base admixtures one is liable to swallow in taking—

A CUP OF TEA

or a

CUP OF COFFEE.

*In the Tea.***If Green—**

Prussian-blue.
Turmeric.
China clay or French chalk.
Used tea-leaves.
Copperas.

If Black—

Gum.
Black lead.
Dutch pink.
Used tea-leaves.
Leaves of the ash, sloe, hawthorn,
and of many other kinds.

In the Milk.

On an average 25 per cent. of
water.
Annatto.
Treacle.
Flour.
Oxide of iron.
And other unknown ingredients.

*In the Sugar.***If Brown—**

Wheat flour.
Hundreds of the sugar insect.

If White—

Albumen of bullock's blood.

*In the Coffee.***Chicory.***In the Chicory.*

Roast wheat.
" acorn.
" mangold-wurzel.
" beans.
" carrots.
" parsnips.
" lupin-seeds.
" dog-biscuit.
" horse-chestnuts.
Oxide of iron.
Mahogany sawdust.
Baked horse's liver.
" bullock's liver.

In the Milk.

Water 25 per cent.
Annatto.
Flour.
Treacle.
Oxide of iron.
And other unknown ingredients.

*In the Sugar.***If Brown—**

Wheat flour.
Hundreds of the sugar insect.

If White—

Albumen of bullock's blood.

As we perceive the teetotallers are petitioning Parliament and agitating the towns for the closing of public-houses, we beg to present them, in either hand, with a cup of the above mixtures, with the humble hope that means will be found by them

them to supply the British public with some drink a little less deleterious to health, a little more pleasant to the palate, and somewhat less disgusting to the feelings. Some of the sugar impurities may be avoided by using the crystallized East Indian kind—the size of the crystals not permitting of its being adulterated with inferior sorts.

We shall not dwell upon cocoa further than to state that it is a still rarer thing to obtain it pure, than either tea or coffee. The almost universal adulterations are sugar, starch, and flour, together with red colouring matter, generally some ferruginous earth; whilst, as far as we can see, what is termed homœopathic cocoa is only distinguished from other kinds by the small quantity of that substance contained in it.

There is scarcely an article on the breakfast-table, in fact, which is what it seems to be. The butter, if salt, is adulterated with between 20 and 30 per cent. of water. A merchant in this trade tells the '*Lancet*' that 'between 40,000 and 50,000 casks of adulterated butter are annually sold in London, and the trade knows it as well as they know a bad shilling.' Lard when cheap also finds its way to the butter-tub. * Perhaps those who flatter themselves that they use nothing but 'Epping' will not derive much consolation from the following letter, also published in the same journal:—

* *To the Editor of the Lancet.*

'SIR,—HAVING taken apartments in the house of a buttermilkman, I was suddenly awoke at three o'clock one morning with a noise in the lower part of the house, and alarmed on perceiving a light below the door of my bedroom; conceiving the house to be on fire, I hurried down stairs. I found the whole family busily occupied, and, on my expressing alarm at the house being on fire, they jocosely informed me they *were merely making Epping butter*. They unhesitatingly informed me of the whole process. For this purpose they made use of fresh salted butter of a very inferior quality; this was repeatedly washed with water in order to free it from the salt. This being accomplished, the next process was to wash it frequently with milk, and the manufacture was completed by the addition of a small quantity of sugar. The amateurs of fresh Epping butter were supplied with this dainty, which yielded my ingenious landlord a profit of at least 100 per cent., besides establishing his shop as being supplied with Epping butter from one of the first-rate dairies.

'I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

'A STUDENT.'

If we try marmalade as a succedaneum, we are no better off—at least if we put any faith in 'real Dundee, an excellent substitute for butter,' to be seen piled in heaps in the cheap grocers'

grocers' windows. Dr. Hassall's analysis proves that this dainty is adulterated to a large extent with turnips, apples, and carrots: we need not grumble so much at these vegetable products, excepting on the score that it is a fraud to sell them at 7d. a-pound; but there is the more startling fact that, in twelve out of fourteen samples analysed, copper was detected and sometimes in large and deleterious quantities!

Accum, in his 'Death in the Pot,' quotes, from cookery-books of reputation in his day, recipes which make uninitiated persons stare. For instance, 'Modern Cookery, or the English Housewife,' gives the following serious directions 'to make Greening:'—'Take a bit of *verdigris* the bigness of an *hazel-nut*, finely powdered, half a pint of distilled vinegar, and a bit of alum-powder, with a little baysalt; put all in a bottle and shake it, and let it stand till clear. Put a small teaspoonful into codlings, or whatever you wish to green!'

Again, the 'English Housekeeper,' a book which ran through 18 editions, directs—'to make pickles green *boil them with half-pence*, or allow them to stand for twenty-four hours in copper or brass pans!' Has the notable housewife ever wondered to herself how it is that all the pickles of the shops are of so much more inviting colour than her own?—we will satisfy her curiosity a word—she has forgotten the 'bit of *verdigris* the bigness of a *hazel-nut*,' for it is now proved beyond doubt that to this complexion do they come by the use of copper, introduced for the sole purpose of making them of a lively green. The analyses of twenty samples of pickles bought of the most respectable tradesmen proved, firstly, that the vinegar in the bottles owed most of its strength to the introduction of sulphuric acid; secondly, that, out of sixteen different pickles analysed for the purpose, copper was detected in various amounts. Thus, 'two of the samples contained a small quantity; eight rather much, one a considerable quantity, three a very considerable quantity; in one copper was present in a highly deleterious amount, and in two in *poisonous amounts*. The largest quantity of this metal was found in the bottles consisting entirely of green vegetables, such as gherkins and beans.'

We trust after this the good housewife will feel jealous no longer, but rest satisfied that the home-made article, if less inviting and vivid in colour, is at least more wholesome. A simple test to discover the presence of copper in such articles is to place a bright knitting-needle in the vinegar, and let it remain there for a few hours, when the deleterious metal will speedily form a coating over it, dense or thin, according to the amount which exists. Wherever large quantities are found, it is wilfully

wilfully inserted for the purpose of producing the bright green colour, but a small quantity may find its way into the pickles in the process of boiling in copper pans. Messrs. Crosse and Blackwell, the great pickle and preserve manufacturers in Soho, immediately they became aware, from the analyses of the 'Lancet,' that such was the case, in a very praiseworthy manner substituted silver and glass, at a great expense, for all their former vessels. The danger arising from the introduction of this virulent poison into our food would not be so great if it were confined to pickles, of which the quantity taken is small at each meal, but it is used to paint all kinds of preserves, and fruits for winter pies and tarts are bloomed with death. The papa who presents his children the box of sweetmeats bedded in coloured paper, and enclosed in an elegant casket, may be corroding unawares the very springs of their existence. As a general rule it is found that the red fruits, such as currants, raspberries, and cherries, are uncontaminated with this deleterious metal, but owe their deep hue to some red colouring matter, such as a decoction of logwood, or infusion of beetroot, in the same way that common white cabbage is converted into red, by the nefarious pickle-merchant. The green fruits are not all deleterious in the same degree; there seems to be an ascending scale of virulence, much after the following manner:—Limes, gooseberries, rhubarb, greengages, olives—the last-mentioned fruit, especially those of French preparation, generally containing verdigris, or the acetate of copper, in *highly dangerous quantities*. The 'Lancet' publishes a letter from Mr. Bernays, F.C.S., dated from the Chemical Library, Derby, in which he shows the necessity of watchfulness in the purchase of these articles of food:—

'Of this,' he says, 'I will give you a late instance. I had bought a bottle of preserved gooseberries from one of the most respectable grocers in the town, and had its contents transferred to a pie. It struck me that the gooseberries looked fearfully green when cooked; and in eating one with a steel fork its intense bitterness sent me in search of the sugar. After having sweetened and mashed the gooseberries, with the same steel fork, I was about to convey some to my mouth, when I observed the prongs to be completely coated with a thin film of bright metallic copper. My testimony can be borne out by the evidence of others, two of whom dined at my table.'

It was fortunate that these three gentlemen used steel forks, which instantly disclosed the mischief; if they had chanced to use silver, all three might have fallen victims to these poisonous conserves.

But we are not yet at the worst. When Catherine de Medicis wished to get rid of obnoxious persons in an 'artistic' manner,

she was in the habit of presenting them with delicately made sweetmeats, or trinkets, in which death lurked in the most engaging manner; she carried

‘ Pure death in an earring, a casket,
A signet, a fan-mount, a filigree basket.’

Her poisoned feasts are matters of history, at which people shudder as they read; but we question if the diabolical revenge and coldblooded wickedness of an Italian woman ever invented much more deadly trifles than our low, cheap confectioners do on the largest scale. We select from some of these articles of bonbonerie the following feast, which we set before doting mothers, in order that they may see what deadly dainties are prepared for the especial delectation of their children:—

‘ A FISH,

‘ Purchased in Shepherd’s Market, May Fair.

‘ The tip of the nose and the gills of the fish are coloured with the usual pink, while the back and sides are highly painted with that virulent poison *arsenite of copper*.’

‘ A PIGEON,

‘ Purchased in Drury Lane.

‘ The pigments employed for colouring this pigeon are light yellow for the beak, red for the eyes, and orange yellow for the base or stand. The yellow colour consists of the light kind of chromate of lead, for the eyes bisulphate of mercury, and for the stand the deeper varieties of chromate of lead or orange chrome.’

‘ APPLES,

‘ Purchased in James Street, Covent Garden.

‘ The apples in this sample are coloured yellow, and on one side deep red; the yellow colour extending to a considerable depth in the substance of the sugar. The red consists of the usual non-metallic pigment, and the yellow is due to the presence of *CHROMATE OF LEAD* in really *poisonous amount*!’

‘ A COCK,

‘ Purchased in Drury Lane.

‘ The beak of the bird is coloured bright yellow, the comb brilliant red, the wings and tail are variegated, black, two different reds, and yellow; while the stand, as in most of these sugar ornaments, is painted green. The yellow of the beak consists of *CHROMATE OF LEAD*; the comb and part of the red colour on the back and wings is *VERMILION*; while the second red colour on the wings and tail is the usual pink non-metallic colouring matter, and the stripes of yellow consist of gamboge; lastly, the green of the stand is *MIDDLE BRUNSWICK GREEN*, and, therefore, contains *CHROMATE OF LEAD*. In the colouring of this article, then, no less than three active poisons are employed, as well as that drastic purgative gamboge!’

‘ ORANGES,

‘ Purchased in Pilgrim Street, Doctors’ Commons.

‘ This is a very unnatural imitation of an orange, it being coloured with a coarse and very uneven coating of *RED LEAD*.’

‘ MIXED SUGAR ORNAMENTS,

‘ Purchased in Middle Row, Holborn.

‘ The confectionery in this parcel is made up into a variety of forms and devices,
as

as hats, jugs, baskets, and dishes of fruit and vegetables. One of the hats is coloured yellow with CHROMATE OF LEAD, and has a green hatband round it coloured with ARSENITE OF COPPER: a second hat is white, with a blue hatband, the pigment being PRUSSIAN-BLUE. The baskets are coloured yellow with CHROMATE OF LEAD. Into the colouring of the pears and peaches the usual non-metallic pigment, together with CHROMATE OF LEAD and MIDDLE BRUNSWICK GREEN, enter largely; while the carrots represented in a dish are coloured throughout with a RED OXIDE OF LEAD, and the tops with BRUNSWICK GREEN. This is one of the worst of all the samples of coloured sugar confectionery submitted to analysis, as it contains no less than *four deadly poisons!*

The painted feast contains then, among its highly injurious ingredients, ferrocyanide of iron or Prussian-blue, Antwerp-blue, gamboge, and ultramarine, and among its deadly poisons the three chrome yellows, red lead, white lead, vermilion, the three Brunswick greens, and Scheele's green or arsenite of copper. The wonder is that, considering we set such poison-traps for children, ten times more enticing and quite as deadly as those used to bane rats, that the greater number of youngsters who partake of them are not at once despatched, and so undoubtedly they would be if nurses were not cautious about these coloured parts, which have always enjoyed a bad name under the general denomination of 'trash and messes.' As it is, we are informed by Dr. Letheby that 'no less than seventy cases of poisoning have been traced to this source' within three years!

In France, Belgium, and Switzerland the colouring of confectionery with poisonous pigments is prohibited, and the vendors are held responsible for all accidents which may occur to persons from eating their sugar confectionery. It is absolutely essential that some such prohibition should be made in England. Arsenic, according to law, must be sold coloured with soot, in order that its hue may prevent its being used by mistake for other substances: how absurd it is that we should allow other poisons, quite as virulent, to be mixed with the food of children and adults, merely for the sake of the colour! All kinds of sugar-plums, comfits, and 'kisses,' in addition to being often adulterated with large quantities of plaster of Paris, are always open to the suspicion of being poisoned. Necessity cannot be urged for the continuance of this wicked practice, as there are plenty of vegetable pigments which, if not quite so vivid as the acrid mineral ones, are sufficiently so to please the eye. Of late years a peculiar lozenge has been introduced, in which the flavour of certain fruits is singularly imitated. Thus we have essence of jargonol drops, essence of pine-apple drops, and many others of a most delicate taste. They really are so delicious that we scarcely like to create a prejudice against them; but the truth is great, and must prevail: all these delicate

essences are made from a preparation of æther and rancid cheese and butter.

The manufacturer, perhaps unaware of the cumulative action of many of his chemicals, thinks that the small quantity can do no harm. We have seen, in the matter of preserved fruits and sugar confectionery, how fallacious is that idea. But the practice of adulteration often leads to lamentable results of the same nature, which are quite unintentional on the part of their perpetrators, and which occur in the most roundabout manner. An instance of this is related by Accum, which goes directly to the point. A gentleman, perceiving that an attack of colic always supervened upon taking toasted Gloucestershire cheese at an inn at which he was in the habit of stopping, and having also noticed that a kitten which had partaken of its rind was rendered violently sick, had the food analysed, when it was found that lead was present in it in poisonous quantities. Following up his inquiries, he ascertained that the maker of the cheese, not finding his annatto sufficiently deep in colour, had resorted to the expedient of colouring the commodity with vermilion. This mixture, although pernicious and discreditable, was not absolutely poisonous, and certainly could not account for the disastrous effects of the food on the human system. Trying back still further, however, it was at last found that the druggist who sold the vermilion had mixed with it a portion of *red lead*, imagining that the pigment was only required for house-paint. 'Thus,' as Accum remarks, 'the druggist sold his vermilion, in a regular way of trade, adulterated with red lead, to increase his profit, without any suspicion of the use to which it would be applied; and the purchaser who adulterated the annatto, presuming that the vermilion was genuine, had no hesitation in heightening the colour of his annatto with so harmless an adjunct. Thus, through the diversified and circulatory operations of commerce, a portion of deadly poison may find admission into the necessaries of life in a way that can attach no criminality to the parties through whose hands it has successively passed.' The curious aspect of this circuitous kind of poisoning is that it occurs through the belief of each adulterating rogue in the honesty of his neighbour.

If we could possibly eliminate, from the mass of human disease, that occasioned by the constant use of deleterious food, we should find that it amounted to a very considerable percentage on the whole, and that one of the best friends of the doctor would prove to be the adulterator. But even our refuge fails us in our hour of need; the tools of the medical man, like those of the sappers and miners before Sebastopol, often turn out to be worthless. Drugs
and

and medical comforts are perhaps adulterated as extensively as any other article. To mention only a few familiar and household medicines for instance: Epsom salts are adulterated with sulphate of soda; carbonate of soda with sulphate of soda—a very injurious substitute. Mercury is sometimes falsified with lead, tin, and bismuth; gentian with the poisonous drugs aconite and belladonna; rhubarb with turmeric and gamboge; cantharides with black pepper; and cod-liver and castor oils with common and inferior oils; whilst opium, one of the sheet-anchors of the physician, is adulterated to the greatest extent in a dozen different ways. Medical comforts are equally uncertain. Thus potato-flour forms full half of the so-called arrowroots of commerce; sago-meal is another very common ingredient in this nourishing substance. Out of fifty samples of so-styled arrowroot, Dr. Hassall found twenty-two adulterated, many of them consisting *entirely* of potato-flour and sago-meal. One half of the common oatmeals to be met with are adulterated with barley-meal, a much less nutritious substance—an important fact, which boards of guardians should be acquainted with. Honey is sophisticated with flour-starch and sugar-starch. And lastly, we wish to say something important to mothers. Put no faith in the hundred and one preparations of farinaceous food for infants which are paraded under so many attractive titles. They are all composed of wheat-flour, potato-flour, sago, &c.,—very familiar ingredients, which would not take with anxious parents unless christened with extraordinary names, for which their compounders demand an extraordinary charge. To invalids we would also say, place no reliance on the Revalentas and Ervalentas advertised through the country as cures for all imaginary diseases. They consist almost entirely of lentil-powder, barley-flour, &c., which are charged cent. per cent. above their real value.

Of all the articles we have touched upon, not one is so important as water. It mixes more or less with all our solid food, and forms nine-tenths of all our drinks. Man himself, as a sanitary writer has observed, is in great part made up of this element, and if you were to put him under a press you would squeeze out of him $8\frac{1}{2}$ pailfulls. That it should be furnished pure to the consumer is of the first importance in a sanitary and economic point of view. We are afraid, however, that but feeble attempts have been made to secure this advantage to the metropolis. At present London, with its two and a half millions of population, is mainly supplied by nine water companies, six of which derive their supply from the Thames, one from the New River, one from the Ravensbourne, and a third from ponds and wells. Besides this supply, which ramifies like a network over the whole metropolis,

polis, we find dotted about both public and private wells of various qualities. We do not intend to follow Dr. Hassall into his microscopic representations of the organic matter, vegetable and animal, by which the customers of one company can compare the water served to them with that dealt out to others, and thus at a glance assure themselves that they have not more than their share of many-legged, countless-jointed, hideous animalculæ, which look formidable enough to frighten one from ever touching a drop of London water, but shall content ourselves with giving the general characteristics of the whole of them. With one exception they were all of a hardness ranging from 11 to 18 degrees. This hardness depends upon the earthy salts present, such as sulphates and bicarbonates of lime and magnesia. They were also to some extent saline, as all the salt used in the metropolis ultimately finds its way into the Thames, or great sewer-stream. Not long ago two, at least, of these six Thames water companies procured their supply within a short distance of the mouths of great drains, and all of them resorted to the river at different points below Battersea, or that portion of it which receives the drainage of the metropolis, and is consequently crowded with animal and vegetable matter, both living and dead, and thick with the mud stirred up by the passage to and fro of the penny steamers. The violent outcry made, however, by the Board of Health, induced two of these companies to carry their feed-pipes as high as Thames Ditton and Kew Bridge. Next year all the companies taking their supplies from the Thames will be compelled to go at least as high as Kingston, and to submit them to a process of filtration; but even at this point the river is in some degree sewage-tainted, and the chemically-combined portion of baser matter cannot be removed by any filter.

The impurities of the Thames are not all we have to deal with—its hardness must cost the Londoners hundreds of thousands a-year in the article of soap alone. The action upon lead is also marked; hence we find poisonous carbonates of that metal held in solution. Plumbers are well aware of this fact, and frequently meet with leaden cisterns deeply corroded. This corrosion may arise from either chemical or voltaic action. The junction of lead and solder, or iron, immersed in water impregnated with salts or acid of any kind, will cause erosion of the metal. A familiar instance of this is seen in the rapid manner in which iron railings rust away just where they are socketed in the stonework with lead. The presence of a piece of mortar on the lead of a cistern may even set up this action, and result in giving a whole family the colic.

The pumps of the metropolis are liable to even more contamination

nation than river-water, inasmuch as the soil surrounding them is saturated with the sewage of innumerable cesspools, and with that arising from the leakage of imperfect drains. Medical men entertained the opinion that the terrible outbreak of cholera in Broad Street, Golden Square, last year, arose from the fact that the people in the neighbourhood were in the habit of visiting a public pump which was proved to be foul with drain-water, and the handle of which was taken off to prevent further mischief. Some of these public pumps appear to yield excellent water—cold, clear, and palatable; but the presence of these qualities by no means proves that they are pure. The bright sparkling icy water issuing from the famous Aldgate pump, according to Mr. Simon, the city officer of health, owes its most prized qualities to the nitrates which have filtered into the well from the decaying animal matter in an adjoining churchyard.

The porter and stout of the metropolis have long been famous. The virtues of the latter drink are celebrated all over the world; and a Royal Duke, not many weeks ago, ascribed the great mortality among the Guards in the East to the want of their favourite beverage. No doubt, the pure liquor, as it comes from the great brewers, is wholesome and strengthening, but it no sooner gets into the possession of the publicans than, in a great majority of cases, the article is made up. A stranger would naturally suppose that the foaming tankard of Meux's entire which he quaffs at the 'Marquis of Granby' has an identical flavour with that at the 'Blue Boar,' where the same brewer's name shines resplendent on the house-front:—not a bit of it: one shall be smooth, pleasantly bitter, slightly acid, and beaded with a fine and persistent froth; the other, bitter with the bitterness of soot, salt, clammy, sweet, and frothing with a coarse and evanescent froth. The body of the liquor is undoubtedly the same, but the variations are all supplied by the publicans and sinners. We do not make *émutes*, as they are continually doing in Bavaria, on account of our beer, but we have strong feelings on a matter of such national importance; and the wicked ways of brewers and publicans have been made over and over again the subject of parliamentary inquiry. The reports of various committees prove that in times past porter and stout were doctored in the most ingenious manner, and so universally and unreservedly, that a trade sprang up termed brewers' druggists, whose whole business it was to supply to the manufacturers and retailers of the national beverage ingredients for its adulteration; nay, to such an extent did the taste for falsifying beer and porter extend, that one genius, light Jackson, wrote a handbook to show the brewers how to make

Beer

Beer *without any Malt or Hops at all!* Accum has preserved, in his now antique pages, some of the recipes in vogue in his day. The boldness with which our fathers went to work is amusing; for instance, Mr. Child, in his 'Practical Treatise on Brewing,' after having made his non-professional reader aghast by mentioning a score of pernicious articles to be used in beer, remarks in the mildest possible manner,—

'That, however much they may surprise—however pernicious or disagreeable they may appear, he has always found them requisite in the brewing of porter, and he thinks they must invariably be used by those who wish to continue the taste, flavour, and effervescence of the beer. And, though several acts of Parliament have been passed to prevent porter brewers from using many of them, yet the author can affirm, from experience, he could never produce the present flavoured porter without them. *The intoxicating qualities of porter are to be ascribed to the various drugs intermixed with it.* It is evident some porter is more heady than others, and it arises from the greater or less quantity of stupefying ingredients. Malt, to produce intoxication, must be used in such large quantities as would very much diminish, if not totally exclude, the brewer's profit.'

It is clear from this extract that Mr. Child considered the end of all successful brewing was to make people dead-drunk at the cheapest possible rate, regardless of consequences. Among the ingredients that Mr. Morris, another instructor in the art of brewing, tells us are requisite to produce a popular article are—*cocculus indicus* and beans, as intoxicators; *calamus aromaticus*, as a substitute for hops; quassia as a bitter; coriander-seeds to give flavour; capsicums, caraway-seeds, ginger, and grains of paradise, to give warmth; whilst oyster-shells are recommended to afford a touch of youth to old beer, and alum to give a 'smack of age' to new; and when it is desired to bring it more rapidly 'forward,' the presiding Hecate is told to drop sulphuric acid into her brew; by this means an imitation of the age of eighteen months was given in a few instants. Even the 'fine cauliflower head,' which is held to be the sign of excellence in stout, was—and, for all we know, still is—artificially made by mixing with the article a detestable compound called 'beer-headings,' composed of common green vitriol, alum, and salt, and sometimes by the simple addition of salts of steel. That these articles were commonly employed we have the evidence of the Excise department, which published a long list of such ingredients seized by them on the premises of brewers and brewers' druggists.* Many of these glaring adulterations are probably no

* It will be scarcely necessary to say that the great London brewers have never laid themselves open to the suspicion of having adulterated their liquor.

longer in general use, although, from the evidence given before a recent committee of the House of Commons, it is believed that sulphuric acid, salt of steel, sulphate of iron, and cocculus indicus are still resorted to by the smaller brewers, especially those living in the country—a belief very much strengthened by the very odd taste we sometimes find in ales and porters, and which is certainly not derived from malt and hops. The common method of adulterating the national liquor is by mixing water with it; this is done almost universally by the publican, and to a very extraordinary extent. A comparison between the percentage of alcohol to be found in a given number of samples of porter and stout, procured from what is termed brewers' taps or agents, with that existing in a similar number of samples purchased of publicans, proves this fact in a very convincing manner. Dr. Hassall informs us that with regard to the stouts

‘the alcohol—of specific gravity 796, temperature 60° Fahr.—contained in the former samples ranged from 7·15 per cent. the highest, to 4·53 the lowest; whereas that of the stouts procured from publicans varied, with one exception, from 4·87 per cent. to 3·25 per cent.’

The same difference of strength also existed between the various samples of porter procured from the two sources; the amount of alcohol in that obtained from the taps varying from 4·51 per cent. to 2·42 per cent., whereas that purchased of publicans ranged from 3·97 per cent. to 1·81 per cent. The mixture of water, of course, reduces the colour, to bring up which both burnt sugar and molasses are extensively used; and, in order that ‘the appetite may grow with what it feeds on,’ tobacco and salt are copiously added by the publican. Beer, porter, and stout, are also liable to be contaminated by the presence of lead. The universal use of pumping-machines, and the storing of the casks in the cellars, sometimes at a considerable distance from the bar, necessitates the use of long leaden pipes, in passing through which the liquid, if ‘stale’ or sour, oxidates a portion of the lead. This fact is so well known both to public and publican, that the first pot or two drawn in the morning is generally set aside, as, from having lain all night in the pipe, it is justly considered injurious. The liberality of the barmaid in thus sacrificing a portion of the liquor is more apparent than real. The reader has, perhaps, noticed that most public-house counters are fitted up with metal tops, in which gratings are inserted to drain off all the spilt liquor, drainings of glasses, heel-taps of pots, &c.; down these gratings goes ‘the first draught’ with its dose of oxide of lead. The receptacle below, which contains all this refuse, together with that at the bottoms of barrels, the publican either
returns

returns to the brewer, or empties it himself into half-filled casks.

The public were very needlessly alarmed some two or three years ago by a statement made by M. Payen, a celebrated French chemist, that strychnine was being made for England, where it was used in the manufacture of the bitter-beer of this country. This statement was copied by the 'Medical Times,' and from thence finding its way to Printing-house Square, became generally diffused, to the horror and discomfiture of pale-ale drinkers, and not without reason, when it is remembered that one-sixth of a grain of this poison has been known to prove fatal, and a very much smaller quantity, daily taken, to have the effect of inducing tetanic spasms, and of otherwise seriously injuring the nervous system. We are happy to be able to state that the lovers of Bass and Allsopp may quaff their tonic draught in future without any fear of such terrible results; the bitterness of pale-ale has been found, on analysis, to be entirely due to the extract of hops. Furthermore, this beverage, when selected from the stores of the brewers or their agents, has universally proved to be perfectly pure. We say, from the stores of the Burton brewers, or their agents, because there is no absolute certainty of procuring the article genuine from any other source. The label on the bottle is no sure guarantee, for used bottles, with their labels intact, are, in many instances, re-filled by publicans with an inferior article, and sold, of course, at the price of the real. We have good reason to believe that this trick is very often practised in a variety of instances, to the manifest injury of the public and brewers.

Wine is far too wide a subject to be treated here. The great mass of ports at a cheap and moderate price are made up, it is well known, of several kinds, and doctored according to cost. There is one compound, however, which particularly claims our attention, 'publicans' port.' We are all of us familiar with the announcement to be seen in the windows of such tradesmen, 'Fine old crusty port, 2s. 9d. a bottle;' and the extraordinary thing is, that upon opening the sample we often find that *it is* crusted, and that the cork is deeply stained. How can they afford to sell an article bearing the appearance of such age and quality at so low a price? The answer is simple: wine, crust, and stained cork are fabricated. There is a manufactory in London, where, by a chemical process, they get up bees'-wing to perfection, and deposit it in the bottles so as exactly to imitate the natural crust; here corks are also stained to assume any age that is required. The wine itself contains a very little inferior port, the rest being composed of cheap red French wine, brandy, and logwood as a colouring matter, if required. The port-wine sold over the bar at 3d.
a glass

a glass—and we are assured that this article is making its way in preference to gin in the low neighbourhoods, one gin-palace, to our knowledge, selling a butt a week over the counter—is an inferior article even to this, and its taste is quite sufficient to prove that only an infinitesimal portion of it ever came from Oporto.

London gin, under a hundred names, is notoriously a compound. Most people flatter themselves that its peculiar flavour is due to the admixture of sugar and juniper berries alone. It is, however, a much more elaborate concoction than the public imagine. Those accustomed to the unsweetened West Country gin think the London article only fit to drink when raw, and in many cases they are right; for the publican and inferior spirit-dealers, like milkmen, are great customers of the pump. It appears that some of the samples examined by the analyst contained only half as much alcohol as was present in others; and as the gin of commerce is never above proof, it follows that these specimens were scarcely as good as 'stiff' gin-and-water. So much for the pure spirit; now for the fancy-work or 'flavourings.' The quantity of sugar in the samples examined ranged from 3 oz. 4 drms. 23 grains, to 13 oz. 4 drms.; two of them contained oil of cinnamon, or, more probably, of cassia; seven contained Cayenne pepper, some of them in very large quantities; and most of the samples contained combined sulphates; whilst there is good authority for stating that sulphate of zinc, or white vitriol, is often used. The very 'beaded bubbles winking at the brim,' which are considered to be a proof of the strength of the article, are produced artificially. Mr. Mitchell, in his 'Handbook of Commerce,' states that this is done by adding a mixture compounded of alum, carbonate of potash, almond-oil, sulphuric acid, and spirits of wine. 'The earth hath bubbles as the water hath, and these are of them.' One would think that it would be to the interest of the trade to keep their illicit practices 'dark;' but the publican has his 'Handbook' to teach him how to adulterate spirit as well as beer. For instance, in a little work on Brewing and Distilling, written by a Mr. Shannon, the following recipe is given:—

' To reduce unsweetened Gin.

A tun of fine gin	252 gallons.
Water	36 "
Which added together makes	288 "
<i>The doctor is now put on, and it is further reduced with water</i>	
	19 "
Which gives	307 gallons.

' This

‘ This done, let one pound of alum be just covered with water, and dissolved by boiling; *rummage* the whole together, and pour in the alum, and the whole will be fine in a few days.’

We wonder that Mr. Gough, the great temperance advocate, never armed himself with one of these recipes, in order to convince people of the noxious liquids they are invited to drink under the most inviting names. In every quarter of the town we see gin-palaces seizing upon the corner houses of the streets, just as scrofula seizes upon the joints of the human frame, and through their ever open doors streams of squalid wretches are continually pouring in and out; could they be informed that they enter to gulp oil of vitriol, oil of turpentine, and sulphuric acid, among other acrid and deleterious compounds—that the tap of the publican spouts corroding fire, like that which leaped up from the wooden table at the command of Mephistopheles, in Auerbach’s cellar, they would feel inclined to exclaim with Siebald to the fiend:—

‘ What, Sir, how dare you practise thus
Your *hocus-pocus* upon us?’

Gin, it appears, is almost exclusively doctored in this highly deleterious manner, although all spirits are open to sophistication, but especially brandy, which, on account of its price, pays well for the trouble. Mr. Shannon, deeply versed in the ‘art and mystery’ of the trade of the publican, informs us that brandy should be ‘made up’ for ‘retail’ by the addition of 10 per cent. of flavoured raisin wine, a little of the tincture of grains of paradise, cherry-laurel water, and spirit of almond-cake: ‘add also 10 handfuls of oak sawdust, and give it *complexion* with burnt sugar.’

If we can give the dram-drinker little comfort, we can at least reassure the smoker. ‘Everybody says’ that common cigars are made out of cabbages, and tobacco has always been suspected of containing many adulterations. These charges have been made however at random, and the result of chemical analysis and examinations by the microscope has proved that this article of daily consumption is remarkably pure. The carefully-searching microscope of Dr. Hassall has not succeeded in finding any other than the genuine leaf among forty samples of manufactured tobacco, neither were there any sophistications discovered, with the exceptions of salt, sugar, and water. An inquiry into the specimens of the rolled and twisted article was equally consoling to the maker and chewer; now and then, it is true, the Excise officers make seizures in the warehouses of the tobacco manufacturers, of dock, rhubarb, coltsfoot, and other leaves, but to a very insignificant extent, considering the value of the article and the heavy duty upon it.

He

He who, like Byron, prefers the naked beauties of the leaf in the shape of a cigar, will be equally gratified to hear that such a thing as adulteration scarcely exists in this form of tobacco—at least, not when purchased in the shops. Even if we descend to a penny ‘Pickwick,’ we find nothing in it but the pure leaf. Out of fifty-seven samples examined, only one was sophisticated, and that, apparently from its contents, by accident. The only adulterated samples discovered at all, were exactly where we might have expected to have found them, in the possession of a hawker at Whitechapel. These, on examination, turned out to be made up of two twisted wrappers or layers of thin paper, tinted of a bistre colour, while the interior consisted entirely of hay, not a particle of tobacco entering into their composition. The second example of a spurious cigar was purchased at a review at Hyde Park. It consisted externally of tobacco-leaf, but was made internally of hay. Our readers are familiar enough with the fellows who vend these fraudulent articles, made to sell and not to smoke; they are generally to be found at fairs and races, or any crowded place in the open air, where they can escape speedily from their victimized customers. There is a class of men who make a very good livelihood in the metropolis by perambulating the streets and looking out for ingenuous youths. Towards such they furtively approach, and, like the tempter of old, whisper in their ear of forbidden fruit. The unwary are constantly taken in by one of these serpents, in the shape of a sailor straight from the docks, who intimates, in a hurried manner, that, if we wanted any ‘smuggled cigars,’ he has just a box to sell cheap round the corner. In general these worthies need not fear the exciseman, as the article they have to sell does not come under the name of tobacco at all.

If, however, cigars are not open to the charge of being adulterated, they are the subject of innumerable frauds, inasmuch as those of English manufacture are passed off as foreign ones. Thus the so-called Bengal cheroots are *all* home-made imitations of Chinsurah cheroots. In order to pass them off as the genuine article they are sold in boxes, branded and labelled in exact imitation of those sent from India. It may be asked why such cigars, if made out of the tobacco leaf, are not as good as those of Eastern or Spanish manufacture? The real reason is, that the tobacco loses much of its fine flavour and aroma by packing and keeping; otherwise the English cigar would be equal to any other. The old impression that the Manilla cheroot is impregnated with opium would not appear to be correct from the investigations of Dr. Hassall, who has failed to discover that narcotic in any of the specimens which he tested for it.

We

We have to mention one preparation of tobacco of which we cannot speak quite so favourably as of the others. Snuff is, we are sorry to say, vilely adulterated, and some kinds poisonously. The law allows the use of salt and water and lime-water in its manufacture, a privilege which the snuff-makers take advantage of to increase its weight, all moist snuffs averaging full twenty-five per cent. of water. If these were the only adulterations to the titillating powder, no harm would be done; but we have positive evidence afforded us in the report of the 'Lancet' Commission, that, in addition to ferruginous earths, such as red and yellow ochre, no less than three poisonous preparations are also introduced into it—chromate of lead, red-lead, and bi-chromate of potash! When a man taps his snuff-box, and takes out a pinch, he little dreams that he is introducing an enemy into his system, which in the long-run might master his nerves and produce paralysis; nevertheless it is an undoubted fact. Many persons have been deprived of the use of their limbs through a persistence in taking snuff adulterated with lead in less proportions than that found in the samples examined by Dr. Hassall. Bi-chromate of potash is a still more deadly poison. M. Duchâtel of Paris found that dogs were destroyed by doses of from one twenty-fifth of a grain to one five-hundredth of a grain. We have heard of inveterate snuffers keeping this comfort open in their waistcoat pockets, and helping themselves by fingers'-full at a time; if their snuff contained anything like the proportion of deleterious ingredients now to be found in the same article, 'dropped hands' and colic would soon have cured them of this dirty and disagreeable habit.

It is not our purpose to follow further the trail which Accum and others, and more lately and particularly Dr. Hassall, have discovered for us; before closing the pages of the latter gentleman's report, however, from which we have drawn so largely, we cannot avoid stating that the community is under the greatest obligation to both himself and the editor of the 'Lancet'—to the one for the energy with which he pursued his subject, and to the other for his singular boldness in rendering himself liable for the many actions which the publication of the names of evil-doers was likely to bring upon his journal, a liability which Dr. Hassall has since taken upon himself by the reprint of the report under his own name. This report is, in fact, as far as it goes, a handbook to the honest and fraudulent food-dealers in the metropolis; and every man who values wholesome aliment, and thinks it a duty to society to support the honest tradesman in preference to the rogue, should procure it as a valuable work of reference. We have not followed the author into personalities,

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as no further purpose could be served by so doing ; but we have shown enough to convince the public that the grossest fraud reigns throughout the British public commissariat. Like a set of monkeys, every man's hand is seen in his neighbour's dish. The baker takes in the grocer, the grocer defrauds the publican, the publican 'does' the pickle manufacturer, and the pickle-maker fleeces and poisons all the rest.

It remains to be seen whether the Government is able and willing to take steps to stay this gigantic evil and national dishonour. Mr. Scholefield has, we see, given notice of a motion for the appointment of a committee of inquiry into this long-standing and organized system of public robbery ; and we trust he will obtain that support his motion deserves. As guardian of the revenue, the Government is deeply interested in this question, independently of the view it must take of its moral aspect, for the Excise is without doubt cheated to the extent of hundreds of thousands a year by the same unlawful practices which demoralise a large portion of the community, and defraud and deceive the remainder.

ART. VI.—1. *La Vérité sur l'Empereur Nicolas, Histoire intime de sa Vie et de son Règne.* Par un Russe. Paris, 1854.

2. *Le Tzar Nicolas et la Sainte Russie.* Par Ach. Gallet de Kulture. Paris, 1855.

'THE Emperor Nicholas died to-day at twenty minutes past noon.' Such is the news which the electric telegraph conveyed on the 2nd of March to all the capitals of Europe. Arriving suddenly, and without any explanation relative to the disease which preceded his death, the intelligence gave rise to the inevitable suspicions which were suggested by the fate of several of the predecessors of the Czar. But it soon became known that the proud and powerful autocrat who was removed at such a critical moment had in truth died, like a common citizen, of a neglected cold. It would be at present impossible to delineate in its full proportions the life of a sovereign whose reign has been filled with such important events ; but we may sketch the general features of his character, and record such details of his last moments as we have reason to believe authentic.

A multitude of works have appeared since the outbreak of the war on both the Czar and his kingdom ; but, with few exceptions, they have been the productions of extravagant panegyrists, angry detractors, or hasty and ignorant compilers.

Nothing

Nothing is gained either among nations or individuals by calumniating those with whom we chance to be at enmity; and there is as little wisdom in assuming that there is only a single system in politics—our own—which can give stability to a government. The Emperor Nicholas himself fell into the mistake. After the events of 1848, which had shaken or overturned all the other thrones of the Continent, he falsely imagined that a military despotism could alone be fixed on an immoveable basis; and seeing himself the autocrat of a boundless empire, he imagined he could be equally the arbiter of Europe. From the intoxicating pride which was engendered on this occasion—the belief in the weakness of surrounding nations, and in the might of Russia—it is probable that the projects proceeded which have resulted in putting his dreams to the test of war. On the other hand, we should have avoided at least some of our difficulties if we had despised less that autocratic rule, which, sacrificing everything to a single end—the support of military power—is found armed at every point against the attacks of nations who erroneously thought that they could organize armies in a day.

The Emperor Nicholas, who was nineteen years younger than his brother, Alexander I., was born on the 6th of July, 1796. On the 13th of July, 1817, he married the Princess Louise Charlotte, daughter of Frederic William III. of Prussia, and sister of the present king. According to the Russian usage, she changed her name on her marriage, and took that of Alexandra Feodorowna. On the 29th of April, in the following year, she gave birth to the Prince, who, under the name of Alexander II., has just ascended the throne. Her accouchement was not without danger; and the Emperor Nicholas, then Grand Duke, wrote a letter on the occasion to Augustin, the metropolitan bishop of Moscow, in which the joy of the happy father, and of the husband relieved from apprehension, are beautifully allied with the liveliest sentiments of religion:—

‘Most Holy Prelate,—I have seen with the fear of a weak mortal, but with the hope of a faithful Christian, the most decisive moment of my life approach. Uncertain of what Providence had reserved for me, I had strengthened my soul by a religious vow, and I awaited with resignation the will of God.

‘It has pleased Divine Providence to make me taste the happiness of being a father; He has deigned to preserve both the mother and the son. The expression of gratitude, which is not necessary to Him who searches the heart, becomes indispensable for a heart which is penetrated with it.

‘The vow, which I shall be eager to fulfil, is to erect a chapel to the honour of Alexander Newski in the Church of the New Jerusalem. It

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is the humble offering of a happy father, who confides to the Almighty his most precious good, the destiny of his wife and of his son.

‘Your Eminence will be my aid and my guide in the accomplishment of a vow so dear to my heart. May fervent prayers for the mother and the son be addressed to Heaven at the foot of that altar raised by the gratitude of a father! May the Almighty prolong their days for the happiness and service of the Sovereign, for the honour and good of their country!’

The princess who inspired him with such tender fears never ceased to exercise a salutary influence. Although his attentions are said to have been profusely bestowed upon other women, the esteem and admiration of the husband remained her undivided possession. On all occasions of importance their affection was conspicuous. When the military insurrection broke out in St. Petersburg, after the death of Alexander, the new Czar repaired with his wife to the chapel of the palace before putting himself at the head of the regiment of Horse Guards to give battle to the insurgents in Isaac-square, and joined in prayer with her for the safety of the empire. While the engagement lasted, the Empress, who could hear the incessant discharges of cannon, remained prostrate, imploring heaven for the preservation of her husband, who, when victory had declared itself, returned to throw himself into her arms and offer up thanks with her on his knees for his complete success. This desire to be together in trying conjunctures, which is one of the most certain signs of attachment, was manifested anew during the last two years. In spite of a disease of the lungs, which for several seasons past has forced her to exchange the rigorous winter of St. Petersburg for some milder climate, the Empress would not leave her husband alone in his trials, and to this affectionate resolve he owed the consolation of having by his death-bed the companion of his life. In former days, when she was absent for her health, the Emperor has posted through Europe to surprise her in her winter quarters. Ten years ago she had a country-house at the gates of Palermo, and the door of her chamber being opened one morning with an unusual noise, the Czar entered, having travelled incognito from Russia for the mere gratification of the interview. We recall these circumstances because it has latterly been supposed that the despot whose will was law, and who, out of the millions of his subjects, made every man tremble against whom he turned his indignation, was a sort of ogre in his household whom no one approached without trepidation. Not only was he affectionate to his family, but he was a kind master to his domestics, who were, it is needless to add, warmly attached to him. Loving theatrical trappings

and pomp in public, where his principal aim was to produce an effect, his private habits were simple and primitive.

Ambition and vanity apart, the life of an autocrat, who is master of a great empire, and who is obliged to communicate motion to the complicated machine of the state by the activity of his mind and the energy of his will, is immensely more laborious than that of a constitutional prince who governs through his ministers. It is difficult, indeed, to comprehend how any man can endure, whatever may be his physical, moral, and intellectual powers, the excess of labour which, in Russia, devolves upon the sovereign. At once the dictator and sole responsible agent throughout the whole extent of his empire, the Emperor Nicholas was continually in motion. He was incessantly compelled to visit the remotest points of his dominions to inspect his armies, his fleets, and his fortresses; to cause roads to be made or canals to be cut; and to ascertain if the orders he had given were executed—a thing very difficult to secure in a country where official corruption and venality are all but universal. Nearly every one tries to gain the imperial favour by false demonstrations of probity and zeal, and every one tries equally to derive the utmost possible advantage from his post. The Czar was determined to play his overwhelming part with high distinction, according to the national idea, which dates at least from Peter the Great, and perhaps beyond; and the events of his reign bear testimony to his grasping ambition and untiring activity. The war with Persia in 1826, and with Turkey in 1828, advanced the southward frontiers of the empire, and added large provinces in Asia to his overgrown states. The conflict with Poland in 1831 strengthened his authority at home, which, for a short period, had been shaken; while the recent occupation of Hungary was designed to re-establish in Germany the ascendant which he had momentarily lost by the commotions of 1848. The diplomatist-in-chief of his country, as well as the organizer and supreme director of its enormous armies, he never ceased, during the thirty years of his reign, at every revolution which agitated Europe, to maintain the cause of legitimacy. For eighteen years he carried on with Louis Philippe a noiseless but incessant struggle, which in some shape or other would have broken out into action if the good sense of the other Governments of Europe had not put a bridle upon this giant of the north. It is but too well known with what infinite art Muscovite diplomacy, assuming all masks and taking all tones, has succeeded in paralysing during the present crisis a great part of Germany, and in arresting hitherto the motions of Austria, always announced and always delayed. Though this restless interference and wily tact may be national, it was personified in
Nicholas,

Nicholas, who, with unwearied tenacity, and prodigious activity, directed the moves and dictated the despatches.

The same strong will made itself felt in every department of the government. It is to Nicholas that Russia owes the code of her laws, which appeared in 1832 in fifteen volumes, 4to., and was enlarged by a supplement of sixteen volumes in 1851. Notwithstanding its faults, and the irremediable defect inherent in the constitution of the country, which makes all law subordinate to the will of the Czar, it is a vast boon to a people who were previously only possessed of a few rude enactments, and a sort of preamble, digested by Catherine with the aid of the most distinguished of the French encyclopædists, Voltaire, Diderot, and D'Alembert, who cried it up throughout Europe as a marvel, while it was scarcely mentioned in Russia.

To add to the material prosperity of his dominions was another constant object of the Emperor's care. To enlarge his fleets, to multiply his ports and means of maritime commerce, to improve the communication between every portion of his states, to establish railroads and the rapid conveyance of intelligence, insomuch that our news from the Crimea has always come to us more quickly through St. Petersburg than by the direct route; to secure new outlets for Russian products by treaties with China, the Mahomedan powers of Asia, the states of Germany, and even with America,—such are a part, and only a part, of the results which Nicholas secured. If we consider that while he was carrying on these vast and varied schemes he had to apply himself unceasingly to preserve the balance between the two great parties of the empire—the old Russian and the German; that it was to him the peasants and serfs resorted to get their wrongs redressed;* that it was he who nominated to all civil and military functions throughout the entire extent of his territories; that to him alone the Russian nobles had to address themselves to obtain a foreign passport, of which he himself determined the duration; that it was he who settled the manner in which a poor prisoner was to be conducted to Siberia, and who sometimes (it is said) had the severity to add with his own hand to a sentence of transportation the words *on foot*; that when he applied himself to the question of public instruction, he went so far as to regulate the length of the rod with which the children were to be chastised,—when we recollect that he who descended to these and a thousand other minutæ in the cabinet, passed a considerable portion of his day abroad reviewing his soldiers; that he was always the

* It is they who, in consequence, have given him the name of *Gadusar*, or Great Judge.

first on the spot if a fire of any importance broke out; that he used to be seen in winter in the streets of St. Petersburg superintending the breaking of the long pendent icicles which, to the great danger of the passers-by, are frequently detached from the roofs; when we contemplate the immensity of these multifarious occupations, it is impossible not to feel a sort of vertigo at the frightful ambition which condemns an emperor of Russia to greater fatigue than is imposed in any country in the world upon the worst convict who expiates his crimes by bodily toil.

Yet all we have enumerated was not sufficient to exhaust a diligence so absorbing. Unlike his brother Constantine, who used to say that *learning to read made people stupid*, Nicholas had applied himself with perseverance and success to the cultivation of his mind. He was possessed of various information, and had read much. Music, mathematics, and military architecture had been his favourite studies, and he had even paid attention to theology, a pursuit which was not without its political use to a sovereign who was the lay pontiff of his country. He is said to have assisted the Russian poet Nestor Koukolnik in the composition of some of his pieces, and to have condescended to aid in the construction of ballets. It is at least certain that he was passionately fond of dramatic entertainments, and constantly made his appearance behind the scenes. The Comte de Villemar, a French Legitimist who has lately published some particulars respecting the Czar, relates an anecdote connected with his theatrical propensities which affords a lively illustration of one of the foibles of his character.

‘The frequenters of the Vaudeville at Paris, when it was in the Rue de Chartres, can doubtless still remember an actress remarkable for her corpulency, her animation, and her piquancy—Madame Bras, who left Paris to seek her fortune in Russia, where she was well received, particularly by the royal family. The Emperor Nicholas I. was fond of visiting the actors in the green-room during the play, and used to thee-and-thou the women. On entering one evening the women’s green-room, he found Madame Bras alone. A slight malicious smile as he entered played over her lips. The Emperor remarked it, and said, “Bras, what made thee laugh on my coming in?” “A feminine folly, Sire,” she replied, “which passed through my mind, and which I beseech your Majesty to excuse me from communicating, though I protest there was nothing in it to offend your Majesty, whom I respect as I ought.” “I believe it,” replied the Emperor, with his usual dignity, “which is the reason why I want to know the cause of your laugh.” “Sire,” answered Madame Bras, “since you order it I will confess that, as I saw your Majesty come in, I could not help saying to myself that your person is devilishly well adapted to your line of characters” (*qu’elle a diablement le physique de son emploi*). Though
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the compliment savoured a little of the vulgar player, it infinitely flattered the Emperor, who laughed at it with the affability which was habitual to him when conversing with the French actresses; and on the following day he sent a beautiful pair of diamond bracelets to the vivacious truant from the theatre of the Rue de Chartres.'

It may readily be imagined that the man who attached such importance to the effect produced by his physical advantages in the eyes of spectators must have thought still more of the opinion entertained of his power, his character, and the resources of his mind. Accordingly it is stated that he had formed a collection of all the works and pamphlets, and even of the numberless newspaper articles published in all languages, in every quarter of the globe, in which he was spoken of either favourably or the reverse. This curious collection consisted at his death of several hundreds of volumes and portfolios. The princes of the Medici family, who reigned for near two centuries in Tuscany, had the same habit. They used every method, including even assassination, to get possession of manuscript works in which their history was traced; and though the narrative was rarely favourable to them, the whole collection was religiously preserved in their secret archives, where it may be seen at this day. Among them is a packet sealed with the seal of Cardinal Hippolytus de' Medici, nephew of Leo X., and the tasteful translator of the second book of Virgil's '*Æneid*,' and bearing this endorsement in his own handwriting,—'Beard torn by me from the muzzle of that dog of a traitor Jean Luc Orsino in the Pope's ante-chamber.' All Tartars are not born in the north of Asia. Among the numerous recorded anecdotes of the violence of temper displayed by the Emperor Nicholas there is nothing to equal this.

Endowed with such rare qualities, the late Czar must be admitted to have been an extraordinary man. But in spite of all that his followers could say or do to satiate his extravagant vanity, and gratify the boundless pride which possessed him in the latter years of his life, posterity will never place him among the great men to whom they were pleased to compare him. Enthusiast as he was for everything connected with material grandeur, moral grandeur, without which there can be no true greatness, was almost entirely wanting in him. He was able, like Gengis Khan or Attila, to set millions of soldiers in motion; he was able to show to astonished Europe Russia bristling with a girdle of cannon, from Sebastopol to Archangel, and from Cronstadt to Kamtchatka; he was able, in his far-reaching musings on the destinies of his race, to imagine, as so many other ambitious men had done before him, that he was predestined to become the conqueror

queror of the world. He probably pictured in his wild and measureless dreams of dominion the grandeur of all the nations of Slavonic origin united under a single government; but he only prepared himself for his mighty mission by military despotism; and the sole means of action he contemplated were force and fraud. As to the liberty and dignity of man, as to those elevated sentiments of heart and mind which ennoble human nature, he not only neglected to cultivate them among his people, but opposed them throughout his life by the most violent and merciless means. Every religious denomination was proscribed except his own, and the Bible was rigorously banished his dominions. To close Russia against all liberal ideas, no matter how moderate, to prevent the faintest discussion and criticism of the acts of authority, to bear down all resistance, and subjugate and mould sixty millions of men until the harshest military despotism should appear a natural and almost an indispensable thing, to substitute his own will for Right, and, as a necessary consequence, to think himself infallible—these were the principles which filled his mind as his blood did his veins, and made the very pulse of his life. By the exercise of a power so unlimited a man runs the risk of becoming mad with pride, but can never be great or good. His system resolves itself into a species of deification of himself, and of an insulting opinion of the rest of mankind. If the theory itself was flagrantly false, he who cherished and acted upon it could be little better than a huge delusion.

But while we utterly condemn the policy of the Czar in seeking only the material grandeur of Russia to the entire exclusion of her moral and intellectual development, we cannot admit, what some writers have asserted, or insinuated, that he did any great violence to the feelings of the bulk of his people. When the pretended republicans of St. Petersburg rose in insurrection in 1825 against their new emperor, their cry was not for liberty, but ‘Long live Constantine!’—that is to say, long live the most furious Tartar that ever issued from the forests of Scythia. If we investigate closely the sentiments even of the Russians who have been civilised by long intercourse with the Western nations, they will be found, with few exceptions, imbued with the Imperial belief that all the tribes of Slavonic race are to be united under Muscovite rule, and to effect the conquest of the world. The nation, almost to a man, are firm, we may say fanatical, believers in this destiny. But with them, as with the Emperor, it is a military ascendancy, a triumph of the sword, that is meant, and not a moral ascendancy, of which very few among them have any idea. In truth it is difficult in a country like ours to comprehend the extent

extent of the subserviency to the Czar. M. de Kulture, after speaking of the gallantry of Nicholas, and naming several of the ladies to whom he is reported to have addressed—we do not know whether to say his homage or his orders—continues thus:—

“And does the Czar never experience resistance in the object of his caprice herself?” asked I of the lady, who was amiable, witty, and virtuous, as far as it is possible to be so in Russia, and who gave me those details.

“Never,” . . . she answered, with an expression of the greatest surprise. “How could it be possible?”

“But take care,” said I, “lest your answer authorize me to turn the question against yourself.”

“The solution would be less embarrassing than you think. I would say the same as everybody else. *Besides, my husband would never pardon me if I refused.*”

We leave to M. de Kulture the responsibility of this conversation, but it is in direct refutation of his doctrine that the Russian people detest the despotism of the Czars, that they are anxious for progress, and that the Emperor Nicholas forced on the present war to escape an impending revolution at home.*

It was well known to many that the Czar had latterly grown old in look, that his once erect and martial stature betrayed a stoop, and that his proud countenance, in spite of every effort at concealment, sometimes bore the traces of restlessness and care. This was the tribute paid by human nature, less to advancing age than to the constant abuse, by this imperial Hercules, of his physical and intellectual powers. Above all, it was due to the

* The Emperor Nicholas has often been reproached with that alliance of mysticism with politics which frequently seems to take the form of the most consummate hypocrisy. But this is another of the qualities which belong to him in common with his subjects. The same amalgamation is found generally among the Slavonic nations, even with those who, like the Poles, are opposed to the government of the Czar. Every one acquainted with Slavonic literature knows the name and writings of Mickiewicz, the national poet of Poland, who was proscribed by the Russian government, and who settled in Paris. In 1846 M. Cousin, then Minister of Public Instruction, established in the Collège de France a professorship of Slavonic literature for the express purpose of appointing him to it. Mickiewicz, whose object was Polish propagandism, wished to give a religious sanction to his political designs, and he determined to make his lectures conducive to this double end. These *ex cathedra* politico-religious doctrines assumed the most fantastic forms. Canticles were sung at the Collège de France. His auditors—ladies as well as gentlemen—made at particular times the sign of the cross, and falling on their knees embraced one another. M. Guizot, who was then Prime Minister, requested Mickiewicz to call on him, in the hope of persuading him to give up these mummeries. But the Slavonic Professor was much scandalized at the suggestion, and, after having expounded summarily the foundations of his new religion, which was to effect the enfranchisement of all the Slavonic nations, he concluded by stating that the only thing wanting to insure success was a rather respectable Messiah—a dignity which he eagerly pressed upon M. Guizot.

intolerable

intolerable labours imposed upon him by the conflict with the most powerful nations of Europe; and the prostration was the greater that he was not supported by success. In war, as well as in diplomacy, at Inkermann as at Vienna, his reputation for invincibility and infallibility had received a serious shock. He was subject both to gout and bilious attacks—the latter a disease which is almost inseparable from violent temperaments—and these were almost invariably renewed at each reverse he experienced and every obstacle he encountered. They were the more formidable that he rather treated sickness as a serf who was forced to bend to his will, than as a master to be managed with address. A narrative which Dr. Mandt gave orally at Breslau, in 1852, and which we print from the report of a person who heard it, throws no little light upon the disposition of the Emperor, the wretched alarm in which autocrats live whose despotism can only be limited by assassination, upon the violence of temper and brutality of manners engendered by servile obedience, and the agreeable position in which those are placed who wait upon men who are ready to revenge upon their officials the inevitable operation of the laws of nature.

‘The constitution of the Emperor is excellent, but, as he treats it like an enemy, and in spite of his age does not deny himself any excess, he often shakes this magnificent edifice. At the period of which I am speaking he suffered from an obstinate indisposition, of which the cause remained unknown. My enemies, my friends, and, above all, my brother physicians, took advantage of this to charge me first with want of foresight, then with ignorance, and ultimately with poisoning.* At that critical juncture I was summoned by the Grand Duchess Helen, who received me with a countenance at once cold and stern. She inquired how the Emperor was, and, without waiting for an answer, added that she was forewarned, and would abandon that august health neither to ignorance, if there were ignorance, nor to treason, if there were treason! She then motioned to me to retire. On reaching home I was summoned to wait upon her husband, the Grand Duke Michael; his agitation was extreme, and he rushed towards me. I remained motionless, and instead of strangling me, as I expected, he contented himself with putting his fist in my face, exclaiming “Traitor!” I respectfully begged that he would give me the means of repelling an odious accusation by acquainting me with the error which had suggested it. “You act the virtuous man!” he exclaimed; “you play the philosopher, the stoic, but I will not suffer myself to be deceived by this jugglery. The health of the Emperor is in your hands; you are answerable to me for it with your life. On

* Dr. Mandt stated that his foreign birth, his Prussian education, and his supposed liberal ideas had made him many enemies.

the day of that precious health being endangered, your learned head would only adhere to your shoulders by a thread. Not a word, Sir; understand, and go!" and I withdrew, pursued by his threats. In my absence the Emperor had sent for me. I found him alone, stretched upon an easy-chair, his lion-like head weighed down by suffering, his colour leaden, his air gloomy. He cast on me a penetrating glance, and, after some minutes of a chilling silence, inquired how I found him. I felt his pulse, which was strong and agitated; his tongue was bad, his general state alarming. "Well, Sir?" said the Emperor; he always used to call me by my name, and this alteration boded no good. "Sire, your Majesty has oppression and fever; it will be necessary to take an emetic." At the word emetic the Emperor raised his head abruptly—"An emetic! you never prescribed one to me before." * I went into the laboratory adjoining his study, and soon after returned with the dose; it was not long before it acted, but I was not satisfied with the result. Another emetic appeared to me necessary, and, after it had taken effect, the Emperor raised his pallid countenance, and said to me, in a tone of suppressed wrath, "Is that all?" "No, Sire, for I must have bile." "That is to say, you must have my bowels. Be it so; but remember this—I *will* have" (and he pronounced the word *will* in a manner to give it a threatening meaning) "*I will have this one produce an effect.*" Fully sensible of the danger and responsibility, I, at all risks, trebled the dose; the vomiting was instantaneous and complete. He inquired whether I was satisfied. "Your Majesty is completely out of danger," answered I, and we parted. On the following day I found the Emperor standing up, and strong. "Do you know, Mandt," said he, "that yesterday, while you were administering the medicine to me, I believed I was poisoned?" "I knew it, Sire!" "You knew it,—and you had the courage to advise me to take an emetic!" "The state of your Majesty required it." "But if it had operated ill, what would your enemies have said? for you have enemies, and they are numerous." "They would have asserted subsequently what they insinuated previously,—they would have called me Mandt the Poisoner." "And that thought did not stop you?" and here he held out his hand to me.

In spite of the rigours of the winter, which was almost insupportable at St. Petersburg, the Emperor Nicholas did not cease to brave the inclemencies of weather, to review the troops, to go on the ice to inspect the fortifications of Cronstadt, in a word to develop every means of resistance to an attack which grew increasingly formidable. Amidst the tempest which he had raised he sacrificed to the exigencies of war the family affections

* The rumour that he was poisoned had reached the Emperor, and, when Dr. Mandt suggested the remedy which would have been used in such a case, it gave a colour to the suspicion. The Czar, being privy, perhaps, to the threats that had been uttered by the Grand Duke Michael, may have inferred that the physician, after committing or conniving at the crime, was eager to save his master, that he might save himself.

to which he was always so sensible, and for the second time sent his two younger sons to Sebastopol—the Grand Duke Nicholas and the Grand Duke Michael. His second son, the Grand Duke Constantine, whose vigorous character is reflected in the varying lines of his expressive countenance, was sent across the snows to act at points nearer home as the energetic interpreter of the Imperial will. The Grand Duke Alexander alone remained at the side of his father, who for several years had been instructing him in the management of affairs. The mild and regular features of the reigning Czar appear to indicate a character less imperious and inflexible than his father's; but his language has not, since he ascended the throne, been in keeping with his physiognomy. He married in 1841 the Princess Maria, daughter of the Grand Duke of Hesse Darmstadt. Her solid and reflective character left an impression of coldness and reserve on the Imperial family, whose sentiments of affection are very strong and expansive. 'We will love her so much,' said the Empress when the Czar complained of this chilliness of manner, 'that we shall force her to love us.' The charming prophecy was realized, and Nicholas ended by adoring his daughter-in-law. He was usually present at the meals of his grandchildren, and on review-days he used to show the two eldest with pride to the Imperial Guard, dressed, one as a grenadier of the regiment of Pawlowski, and the other as a grenadier of the regiment of Preobajenski.

Notwithstanding the ravages of the influenza at St. Petersburg, none of the Imperial family were attacked until the Emperor Nicholas showed symptoms, on the 14th of February, of the prevailing disease. His physicians wished him to abandon his out-of-door labours; but he paid no attention to the recommendation. To all remonstrances he merely answered that he had something else to do than to take care of himself. For more than a year past, however, he had manifested occasional uneasiness on the subject, remarking that he had attained, and even passed, the number of years which God grants to those of his race, and that his end was not far distant. He particularly demanded to be subjected to a regimen which might preserve him from corpulency, of which he had a singular dread. About the 18th of February, Dr. Mandt, who had not hitherto felt any serious alarm, thought that a second physician should be summoned. The Emperor treated the request with levity, but consented that his physician in ordinary, Dr. Karell, should be consulted. On the 19th of February, by Dr. Mandt's order, the Emperor kept his bed. The Empress was also confined to her room; and as her apartment and that of her husband were on different floors, the august invalids had no direct communication.

munication. The state of the Emperor grew daily worse; he no longer slept; his cough was incessant, but still repose was intolerable to him. A review of a corps of infantry of the Guard, which was about to proceed to Lithuania, had for some time been announced; in spite of the most intense frost he declared his resolution of holding the review on the 22nd. 'Sire,' said one of his physicians, 'there is not in the whole army a military surgeon who would permit a common soldier to quit the hospital in the state in which you are, for he would be sure that his patient would re-enter it still worse.' 'Tis well, gentlemen,' answered the Emperor; 'you have done your duty, now I am going to do mine;' and upon this he entered the sledge. In passing along the ranks of his soldiers his air of suffering and continual cough betrayed his condition. On his return he said, 'I am bathed in perspiration.' Before going home he called upon Prince Dolgorouki, the Minister of War, who was ill, and, more prudent for him than for himself, he urged him not to go out too soon. He passed the evening with the Empress, but complained of cold and kept on his cloak.

The imprudence of the Emperor brought on a severe relapse, and from that time he remained in his little working cabinet, whence for some days he continued to issue orders respecting the defence of Sebastopol, and the other emergencies which arose. His uneasiness and depression were much increased by the unsuccessful attack of Russia against the Turks at Eupatoria; and on the 1st of March his powerful intellect was shaken and some delirium was observed.

When hope seemed to be at an end the Empress, who had quitted her own apartment to attend upon him, prevailed on herself, by a violent effort, to propose to her husband to receive the Sacraments. At the beginning of Lent he commenced the religious exercises of the season, and from Monday to Thursday inclusive had daily been present at divine service. Yet, notwithstanding his weakness, he would not sit down, although requested to do so by the Archpriest Bajanoff. Advancing disease compelled him to suspend his attendance. The Empress availed herself of this circumstance. 'Since,' she said, 'you have been unable to complete your religious duties during the past week, and to receive the Sacraments, would you not do so now? Although the state of your health presents no danger, yet many examples show us the consolation which God sends to the sick through the Holy Communion.' 'No,' he replied, 'I cannot approach so great a mystery in bed and undressed. It will be better when I can do it in a suitable manner.' The Empress said nothing, but he soon remarked that she was in tears. 'Do you weep?'

weep?' said he. She answered that she did not. A few minutes afterwards she commenced repeating the Lord's Prayer in a low voice. On her uttering the words, 'Thy Will be done on earth as it is in heaven,' the Czar exclaimed, 'For ever, for ever, for ever.' 'Why,' he added, 'do you pray?' 'I pray,' she responded, 'for the recovery of your health.' 'Am I then in danger?' 'No,' was her reply; for she had not the courage to speak the truth. 'You are much agitated and fatigued,' remarked the Emperor, 'go and take some rest.' The Empress then retired.

About three o'clock in the morning the Emperor addressed Dr. Mandt in these terms: 'Tell me candidly what my disease is; you know that I have always enjoined you to forewarn me in time if I fell seriously ill, in order that I might not neglect the duties of a Christian.' 'I cannot conceal from your Majesty,' said the physician, 'that the disease is becoming serious; the right lung is attacked.' On this the Emperor asked, 'Do you mean to say that it is threatened with paralysis?' The doctor replied, 'If the disease do not yield to our efforts, such may indeed be the result, but we do not yet observe it, and we still have hopes of seeing you restored.' 'Ah,' said the Emperor, 'now I comprehend my state; now I know what I have to do.'

The Emperor dismissed his physician and summoned the hereditary Prince. He calmly imparted to him his hopeless condition, adding, 'I trust you have not yet said, and will not say, anything to your mother. Send for my confessor.' The Archpriest Bajanoff was already in the Palace. The Empress entered at the same moment, and, when the archbishop began the prayers which precede confession, the Emperor gave his blessing to her and his son, who was kneeling by his bedside, and they then withdrew.

The confession completed, the Emperor made the sign of the Cross and said, 'I pray the Lord to receive me into his bosom.' According to his desire, the communion was administered to him in presence of the Empress and the Czarowitch, and he received it in the full possession of his consciousness, with pious compunction and perfect resignation. Having recited the whole *Credo* with tolerable firmness of voice, he next sent for the Czarevna, the Grand Duke Constantine Nicolaïewitch, the Grand Duchesses Alexandra-Josephowna, Marie-Nicolaïewna, Helene-Pavlovna, and his grandchildren, all of whom were sitting in the adjoining apartments. He announced to them with firmness his approaching end, took a separate leave of each, and gave them his blessing. The words which he uttered at that solemn moment will remain graven in the hearts of all who heard. The Empress exclaimed, 'Oh God! could I

He said, 'You must live for them,' and, turning towards the Czarowitch, he thus continued: 'You know that all my anxiety, all my efforts had for their object the good of Russia; my desire was to labour till I could leave you the Empire thoroughly organized, protected from all danger from without, completely tranquil and happy; but you see at what a time and under what circumstances I die. Such, however, seems to be the will of God. Your burden will be heavy.' The Czarowitch in tears answered him, 'If I am destined to lose you, I have the certainty that above also you will pray to God for Russia and for us all, and you will ask His aid that I may be able to sustain the burden which He will have imposed upon me.' The Emperor then said, 'Yes, I have always prayed for Russia and for you all. There also I will pray for you. Do you,' said he, addressing the entire circle which surrounded him, and pointing to the Empress, 'remain always as hitherto closely united by family love.'

The Emperor afterwards sent for Count d'Adlerberg (the Comptroller of his Household), Count Orloff, and Prince Dolgorouki, the Minister of War. He thanked them in affecting terms for their faithful services and tried devotion, recommended them to his successor, gave them his benediction, and bid them farewell. He next wished to see his domestic servants, and the old grenadiers of the palace, and addressed words of consolation and encouragement to each of them. To Madame Rohrbeck, First Bedchamber Woman to the Empress, he said, 'I fear that I have not sufficiently thanked you for the care which you took of the Empress when she was last ill; be to her for the future what you have been in my lifetime, and salute my beautiful Peterhoff the first time you go there with her.' Then, addressing the Czarowitch and Count d'Adlerberg, he gave his last orders concerning his obsequies; selected himself the apartment of the ground-floor of the palace where his mortal remains were to be laid out, as well as the position of his tomb in the cathedral of the Apostles Peter and Paul. He ordered that his funeral should be conducted with the least possible display, without a splendid catafalque, or magnificence of ornaments when he was laid in state, in order to avoid an expenditure which could ill be spared from the requirements of the war.

It was he himself who wished that his approaching death should be announced by telegraph to Moscow and Warsaw. While he was occupied in these mournful duties, with the same firmness as he would have engaged in full health in the government of his empire, it was announced that the son of Prince Menschikoff had arrived with letters from his father. He refused to take notice of them, saying, 'Could even that attach me again to earth?' It seemed that from that time he considered

sidered himself to have abdicated, and to have resigned all his power into the hands of his successor. The day before, the Emperor had kept his eldest son for several hours alone near his bed to give him his last directions. His second son, the Grand Duke Constantine, had been present during a part of the interview. Two or three times in the course of that last and solemn conversation the Duke Alexander, strongly impressed with what his father said, went into the next room to write down, on the spot, the exact words which he had heard. On the 2nd of March, at noon, after having remained for more than an hour without being able to articulate a syllable, and scarcely able to breathe, Nicholas recovered for a few minutes the power of speech, but could only recommend his son Alexander to thank the garrison of Sebastopol in his name. Nearly the last words he articulated were in French, '*Dites à Fritz (his brother-in-law, King of Prussia) de rester le même pour la Russie et de ne pas oublier les paroles de papa.*'

The dying Emperor still preserved his consciousness when the confessor began the prayers for those in the agony of death, and he repeated them after him with a weak but calm voice. Speech soon failed him—he made a sign for the holy father to approach, pressed his hand, kissed the cross suspended about the confessor's neck, and gave it to be understood, by motions of his eyes and hands towards the Empress and his successor, that he was praying for them. Up to the last moment he did not relinquish the hands of his wife and his heir, and, while still pressing them, he expired at twenty minutes past noon.

Thus ended the life of the Emperor Nicholas, on a bed of hay and having for a coverlet a soldier's cloak; showing in his last moments, in presence of impending, and, till lately, unexpected death, a stoical resignation and an empire over himself for which the violence of his temper had not prepared us; taking a last leave of his family, his friends and servants, with an affection, and even tenderness, which would have been remarkable in a man of the mildest nature, yet able to tear himself from these emotions to dictate to his son his last instructions, and to open to the inheritor of his power the deepest secrets of his policy. These secrets Alexander II. alone knows, and it is by his conduct that Europe must learn them. Notwithstanding the differences of character and position, it is questionable whether this successor, placed at the head of a proud and powerful nation, would be able, if he were willing, to renounce the policy which his father, we are confident, did not cease to inculcate upon him as long as he retained the power of uttering one single word.

ART. VII.—*The Life and Writings of Addison.* By Thomas Babington Macaulay. London. 1852.

STEELE and Addison are among the first ghosts met by Fielding in his delightful *Journey from this World to the next*. A remark from the spirit of Virgil having a little disconcerted the bashful Joseph, he has turned for reassurance to the spirit most familiar and best known to him on earth, when at once Steele heartily embraces him, and tells him he had been the greatest man up in the other world, and that he readily resigned all the merit of his own works to him. In return Addison gives him a gracious smile, and, clapping him on the back with much solemnity, cries out 'Well said, Dick.' Fielding was here laughing at the claim set up by Addison's associates, when they would have struck down his old fellow labourer's fame, to add to the glories of his own. What Steele said so well for his friend, and ill for himself, in the other world, had already been more than broadly hinted in this, in Mr. Tickell's celebrated preface.

Nevertheless, Steele's fame survived that back-handed blow. What the living Addison himself foretold came true; and, out of party contentions so fierce that no character escaped them unsullied, side by side, when those contentions ceased, his friend's and his emerged.* Though circumstances favoured somewhat the one against the other, there had come to be a corner for both in almost all men's liking; and those 'little diurnal essays, which are extant still,' kept also extant, in an equal and famous companionship, the two foremost Essayists of England. A more powerful hand than Mr. Tickell's now strikes them rudely apart. A magnificent eulogy of Addison is here built upon a most contemptuous depreciation of Steele; and if we are content to accept without appeal the judgment of Mr. Macaulay's Essay, there is one pleasant face the less in our Walhalla of British Worthies.

For ourselves we must frankly say Not Content, and our reasons shall be stated in this article. Not, we dare say, without partiality; certainly not without frank and full allowance for the portion of evil which is inseparable from all that is good, and for the something of littleness mixed up with all that is great. In one of his most charming essays Steele has himself reminded us that the word *imperfection* should never carry to the considerate man's heart a thought unkindier than the word *humanity*;† and we shall also think it well to remember, what with not less wisdom on another occasion he remarked, as to the prodigious

* *Spectator*, No. 101.

† *Tatler*, No. 246.

him the secrets of their most familiar hours, never thought of using against him such a formidable weapon as he would have found in Addison's contempt.

Before their final rupture, Swift had to answer Steele's reproach that he had spoken of him as 'bridled by Addison,' and he does this with a denial that frankly admits Steele's right to be jealous of the imputation. Throughout his intimate speech to Stella, whether his humour be sarcastic or polite, the friendship of Steele and Addison is for ever suggesting some annoyance to himself, some mortification, some regret; but never once the doubt that it was not intimate and sincere, or that into it entered anything inconsistent with a perfect equality. When he wishes to serve the one, and is annoyed that the other receives the overture coldly (22nd October, 1710); when he suspects the one of preventing the other's visit to Harley (15th November, 1710); when he treats a service to the one as not less a service to the other (14th January, 1710-11); when he reproaches the one as ungrateful for what he had done for the other (15th January, 1710-11); when he calls himself a fool for spending his credit in favour of both (16th March, 1710-11); and when he has promised my Lord Treasurer never again to speak for either (29th June, 1711); he shows you, still, that he is speaking of an intercourse upheld by the strongest attachments, and into which, whatever the respective merits of the men, there could have entered no element of '*scorn*.'

It is quite true, however, that some coldness and estrangement did grow between Steele and Addison as time went on, though to the last it was never so complete as Mr. Macaulay would wish to convey. To this, and its causes, we shall have to advert hereafter; but in connexion with it we have so express and affecting a statement from Steele himself, only six months after his friend's death, and in reply to a coarse assailant whom it silenced, that as to the general fact it leaves no doubt whatever. There never, he says,* was a more strict friendship than between himself and Addison, nor had they ever any difference but what proceeded from their different way of pursuing the same thing; the one waited and stemmed the torrent, while the other too often plunged into it; but though they thus had lived for some years last past, shunning each other, they still preserved the most passionate concern for their mutual welfare; and when they met, 'they were as unreserved as boys, and talked of the greatest affairs, upon which they saw where they differed, without pressing (what they knew impossible) to convert each other.' As

* *The Theatre*, No. xii., Feb. 9, 1719-20.

to the substance or worth of what thus divided them, Steele only adds the significant hope that, if his family is the worse, his country may be the better, for the mortification *he* has undergone.

There is something in that. When a man is indiscreet, it is not beside the matter to inquire what passion it is that urges him to indiscretion. It may be the actual good of others, or it may be a fancied good for himself. Mr. Allworthy did so many kindnesses for so many people that he made enemies of the whole parish; and it will perhaps generally be found that the man who cares least for his neighbours is very far from the least likely to pass for good-natured among them. It will not do to judge off-hand, even between the impetuosity which plunges into the torrent, and the placidity which waits upon the brink. Each temperament has its advantages, within a narrow or a more extended range; and where the passion for public affairs has been so incorrigible that it refused to take regard of its own or others' convenience in its manifestations, we must not too hastily resolve to take part either against the hostility it provokes, or with the sympathy it repels. So much, before passing in review Steele's actual story, it will be well to keep in mind; though there can be no manner of doubt that his course, whether in other respects ill or well taken, put him at grave disadvantage with the world.

Even in regard to this, however, there is no need to take any special tone of pity; and too much stress has perhaps been laid on Addison's own regrets in the matter. It was when the good Mr. Hughes thought he saw an opportunity, on the sudden cessation of Mr. Steele's *Guardian*, to get Mr. Addison's services for a little scheme of his own, and, with many flourishes about the regret with which all the more moderate Whigs saw their common friend's thoughts turned entirely on politics and disengaged from pursuits more entertaining and profitable, had propounded his plan for a *Register*, that Mr. Addison, civilly surrendering the glory of working with Mr. Hughes, proceeded merely upon his correspondent's hint to speak of Steele in language often quoted, and used against him by Mr. Macaulay. 'I am in a thousand troubles for poor Dick, and wish that his zeal for the public may not be ruinous to himself; but he has sent me word that he is determined to go on, and that any advice I can give him in this particular will have no weight with him.' Formerly, as now, these expressions have been pointed to a sense not exactly intended by them. Taken with what induced them, and read as they were written, they are certainly unmingled with *scorn*.

There is pity in them, to be sure; and there is what Mr. Macaulay

aulay calls the 'trying with little success to keep him out of scrapes;' and there is the 'poor Dick,' which has been so lavishly repeated since, with a feeling and for a purpose far less worthy. For no man so much as Steele has suffered from *compassion*. It was out of his bitter experience he called it shrewdly the best disguise of malice, and said that the most apposite course to cry a man down was to lament him. Mr. Macaulay is incapable of malice, even if the motive for it were in this case conceivable; but he cannot bring himself to state a virtue in Steele which he does not always extenuate with its equal vice or drawback. We much fear there are few characters that would stand this kind of analysis,—very few in which the levelling circumstance might not be detected, that more or less brings down the high, the wise, the strong, and the fortunate to the lower level with their fellow-men. An ill mending of the matter it would be, indeed, to extenuate vice itself as a set-off to the extenuation of virtue; but both have need of a more considerate reflection than they are generally apt to receive, in connexion with such a life as we shall shortly retrace. For not a few years of that life, we dare say, Captain Steele might have pleaded, with Captain Plume, that for all his exuberance of spirits he was yet very far from the rake the world imagined. 'I have got an air of freedom,' says Farquhar's pleasant hero, 'which people mistake in me, just as in others they mistake formality for religion.' It is a kind of mistake committed in many forms; and Pope was hinting at it when he remarked that whereas, according to La Rochefoucauld, a great many virtues are disguised vices, he would engage, by the same mode of reasoning, to prove a great many vices to be disguised virtues. Steele had said the same thing several years before in his *Christian Hero*, when he remarked that there can really be no greater love of self than to love others, nor any more secure way to obtain good offices than to do them.

Not that any such modes of reasoning may sufficiently excuse a life spent, if what Mr. Macaulay tells us be true, in sinning and repenting, in inculcating what was right and doing what was wrong. A profitless life to himself, beyond a doubt, if such indeed was Steele's; but suggestive also of the remark, that, since the wrong that was done has passed away, and the right that was inculcated remains, others may decidedly have profited though he did not. For ourselves, holding with the philosophy which teaches us that depravity of disposition is less pardonable than any kind of frailty of passion, we know of no offence against virtue so grave as to speak of it in disparagement; and no worse practice in regard to vice than the systematic praise and recommendation of it. With the latter, at least, no one has ever

been so reckless, in our day or even in his own, as to charge Richard Steele. He had a real love and reverence for virtue, Pope told Spence. He had the best nature in the world, and was a man of almost boundless benevolence, said Young. Lady Mary Montagu lived much with all the wits, and knew no one with the kind nature of Steele. It is his admitted weakness to have yielded to the temptation which yet he never lost the strength to condemn; but we know who has said that, if at all times to do were as easy as to teach what is good to be done, chapels had been churches and poor men's cottages princes' palaces. Let us add that even Addison himself could not always do both; and that, if the strict rule were applied universally, never to accept unreservedly what is good in a man, and praise it accordingly, without minute measuring-off of what may also be condemned for evil, with detraction at least equal to the praise, there would be altogether an end at last to all just judgments, and a woful general confusion of right and wrong. That Addison had not Steele's defects—that Steele's defects, graver though they may have been, were yet not those of Addison—should surely be far from matter of complaining with us, since in no small degree it has served to contribute to the more complete instruction and entertainment of the world. There is a wise little paper in which Steele has pursued so closely an argument resembling this, that we may adapt it to our own use. We may stigmatise it as not less a want of sense than of good nature to say that Addison has less exuberant spirits than Steele, but Steele not such steady self-control as Addison; for that such men have not each other's capacities is no more a diminution to either, than if you should say Addison is not Steele, or Steele not Addison. The heathen world, as Mr. Bickerstaff reasons the matter, had so little notion that perfection was to be expected from men, that among them any one quality or endowment in a heroic degree made a god. Hercules had strength, but it was never objected to him that he wanted wit. Apollo presided over wit, and it was never asked whether he had strength. Those wise heathens were glad to immortalise any one serviceable gift, and to overlook all imperfections in the person who had it. But with us it is far otherwise. We are only too eager to reject many manifest virtues, if we find them accompanied with a single apparent weakness.

Nor does the shrewd Mr. Bickerstaff end the argument here. He discovers in it the secret why principally it is that the worst of mankind, the libellers, receive so much encouragement. 'The low race of men take a great pleasure in finding an eminent character levelled to their condition by a report of its defects, and keep themselves in countenance, though they are excelled in
a thousand

a thousand virtues, if they believe they have in common with a great person any one fault.' It would not be easy to express more perfectly than in these few words the danger of those extremes of depreciation to which Steele more than any man has been subjected. It is our firm belief that, whatever his improvidence may have been, he was incapable of a dishonourable action. It will not be difficult to show, in the sketch we shall presently give of his career, how little avoidable in his circumstances were not a few of his embarrassments and troubles. We wish it were possible to doubt that the life to which only *he* was warranted in applying the modest expression that it was 'at best but pardonable,' was not better than ninety-nine hundredths of theirs who would be apt to pass the harshest judgments upon it. It was at least the life of a disinterested politician and patriot, of a tender husband, of an attached father, of a scholar, a wit, a man of genius, a gentleman. But the wit and genius brought with them their usual penalties; and the world, not content that their exercise should have enlarged the circle of its enjoyments, and added enormously to human happiness in various ways, must satisfy its vulgar eagerness to find feet of clay for its image of gold, and give censorious fools the comfort of speaking as ill as may be of their benefactor.

And so the inquisition, far worse than Torquemada's, is opened. Circumstances of life the most minute, nor any longer intelligible without the context that has perished, are dragged into monstrous prominence. Relations the most intimate are rudely exposed. Letters are printed without concealment, though written in the confidence of a privacy so sacred that to break it in the case of ordinary men would be to overturn society altogether. And if the result should finally show that the man who has taught us all so well what our own conduct should be, had unhappily failed in such wisdom for the guidance of his own, the general complacency and satisfaction are complete. Silly world! as even Swift can find it in his heart to say; not to understand how much better occupied it would be in finding out that men of wit may be the most, rather than the least, moral of mankind. Unlucky man of wit, who, in the teeth of his earnest warning, that only he who lives below his income lays up efficient armour against those who will cover all his frailties when he is so fortified, and exaggerate them when he is naked and defenceless,* goes incontinently and lives above his own income, and gets himself rated as 'a swindler.'

Nor does Mr. Macaulay's disparagement of Steele take only

* *The Tatler*, No. 180.

the form of such harsh and quite unwarrantable expressions. It extends from his moral to his intellectual character; and we are not permitted to believe that a man could write excellent *Tatlers* who was not able to pay his tavern-bills with unvarying punctuality.

In forming his most celebrated literary project, we are told, Steele was far indeed from seeing its consequences; and Mr. Macaulay proceeds to give us his own description of the aim and design of the *Tatler*. Suggested by Steele's experience as *Gazetteer* (to which he was appointed, not by Sunderland at the request of Addison, as Mr. Macaulay says, but by Harley at the request of Maynwaring, as both Swift and Steele himself inform us), it was to be on a plan quite new, and to appear on the days on which the post left London for the country, which were, in that generation, the Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays. Mr. Macaulay thinks it immaterial to mention that *De Foe's Review*, with not a few points of resemblance, had already for five years travelled by the country posts on those days; but indeed the resemblance could hardly be expected to suggest itself, with such a low opinion of Steele's purpose in the *Tatler* as he seems to have formed. It was to contain, he says, the foreign news, accounts of theatrical representations, and the literary gossip of Will's and of the Grecian. It was also to contain remarks on the fashionable topics of the day, compliments to beauties, pasquinades on noted sharpers, and criticisms on popular preachers. 'The aim of Steele does not appear to have been at first higher than this.' Mr. Macaulay's manifest object is to convey the impression that the *Tatler* had no real worth until Addison joined it.

Now the facts are, that, with the exception of very rare occasional hints embodied in papers indubitably by Steele, and of the greater part of one essay which appeared in May and of another published in July, Addison's contributions to the *Tatler* did not begin until his return from Ireland in the middle of October, 1709, when eighty numbers had been issued. If, therefore, what Mr. Macaulay would convey be correct, Steele's narrow and limited design must have lasted at least so long; and that which gives the moral not less than the intellectual charm to these famous essays, which turned their humour into a censorship of manners at once gentle and effective, and made their wit subservient to wisdom and piety, could not have become apparent till after the middle of the second volume. Up to that time, according to Mr. Macaulay, Steele must have been merely compiling news, reviewing theatres, retailing literary gossip, remarking on fashionable topics, complimenting beauties, pasquinading

quinading sharpers, or criticising preachers, and could not yet have entered the higher field which the genius of Addison was to open to him. Nevertheless this is certain, that in dedicating the first volume of the work to Maynwaring he describes in language that admits of no misconstruction, not only his own intention in setting it on foot, but what he calls 'the sudden acceptance,' the extraordinary success, which immediately followed; and he further explains the character of his design as precisely that attempt 'to pull off the disguises of cunning, vanity, and affectation, and to recommend a general simplicity in our dress, our discourse, and our behaviour,' which Johnson marks as its happy distinguishing feature, and the very drift of all its labour in teaching us the minuter decencies and inferior duties, in regulating the practice of our daily conversation, in correcting depravities rather ridiculous than criminal, and in removing, if not the lasting calamities of life, those grievances which are its hourly vexation.

But the papers themselves are before us, if we want evidence more conclusive. Where are the commonplaces described by Mr. Macaulay? How shall we limit our selection of examples in disproof of the alleged compiling, gossiping, complimenting, pasquinading? Why, as we turn over the papers preceding that number 81 which must be said to have begun the regular contributions of Addison, there is hardly a trait that does not flash upon us of the bright wit, the cordial humour, the sly satire, the subtle yet kindly criticism, the good nature and humanity, which have endeared this delightful book to successive generations of readers. There is, indeed, not less prominent at the outset than it continued to the close, the love of theatrical representations, and no doubt actors are criticised and preachers too; but we require no better proof than the very way in which this is done, of the new and original spirit that entered with it into periodical literature. In both the critic finds means of detecting countless affectations; and no one acquainted with the Pulpit of that day need feel surprise at the hints he gives of the service the Stage might render it, or that Mr. Betterton should have borrowed from Mr. Bickerstaff the answer to Sancroft's question—why it was that actors, speaking of things imaginary, affected audiences as if they were real; while preachers, speaking of things real, could only affect their congregations as with things imaginary? 'Why, indeed, I don't know; unless it is that we actors speak of things imaginary as if they were real, while you in the pulpit speak of things real as if they were imaginary.' An admirable paper to the same effect
among

among the early *Tatlers* is that wherein he tells us that in tragical representations of the highest kind it is not the pomp of language, or the magnificence of dress, in which the passion is wrought that touches sensible spirits, 'but something of a plain and simple nature which breaks in upon our souls by that sympathy which is given us for our mutual good will and service.'* And he illustrates his position by the example of Macduff when he hears of the murder of his children, and of Brutus when he speaks of the death of Portia.

There is no criticism of Shakspeare in that day at all comparable to this of Steele's, at the outset and to the close of the *Tatler*. With no set analysis or fine-spun theory, but dropped only here and there, and from time to time, with a careless grace, it is yet of the subtlest discrimination. He ranks him as high in philosophy as in poetry, and in the ethics of human life and passion quotes his authority as supreme. None but Steele then thought of criticizing him in that strain. The examples just quoted, for instance, are used as lessons in art, but also as experiences for patience under actual sorrow; and he finely adds, that it is in life itself exactly as at one of his plays, where we see the man overwhelmed by grief yet struggling to bear it with decency and patience—'we sigh *for* him, and give him every groan he suppresses.'

In this mode of eliciting, not merely canons of taste, but moral truths and rules of conduct, from the plays he sees acted, or the books he has been reading, Steele enriched his earliest and his latest *Tatlers* with a style of criticism which he must be said to have created. Nor is he satisfied with less than the highest models; delighting not more to place the philosophy above the poetry of Shakspeare, than to discover the sweetness and grace that underlie the majesty of Milton. The sixth *Tatler* begins the expression of his reverence for the latter poet, and not till the last line of the last *Tatler*, on which Shakspeare's name is imprinted, does it cease in regard to either. It was he, and not his friend, who, in that age of little faith, first raised again the poet of *Paradise*; his allusions to him, from the very commencement, are incessant; and a *Tatler* of but a few days earlier than that just quoted contains not only the noble lines in which Adam contemplates the sleeping Eve, but, by way of comment on its picture of manly affection made up of respect and tenderness, throws out this delightful remark. 'This is that sort of passion which truly deserves the name of love, and has something

* *Tatler*, No. 68; and see

more generous than friendship itself; for it has a constant care of the object beloved, abstracted from its own interests in the possession of it.'

At a time in no way remarkable for refinement, Steele's gallantry to women, thus incessantly expressed in *The Tatler* to the last, was that of a Sir Tristan or Sir Calidore; and in not a small degree, to every household into which it carried such unaccustomed language, this was a ground of its extraordinary success. Inseparable always from his passion is the exalted admiration he feels; and his love is the very flower of his respect. But as, unhappily, a woman's education was then sunk to the lowest ebb, there is also no subject to which he has occasion so often and so eagerly to return, as a comparison of the large amount of care bestowed on her person with the little given to her mind. You deliver your daughter to a dancing-master, he says in one of these papers, you put a collar round her neck, you teach her every movement, under pain of never having a husband if she steps, or looks, or moves awry; and all the time you forget the true art which 'is to make mind and body improve together, to make gesture follow thought, and not let thought be employed upon gesture.' As he says in another paper to the like effect, a woman must think well to look well.* He is never weary of surrounding her form with hosts of graces and delights; in her mind, how unused and uncultivated soever, he yet always recognises a finer and more delicate humanity; and all the fascinating things ever uttered in her praise by poet or romancer must yield to what is said of Lady Elizabeth Hastings in the 49th *Tatler*. 'Though her mien carries much more invitation than command, to behold her is an immediate check to loose behaviour, and *to love her is a liberal education.*'

As we have turned to this charming passage, we meet another of his illustrations from Shakspeare, in which, rebuking the author of a new tragedy for relying too much on the retinue, guards, ushers, and courtiers of his hero to make him magnificent, 'Shakspeare,' he exclaims, 'is your pattern. In the tragedy of Cæsar he introduces his hero in his night-gown.' The resemblance of Addison's 42nd *Spectator* to this 53rd *Tatler* need not be pointed out; and we shall be excused for saying, with all our love and respect for Addison, that he might with good effect have taken, now and then, even a hint of conduct as well as of criticism from his friend. As to modes of dying, for example. The 11th *Tatler*, with a truth and spirit not to be

* No. 212; and see No. 248.

surpassed,

surpassed, remarks that any doctrine on the subject of dying, other than that of living well, is the most insignificant and most empty of all the labours of men. A tragedian can die by rule, and wait till he discovers a plot, or says a fine thing upon his exit; but in real life, and by noble spirits, it will be done decently, without the ostentation of it. Commend me, exclaims Steele, to that natural greatness of soul expressed by an innocent and consequently resolute country fellow, who said, in the pains of the colic, 'If I once get this breath out of my body, you shall hang me before you put it in again.' Honest Ned! And so he died.

And what hints of other characters, taken from the same portion of the *Tatler*, need we, or shall we, add to honest Ned's, in proof that Steele did not wait for Addison's help before stamping his design with the most marked feature that remained with it? The difficulty is selection. Shall we take the wealthy wags who give one another credit in discourse according to their purses, who jest by the pound, and make answers as they honour bills; and who, with unmoved muscles for the most exquisite wit whose banker's balance they do not know, smirk at every word each speaks to the other? * Shall we take the modest young bachelor of arts, who, thinking himself fit for anything he can get, is above nothing that is offered, and, having come to town recommended to a chaplain's place but finding none vacant, modestly accepts that of a postilion? † Shall we introduce the eminent storyteller and politician, who owes the regularity and fluency of his dullness entirely to his snuff-box? ‡ Shall we make acquaintance with the whimsical young gentleman, so ambitious to be thought worse than he is, that, in his degree of understanding, he sets up for a freethinker, and talks atheistically in coffee-houses all day, though every morning and evening, it can be proved upon him, he regularly at home says his prayers? § Shall the well-meaning Umbra take us by the button, and talk half an hour to us upon matters wholly insignificant with an air of the utmost solemnity, that we may teach ourselves the charity of not being offended with what has a good intention in it, by remembering that to little men little things are of weight, and that, though our courteous friend never served us, he is ever willing to do it, and believes he does it? || Or, while Mr. Bickerstaff thus teaches us that impotent kindness is to be tolerated, shall Mrs. Jenny Distaff show us that impotent malice is not, and

* *Tatler*, No. 57.

† *Tatler*, No. 52.

‡ *Tatler*, No. 35.

§ *Tatler*, No. 77.

|| *Tatler*, No. 37.

that society should scout the fool who cannot listen to praise without whispering detraction, or hear a man of worth named without recounting the worst passage of his life? *

Shall we follow into Garraway's or the Stock Exchange those two men, in whom so striking a contrast appears of plain simplicity with imposing affectation, and learn that the sort of credit which commerce affects is worthless, if but sustained by the opinions of others and not by its own consciousness of value? † Shall we let the smallest of pedants, Will Dactyle, convince us that learning does but improve in us what nature endowed us with; for that not to have good sense with learning is only to have more ways of exposing oneself, and to have sense is to know that learning itself is not knowledge? ‡ Shall the best-natured of old men, Senecio, prove to us that the natural, and not the acquired man is the companion; that benevolence is the only law of good breeding; that society can take no account of fortune; and that he who brings his quality with him into conversation, coming to receive homage and not to meet his friends, should pay the reckoning also? § Shall we listen to Will Courtly, saying nothing but what was said before, yet appearing neither ignorant among the learned nor indiscreet with the wise, and acknowledge, so long as Will can thus converse with the wittiest without being ridiculous, that, if ceremony is the invention of wise men to keep fools at a distance, good-breeding must be its opposite expedient of putting wise men and less wise on equality? || Shall we make ourselves easy in the company of Sophronius, who, when he does a service, charms us not more by his alacrity than, when he declines one, by his manner of convincing us that such service should not have been asked? ¶ Or shall we fidget ourselves in a room with Jack Dimple, who, having found out that what makes Sophronius acceptable is a natural behaviour, in order to the same reputation makes his own entirely artificial, meditates half an hour in the ante-room to get up his careless air, and is continually running back to the mirror to recollect his forgetfulness? **

Such are among a few of the characters and essays which, while Mr. Macaulay would represent the *Tatler* as yet given up to sheer commonplace, with a prodigal wit and exuberant fancy Steele was pouring out upon its readers. We touch but slightly these few, and only hint at their purport and design; entering

* *Tatler*, No. 38.

† *Tatler*, No. 48.

‡ *Tatler*, No. 58; and see No. 197.

§ *Tatler*, No. 45.

|| *Tatler*, No. 30.

¶ *Tatler*, No. 21.

** *Tatler*, No. 21.

into no more detail than may carry with it the means of outweighing an assertion advanced on authority too high to be met by mere assertion of our own. We leave fifty things unnamed, and take from those named only a sentence here and there: but is it not enough? Not to speak of what will better be described hereafter of social colouring and individual expression, have we not here what gave life to the *Tatler*? Have we not the sprightly father of the English Essay, writing at the first even as he wrote to the last; out of a true and honest heart sympathizing with all things good and true; already master of his design in beginning it, and able to stand without help, if the need should be? In his easy chair we shall hereafter see Mr. Bickerstaff, amid the rustling of hoop-petticoats, the fluttering of fans, and the obeisance of flowing perukes: but what here for the present we see is the critic and philosopher Steele, more wise and not less agreeable; who, in an age that faction brutalized and profligacy debased, undertook the censorship of manners, and stamped at once upon the work he invented a genius as original as delightful. Here we have ourselves the means of judging if it was gossip, and compliments, and pasquinades, in the midst of which Addison found his friend; or whether already he had not struck out the thought by which both must be famous for ever, of enlivening morality with wit and tempering wit with morality?

But another fact is not less manifest in the examples given, and with it perhaps something of excuse for the half contemptuous tone that has done him such injustice. There is nothing so peculiar to his manner as the art of getting wisdom out of trifles. Without gravely translating his humorous announcement,* that, when any part of his paper appeared dull, it was to be noted that there was a design in it, we may say with perfect truth that he had a design in everything. But a laugh never yet looked so wise as a frown; and, unless you are at pains to look a little beneath it, the wisdom may now and then escape you. The humorous old gentleman who is always prying into his neighbours' concerns, when he is not gossiping of his own; to whom the young beau is made responsible for wearing red-heeled shoes, and the young belle for showing herself too long at her glass; who turns the same easy artillery of wit against the rattling dice-box and the roaring pulpit; who has early notice of most of the love-affairs in town, can tell you of half the domestic quarrels, and knows more of a widow with a handsome jointure than her own lawyer or next of kin; whose tastes take a range as

* *Tatler*, No. 38.

wide as his experience, to whom Plutarch is not less familiar than a pretty fellow, and who has for his clients not only the scholars of the Grecian, but the poets at Will's, the men of fashion at White's, and the quidnuncs of the St. James's,—this old humourist, one would say, is about the last man to pass for a Socrates. And yet there was something more than whim in his ambition to have it said of his lucubrations, that, whereas Socrates had brought philosophy down from heaven to inhabit among men, he had himself aimed to bring philosophy out of closets and libraries, schools and colleges, to dwell in clubs and assemblies, at tea-tables and in coffee-houses. For it is his actual and marked peculiarity that neither more nor less than this may be generally detected in Steele. One of the sincerest of men, he was the most natural of writers; and, living in the thick of the world, he could not write but with a vivid and ever present sense of it. The *humanitas humanissima* is never absent from him. If he takes up a book, it is not for a bookish purpose; he is always thinking of the life around him. Never yet, we think, has he had the due and distinctive praise for this, which in some sort separates him from every humourist and satirist of his time. Wit more piercing and keen, a reflective spirit of wider scope, a style more correct and pure, even humour more consummate than his own, will be found, in the way of comment upon life, among his friends and fellow-labourers; but for that which vividly brings actual Life before us, which touches the heart as with a present experience, which sympathizes to the very core of all that moves the joy or sorrow of his fellows, and which still, even as then, can make the follies of men ridiculous and their vices hateful without branding ridicule or hate upon the men themselves,—we must turn to Steele. In his little pictures of the world, that open new and unexpected views of it; in his wonderfully pathetic little stories, that fill our eyes with tears; in those trivial details by which he would make life easier and happier, in those accidents the most common and familiar out of which he draws secrets of humanity; what most, after all, impresses us, is a something independent of authorship. We like him the more for being nearer and more like ourselves, not for being higher or standing apart; and it is still the *man* whom his writings make pleasant to us, more than the author, the wit, the partizan, or the fine gentleman.

And a great reason for this we take to be, that he founded his theory and views of life rather on the realities that men should bravely practise, than on the pretences to which for the most part they shamefully submit. To be a man of breeding was with him to be a man of feeling; to be a fine gentleman, in his own phrase,

was

was to be a generous and brave man; he had a proper contempt for the good manners that did not also imply the good morals; and it was the exalting and purifying influence of love for Lady Betty Modish, that made his Colonel Ranter cease to swear at the waiters.* Be his theme, therefore, small or great, he brings it still within rules and laws which we find have not lost their interest for ourselves; and to which in truth we are in all respects still as amenable as if the red-heeled shoe, the hooped petticoat, or the flowing peruke, were yet potent and predominant in our century. As an instance which at once will explain our meaning, let us take what he says of vulgarity. It is also in one of these early *Tatlers*.† There is, perhaps, no word so misused, none certainly of which the misuse is so mischievous; and not unfairly, by the opinions held of it, we may take the measure of a code of ethics and philosophy.

Steele's view of the matter is, then, that it is to him a very great meanness, and something much below a philosopher, which is what he means by a gentleman, to rank a man among the vulgar for the condition of life he is in, and not according to his behaviour, his thoughts, and his sentiments in that condition. For, as he puts it, if a man be loaded with riches and honours, and in that state has thoughts and inclinations below the meanest workman, is not such a workman, who within his power is good to his friends and cheerful in his occupation, in all ways much superior to him who lives but to serve himself? He then quotes the comparison, from Epictetus, of human life to a stage play; in which the philosopher tells us it is not for us to consider, among the actors, who is prince or who is beggar, but who acts prince or beggar best. In other words, the circumstance of life should not be that which gives us place, but our conduct in that circumstance. This alone can be our solid distinction; and from it Steele proceeds to draw certain rules of breeding and behaviour. A wise man, he says, should think no man above him or below him, any further than it regards the outward order or discipline of the world; for if we conceive too great an idea of the eminence of those above, or of the subordination of those below, it will have an ill effect upon our behaviour to both. With a noble spirit he adds, that he who thinks no man his superior but for virtue, and none his inferior but for vice, can never be obsequious or assuming in a wrong place; but will be ready as frequently to emulate men in rank below him, as to avoid and pity those above. Not that there was anything of the democrat or leveller in Steele. He knew too well that †

* *Tatler*, No. 10.

tinctions of life, if taken at their true worth, would never fail to support themselves; and it was his knowledge of the quite irrepressible influence of wealth and station that urged him to such repeated enforcement of the social charities and duties to which he held them bound. - It was no easy part, in his opinion, that the man of rank and wealth had to play. It was no easy thing, in friendly intercourse, to check the desire to assume *some* superiority on the ground of position or fortune. It is not every man, he said with an exquisite felicity of phrase, that can entertain with the air of a guest, and do good offices with the mien of one that receives them.

And as Steele thus held, in the great commerce of the world, that a man must be valued apart from his circumstances, in like manner he also held, that, in his relations with it, he must regulate what he would appear to be by nothing other than actually becoming it. He must not hope to pass for anything more than he is worth; he must take care of his own wisdom and his own virtue, without minding too much what others think; and in what he knows he has, can be his only safe pledge at any time for its acknowledgment by others. It will be a useful hint in all cases, Steele says, for a man to ask himself whether he really *is* what he has a mind to *be thought*, for if he is, he need not give himself much further anxiety;* nor is there, in this mode of reasoning, anything too little or too great not to yield as its result to his philosophy the value of reality beyond appearance.

Neither philosophy nor good writing, however, can Mr. Macaulay bring himself to recognise in Steele. All he admits is, that his style was easy and not incorrect; and though his wit and humour were of no high order, his gay animal spirits imparted to his compositions an *air of vivacity* which ordinary readers could hardly distinguish from comic genius. 'His writings have been well compared to those light wines which, though deficient in body and flavour, are yet a pleasant *small drink*, if not kept too long, or carried too far.' It is sufficiently clear, at least, that they have survived too long for Mr. Macaulay. Vinegar is not more sour than the pleasant small drink, kept now too long by nearly a century and a half, is become to him.

We must accept it, we suppose, as among the chances and vicissitudes to which old reputations are subject. Steele was famed as a wit before Pope came upon the town, and in those days a young poet who could say he had dined with him was not without claims to consideration. In the succeeding age this opinion went on gathering strength, and it was enough for a man

* *Tatler*, No. 186; and see No. 138.

to have merely written a single paper in one of the works he conducted to be thought entitled to unquestioned celebrity. 'For example,' said Murphy to Johnson,* 'there is Mr. Ince, who used to frequent Tom's Coffee-house; he has obtained considerable fame merely from having written a paper in the *Spectator*.' 'But,' added Johnson, 'you must consider how highly Steele speaks of Mr. Ince.' The dull Doctor Hurd followed, and brayed him down loudly enough; but afterwards came a reaction, the laborious and industrious Nichols produced careful editions of his writings, and he resumed his admitted rank as a humourist of the first order, the most pathetic of story-tellers, the kindest of wits and critics, and, of all the fathers of the English Essay, the most natural and the most inventive. Charles Lamb, Hazlitt, and Leigh Hunt, no inconsiderable authorities, even placed him above his friend, on an eminence where we cannot and need not follow them. What now has befallen him in the other extreme we see, and that more than two hundred Tatlers, nearly two hundred and fifty Spectators, and some eighty Guardians, to say nothing of Englishmen, Lovers, Readers, Theatres, Town Talks, Plebeians, Chit Chats, and what not, have failed to win from Mr. Macaulay as much kindly recognition, as the good Samuel Johnson was ready to reward Mr. Ince with for one Spectator.

But we cannot unresistingly surrender the fame of Steele even to Mr. Macaulay's well-merited fame. To a reputation which time has made classical there belongs what no new reputation can have till it shall in turn become old; and in the attempt to reverse, by a few contemptuous sentences, a verdict of nearly two centuries, it is the assailant who is most in peril. The disadvantage doubtless is great in having to meet a general attack by detailed assertion of the claims denied, but already we have not shrunk from that detail; and still, before entering on such a sketch of Steele's personal career as may best perhaps fix those claims, and ascertain his real place among the men of his time, more of the same kind awaits us. But we will not be tempted into comparisons which would have given pain to his own generous nature. There was no measure to Steele's affection for Addison. Even Fielding's wit could not exaggerate the eagerness with which on all occasions he depreciated his own writings to exaggerate those of his friend. He declared in the last Tatler that all its finest strokes of wit and humour were his. He avowed himself, in the last Spectator, more proud of his long-continued friendship than he should be of the fame of being thought even the author of his writings. 'I fared like

* Boswell's Life, 10th A

tressed prince,' he said again, speaking of him in the preface to the *Tatler's* last volume, 'who calls in a powerful neighbour to his aid. I was undone by my auxiliary. When I had once called him in, I could not subsist without dependence on him.' That Addison had changed the design of the paper he never said; but he never tired of saying that his genius had elevated and enriched it. Again and again, at various times, he reasserts this with all the hearty warmth of his unselfish and unmisgiving nature. 'I rejoiced in being excelled,' he exclaims, remarking on Tickell's not very generous doubts; 'and made those little talents, whatever they are, which I have, give way, and be subservient to the superior qualities of a friend whom I loved.' Such a feeling we are bound to respect, we think, out of respect to him who entertained it; even while we see that he suffers no disadvantage from such a noble modesty.

We take therefore a specific statement made by Mr. Macaulay, not necessarily involving a comparison, though made to justify the contempt which would sacrifice one reputation to the other; and we shall meet it by some additional references to *Tatlers* written by Steele, so made as also to include some means of judgment upon them. After stating that at the close of 1709 the work was more popular than any periodical paper had ever been, and that Addison's connexion with it was generally known, Mr. Macaulay adds that it was not however known that almost everything good in it was his; and that his fifty or sixty numbers were not merely the best, but so decidedly the best that any five of them were more valuable than all the two hundred numbers in which he had no share. In mere extent, we may pause to remark, the participation was not so large; for, of the sixty numbers printed by Tickell, not much fewer than twenty were joint compositions, and Steele bore his full and equal part in those humorous proceedings before the Court of Honour, where even Bishop Hurd is fain to admit that 'Sir Richard hath acquitted himself better than usual.' But to dwell further upon this would involve what we wish to avoid. What is absolutely good, or absolutely bad, is not matter of relation or comparison; and if, upon the examples of Steele's *Tatlers* which now we are about to add to those already named, any question can be raised of their wit, feeling, or truth—their invention, their observation of life and of the shades of character—their humour, or the high moral tendency of their satire, nay, even of their sweetness, facility, and grace of style—the verdict will pass which determines, not this or that degree of inferiority to his friend, but the issue specifically raised by Mr. Macaulay, of whether or not, pendent of such considerations, his title as an English

humourist is to be conceded any longer. The statue has been flung down from its pedestal, but its features remain yet undamaged, and upon an honest and impartial judgment of them must rest its claim to be restored.

Our first example shall be a domestic picture, drawn by Steele in two *Tatlers* of within a few weeks' date of each other (Nos. 95 and 114), which to our thinking includes in itself almost every quality enumerated, and that in no indifferent degree. It is a common-life interior, of a truth and exactness which Wilkie or Leslie might have painted, and of that kind of pathos and purity which Goldsmith or Dickens might have written. In connexion with it, too, it is to be remembered that at this time no such thing as the English novel existed. There was as yet nothing livelier, in that direction, than the interminable *Grand Cyrus* of Madame de Scuderi, or the long-winded *Cassandra* and *Pharamond* of the lord of La Calprenede, which Steele so heartily laughed at in his *Tender Husband*.

The little story conveyed in the two papers is of the simplest possible description. Mr. Bickerstaff visits an old married friend, who had been his schoolfellow and his college companion, in whose house he always feels as in a second home, and where, as soon as the family come to town for the winter, he is expected to dinner as a matter of course. How pretty is the opening scene! 'I cannot indeed express the pleasure it is to be met by the children with so much joy as I am when I go thither. The boys and girls strive who shall come first, when they think that it is I that am knocking at the door; and that child which loses the race to me runs back again to tell the father it is Mr. Bickerstaff. This day I was led in by a pretty girl that we all thought must have forgot me, for the family has been out of town these two years. Her knowing me again was a mighty subject with us, and took up our discourse at the first entrance.' Then follows pleasant raillery of Mr. Bickerstaff from all the circle, upon numberless little stories that had been told of him in the country; the hints they have heard of his marriage with a young lady there; the hope they express that he will yet give the preference to our eldest daughter, Mrs. Mary, now sixteen; and the father's laughing disbeliefs, founded on Mr. B.'s love affairs of old, and the verses he wrote on Teraminta. But after dinner the friends are alone, and then fears for his wife's health break from the husband, which the other tries to turn aside; and so arise genial memories of the past, Mr. Bickerstaff talking over all his friend's courtship again, how they first saw her at the playhouse, and it was himself who followed her from the playhouse to ascertain her name, and who carried his friend's first
love-

love-letter to her, and who carried it back to him unopened, and how foolishly wretched he then was to think her angry in earnest. But the pleasant memory of sorrow that was unreal, and had passed away, cannot abate the abiding and still recurring fear. 'That fading in her countenance,' he says, 'is chiefly caused by her watching with me in my fever.' But handsomer than ever to him is the pale face; and nothing in all the boisterous passions of their youth, he tells his friend, can compare in depth and intensity with the love he feels in manhood. The poor bachelor thinks, as the other speaks, that now *he* shall never know it. 'Her face,' continues the husband more calmly, 'is to me much more beautiful than when I first saw it; there is no decay in any feature which I cannot trace from the very instant it was occasioned by some anxious concern for my welfare and interests.' With which thought the tide of his sorrow comes again upon him, and he describes his sinking heart as he hears the children play in the next room, and thinks what the poor things shall do when *she* is gone. Whereupon she re-enters; and he brightens again at her cheerful face; and she knows what he has been talking of, and rallies him, and means to have Mr. Bickerstaff for her second husband unless this first will take greater care of himself, and finally gets Mr. Bickerstaff to promise to take her again to the playhouse, in memory of his having followed her one night *from* the playhouse.

The children then reappear to complete a domestic interior which, at a time when wit had no higher employment than to laugh at the affections and moralities of home, could have arisen only to a fancy as pure as the heart that prompted it was loving and true. The noisiest among them is Mr. Bickerstaff's godson, Dick, in whose conversation, however, though his drum is a little in the way, this nice gradation of incredulity appears, that, having got into the lives and adventures of Guy of Warwick, the Seven Champions, and other historians of that age, he shakes his head at the improbability of *Æsop's Fables*. But the mother becomes a little jealous of the godson carrying off too much attention; and she will have her friend admire little Mrs. Betty's accomplishments, which accordingly are described; and so the conversation goes on till late, when Mr. Bickerstaff leaves the cordial fireside, considering the different conditions of a married life and that of a bachelor, and goes home in a pensive mood to his maid, his dog, and his cat, who only can be the better or worse for what happens to him.

But the little story is only half told. Having for its design to show that the pleasures of married life are too little regarded, that thousands have them and do not enjoy them, and that it is

therefore a kind and good office to acquaint such people with their own happiness, he with it connects the solemn warning drawn from its fleeting tenure, and the limited duration of all enjoyment on earth.

Two months have elapsed, it is the last day of the year, and Mr. Bickerstaff is walking about his room very cheerfully, when a coach stops at his door, a lad of fifteen alights, and he perceives the eldest son of his schoolfellow. The pleasant thought has occurred to him that the father was just such a stripling at the time of their first knowledge of each other, when the boy enters, takes his hand, and bursts into tears. His thought at the moment is with his friend, and with sudden concern he inquires for him. The reply, 'My mother ——,' and the tears that choke further utterance, tell Mr. Bickerstaff all. His friend's worst forebodings have come suddenly true. He hurries to the house; meets the celebrated divine, Dr. Smallridge, just quitting it; and, by the suppressed grief of the mourners as he enters, knows what hope and consolation that sacred teaching has left. But the husband, at sight of him, cannot but turn away his face and weep again; and the little family of children renew the expressions of their sorrow according to their several ages and degrees of understanding. The eldest daughter, in tears, is busied in attendance upon her mother; others are kneeling about the bedside; 'and what troubled me most was to see a little boy, who was too young to know the reason, weeping only because his sisters did.' In the room there is only one person unmoved; and as he approaches the bed she says in a low broken voice, 'This is kindly done. Take care of your friend—do not go from him!' She has taken leave of them all, and the end is come. 'My heart was torn in pieces to see the husband on one side suppressing and keeping down the swellings of his grief, for fear of disturbing her in her last moments; and the wife, even at that time, concealing the pains she endured, for fear of increasing his affliction. She kept her eyes upon him for some moments after she grew speechless, and soon after closed them for ever. In the moment of her departure, my friend, who had thus far commanded himself, gave a deep groan, and fell into a swoon by her bedside.' The few calm grave sentences that follow this description are known to have been written by Addison. It would seem as though Steele felt himself unable to proceed, and his friend had taken the pen from his trembling hand.

Need we indicate other stories, told yet more briefly, more in the manner of direct relations, and all of them pathetic in the extreme? *Inkle and Yarico*, which has filled with tears so many eyes, and the story of *Alexander Selkirk*, which suggested De Foe's wonderful

wonderful romance, belong to Steele's writings in the *Spectator*; but in the *Tatler* we have some half-dozen tales, quite unpretendingly told, but with a reality and intensity of pathos affecting to a degree that the equally brief narrations of any other writer have never, in our judgment, equalled. Of the Dream in especial (No. 117) the contrivance is so inimitable, and the moral so impressive, that within the same compass we know of nothing at all approaching to its effect. A lover and his mistress are toying and trifling together in a summer evening on Dover Cliff; she snatches a copy of verses from his hand and runs before him; he is eagerly following, when he beholds on a sudden the ground sink under her, and she is dashed down the height. 'I said to myself, it is not in the power of Heaven to relieve me! *when I awaked*, equally transported and astonished to see myself drawn out of an affliction which, the very moment before, appeared to me altogether inextricable.' This has been given to Addison, but is certainly Steele's.

From these we may pass to his Clubs, all filled with character; and out of the many such societies that owed their life to his untiring invention, and that live still by his wit, we may select the Trumpet (No. 132) for brief allusion. Its members are smokers and old story-tellers, rather easy than shining companions, promoting the thoughts tranquilly bedward, and not the less comfortable to Mr. Bickerstaff because he finds himself the leading wit among them. There is old Sir Jeffrey Notch, who has had misfortunes in the world, and calls every thriving man a pitiful upstart, by no means to the general dissatisfaction; there is Major Matchlock, who served in the last civil wars, and every night tells them of his having been knocked off his horse at the rising of the London apprentices, for which he is in great esteem; there is honest old Dick Reptile, who says little himself, but laughs at all the jokes; and there is the old Bencher of the Temple, next to Mr. Bickerstaff the wit of the company, who has by heart ten couplets of Hudibras, which he regularly applies before leaving the club of an evening, and who, if any modern wit or town frolic be mentioned, shakes his head at the dulness of the present age and tells a story of Jack Ogle. As for Mr. Bickerstaff himself, he is esteemed among them because they see he is something respected by others; but though they concede to him a great deal of learning, they credit him with small knowledge of the world, 'insomuch that the Major sometimes, in the height of his military pride, calls me the philosopher; and Sir Jeffrey, no longer ago than last night, upon a dispute what day of the month it was then in Holland, pulled his pipe out of his mouth, and cried, "What does the scholar say to it?"'

But

But perhaps the most consummately drawn of all his characters is introduced in the essay, No. 127, in which he discourses of, and illustrates in its humbler varieties, that 'affection of the mind called pride' which appears in such a multitude of disguises, every one feeling it in himself, yet wondering to see it in his neighbours. Pursuing it to its detection under the semblance of quite contrary habits and dispositions, he introduces, as the most subtle example of it he had ever known, a person for whom he had a great respect, as being an old courtier and a friend of his in his youth. And then we have a portrait of that kind which, though produced by a few apparently careless touches, never fades, never ceases to charm, and is a study for all succeeding times and painters. 'The man,' says Steele, 'has but a bare subsistence, just enough to pay his reckoning with us at the Trumpet; but by having spent the beginning of his life in the hearing of great men and persons of power, he is always promising to do good offices and to introduce every man he converses with into the world. He will desire one of ten times his substance to let him see him sometimes, and hints to him that he does not forget him. He answers to matters of no consequence with great circumspection; but, however, maintains a general civility in his words and actions, and an insolent benevolence to all whom he has to do with. This he practises with a grave tone and air; and though I am his senior by twelve years, and richer by forty pounds per annum, he had yesterday the impudence to commend me to my face and tell me "he should be always ready to encourage me." In a word, he is a very insignificant fellow, but exceeding gracious.' If there is better observation or writing than this in either *Tatler* or *Spectator*, we should be very glad to become acquainted with it.

Another distemper of the mind is treated of in No. 227, where he condemns the *nil admirari* as the shallowest of doctrines; points out the great mistake the Devil makes in Milton when he can find nothing to please him even in Paradise; and looks upon a man as afflicted with disease, when he cannot discern anything which another is master of that is agreeable. With this we may connect the very perfect description, in No. 184, of that social nuisance, a professed wag; which never in its life beheld a beautiful object, but sees always, what it does see, in the most low and inconsiderable light it can be placed in. A yet earlier essay, bearing somewhat upon the same matter, is in No. 92; where, contrary to the common notion, Steele declares his belief that the love of praise dwells most in great and heroic spirits; and that it is those who best deserve it who have generally the most exquisite relish of it. Let us add from an essay on impudence

dence in No. 168, as one of many admirable thoughts conceived in the same noble spirit, that he notes it as a mean want of fortitude in a good man not to be able to do a virtuous action with as much confidence as an impudent fellow does an ill one.

For our next examples shall we turn to the innumerable little sketches of individual character by which these and other truths are so abundantly and pleasantly enforced, are vivified, and put into action? No unattainable impossible virtues, no abstract speculative vices, occupy the page of Steele. As promptly as his heart or knowledge suggests, his imagination creates; his fancies crowd in bodily form into life; everything with him becomes actual, and to all his airy nothings he has given lasting habitation and a name.

Shall we take a lesson against over-easiness in temper from the crafty old cit in No. 176, who, speaking of a well-natured young fellow set up with a good stock in Lombard-street, 'I will,' says he, 'lay no more money in his hands, for he never denied me anything'? Or introduce Tom Spindle from No. 47, who takes to his bed on hearing that the French tyrant won't sign the treaty of peace, he having just written a most excellent poem on that subject? Or, from the proof in No. 173 that by the vanity of silly fathers half the only time for education is lost, make acquaintance with the Shire-lane pastrycook who has an objection to take his son from his learning, but is resolved, as soon as he has a little smattering in the Greek, to put him apprentice to a soap-boiler? Or illustrate, from No. 159, the discredit which the morals of the stage then strove to cast upon marriage, and the separate beds, the silent tables, and the solitary homes, which it was the sole ambition of your men of wit and pleasure to contribute to, by the country squire who set up for a man of the town, and went home 'in the gaiety of his heart' to beat his wife? Or profit by the lecture read in No. 210 to the very fine and very censorious lady of quality, who is for ever railing at the vices of the age, meaning only the single vice she is not guilty of herself; and whose cruelty to a poor girl, who, whatever imperfections may rest on her, is, in her present behaviour, modest, sensible, pious, and discreet, is indignantly rebuked by Mr. Bickerstaff? Or pursue the same subject in No. 217, and of the same too numerous class, who, because no one can call them one ugly name, call all mankind all the rest, humbly conceive with Mr. Bickerstaff that such ladies have a false notion of a modest woman, and dare to say that the side-boxes would supply better than many who pass upon the world and themselves for modest, and whose husbands know every pain in life with them except jealousy? Or take a different lesson from

Jenny

Jenny Distaff's conversation with her brother Isaac in No. 104, when, being asked the help of his magic to make her always beautiful to her husband, he shows her how an inviolable fidelity, good humour, and complacency of temper, may outlive all the charms of the prettiest face, and make the decays of it invisible? Or, in No. 151, observe the unexpected sources of pride in the two sisters, one of whom holds up her head higher than ordinary from having on a pair of striped garters: or, in No. 127, the fantastic forms of it in the cobbler of Ludgate-hill, who, being naturally a lover of respect, and considering that his circumstances are such that no man living will give it him, reverses the laws of idolatry which require the man to worship the image, and contrives an inferior to himself in the wooden figure of a beau, which, hat in one hand and in posture of profound respect, holds out obsequiously in the other what is needful to its master's occasions? Or see reason, from what is told us in No. 112 of the mischief done in the world from a want of occupation for idle hours, to think an able statesman out of business like a huge whale that will endeavour to overturn the ship, unless he has an empty cask to play with; and to wish with Mr. Bickerstaff, for the good of the nation, that many famous politicians could but take pleasure in feeding ducks? Or turn finally to that ponderous politician but small philosopher, in No. 171, who, with a very awful brow and a countenance full of weight, pronounces it a great misfortune 'that men of letters seldom look into the bottom of things.'

That men of letters could always look to Steele for their heartiest champion it would not have been needful to add, but for a proof of it in No. 101, too characteristic not to be mentioned. As on a former occasion we saw Addison, when the grief of his friend seemed to break his utterance, with a calm composure taking up his theme simply to moderate its pain; so, in this paper, to which also both contribute, and of which the exquisite opening humour closes abruptly in generous indignation, we may see each, according to his different nature, moved by an intolerable wrong. Of the maltreatment of authors, in regard to copyright, both are speaking, and high above the irresistible laugh which Addison would raise against a law that makes only rogues and pirates prosperous, rings out the clear and manly claim of Steele to be allowed to speak in the cause of learning itself, and to lament that a liberal education should be the only one which a polite nation makes unprofitable, and that the only man who cannot get protection from his country should be he that best deserves it.

Nor less characteristic of that generous nature which reserved its sympathies for no single class, but could enter familiarly into
all

all conditions, and to which nothing could be foreign that concerned humanity, is that paper, No. 87, which in the present crisis of our history should not be the least interesting to us of all the *Tatlers*. Those, too, were days of war and foreign siege; and while a chorus of continual praise was going up to Marlborough and Eugene, Steele bethought him to single out, as not less worthy of celebration, the courage and feeling of the private soldier. He sets before us, therefore, as dropped by his servant in dressing him, a supposed letter from one Serjeant Hall to Serjeant Cabe, 'in the Coldstream regiment of Foot Guards, at the Red Lettice in the Butcher Row, near Temple Bar,' by which he would show us the picture of what he calls the very bravest sort of men, '*a man of great courage and small hopes*,' and would exemplify the dignity of human nature in all states of life. The letter itself is what we have lately seen, in a hundred forms, from the heroes of Alma and Inkermann; it is just such an honest masterpiece as any of those that have made hearts throb and eyes glisten lately; and in it spoke a personal experience, as well as a kind heart and a just philosophy. Steele knew very well, as he says, this part of mankind, for in the army he had himself mixed with them. Nor will it be inappropriate that we should pass to the sketch of his actual career after allusion to another paper in which his actual experience is written, and where the charm of his natural style is carried to exquisite perfection.

It is a paper of sadness and self-examination.* Conscious of having been giving up too much time to pleasure, he desires to correct the present by recollections of the past, to cast back his thoughts on those who had been dear and agreeable to him, to ponder step by step on the life that was gone, and revive old places of grief in his memory. But we can only take, from this charming and most touching retrospect, his earliest recollection, and his earliest grief. 'The first sense of sorrow I ever knew was upon the death of my father, at which time I was not quite five years of age; but was rather amazed at what all the house meant, than possessed with a real understanding why nobody was willing to play with me. I remember I went into the room where his body lay, and my mother sat weeping alone by it. I had my battledore in my hand, and fell a beating the coffin, and calling Papa; for, I know not how, I had some slight idea that he was locked up there. My mother caught me in her arms, and, transported beyond all patience of the silent grief she was before in, she almost smothered me in her embraces, and told me in a flood

* *Tatler*, No. 181.

of tears, "Papa could not hear me, and would play with me no more, for they were going to put him under ground, whence he could never come to us again." She was a very beautiful woman, of a noble spirit, and there was a dignity in her grief amidst all the wildness of her transport; which, methought, struck me with an instinct of sorrow, that, before I was sensible of what it was to grieve, seized my very soul, and has made pity the weakness of my heart ever since.' And so, strengthened by love, if weakened by pity, began the life of Richard Steele.

His family on the father's side were English, but he had an Irish mother; and in Dublin, where his father held the office of secretary to the first Duke of Ormond, he was born in 1675. The Duke was one of the governors of Charterhouse, and there Richard Steele was placed, as soon as he could be entered after his father's death. He remained till he was seventeen; and from his ready scholarship of after years, as well as the kind expressions long interchanged between him and its old headmaster, Dr. Ellis, he may be assumed to have passed fairly through the school. Of his positive acquisitions only one is known, but it is by far the most important. Not the glory of his having carried off every prize and exhibition attainable, if such had been his, would have interested us half so much as the fact that here began his friendship with Joseph Addison.

The son of the Dean of Lichfield was three years older than Steele, who was a lad of only twelve, when, at the age of fifteen, Addison went up to Oxford. Three years at that age are the measure of submission or authority, and Steele never lost through life the habit of *looking up* at his friend. He went himself to Oxford in 1692, at the head of that year's post-masters for Merton; but his intercourse with the scholar of Magdalene had not ceased in the interval. Pleasant traces are left for us which connect the little fatherless lad with visitings to Addison's father, who loved him. Like one of his own children he loved me, exclaimed Steele, towards the close of his life. Those children, too, apart from his famous schoolfellow, he thanks for their affection to him; and among the possessions of his youth retained until death was a letter in the handwriting of the good old Dean, giving 'his blessing on the friendship between his son and me.' The little black-eyed dusky-faced lad had made himself popular at the Lichfield deanery; and he brought away from it, we will doubt, that first ineffaceable impression which remained alike
 "the weakness and the strength of his future years, that
 religion

religion was a part of goodness, and that cheerfulness should be inseparable from piety.

Entered of Merton in 1692, his college career is soon told. Having passed three years in a study of which he showed afterwards good use, and in a companionship which confirmed not the least memorable of friendships, he left Oxford with the love of 'the whole society,'* but without a degree, after writing a comedy which was perhaps as strong a recommendation to the one as a disqualification for the other. He burnt that comedy, however, on a friend telling him it was not worth keeping. Quick, inventive, and ardent; easy and sweet in temper, social and communicative in tastes; with eager impulses and warm affections, but yet forming his opinions for himself, and giving them shape and efficacy without regard to consequences; the Dick Steele of Merton was the same Mr. Steele of Hampton and Bloomsbury to whose maturer philosophy many charming illustrations have attracted us in the foregoing pages. Having desired his friend's advice about his comedy, he had too much sincerity and too little pride not at once to act upon it; but he was also too impatient not to ask himself afterwards, if he was to fail as a wit and a writer, in what other direction lay the chances of success? Already a hot politician, and entering with all his heart into the struggle of which the greatest champion now sat on the English throne, might he not at any rate, on his hero's behalf, throw a sword if not a pen into the scale? He would be a soldier. He would, as he says, plant himself behind King William the Third against Lewis the Fourteenth. But here he was met by determined opposition; and a rich relative of his mother, who had named him heir to a large estate in Wexford, threatened to disinherit him if he took that course. He took it, and was disinherited; giving the express reason, many years later, that, when he so cocked his hat, put on a broad sword, jack-boots, and shoulder-belt, and mounted a war-horse, under the unhappy Duke of Ormond's command, *he was not acquainted with his own parts*, and did not know, what he had since discovered, that he could handle a pen more effectively than a sword.† What do we see in all this but an earlier form of the philosophy of the *Tatler*, that you must *be* the thing you would seem to be, and in some form manage to *do* what you think it right should be done?

Baffled in his hope to obtain a commission, Steele entered the army as a private in the Horse Guards, preferring, as he characteristically expresses it, the state of his mind to that of his fortune. Soon, however, the qualities which made him the

* *Biographia Britannica*, vi. 3823.

† *The Theatre*, No. xi.

delight

delight of his comrades, obtained him a cornetcy in the regiment; and not long after, through the interest of its colonel, Lord Cutts, to whom he had acted as private secretary, he got a company in Lord Lucas's fusiliers, and became *Captain Steele*. Then began the experiences and temptations he has himself described. He found it, he says, a way of life exposed to much irregularity, and, being thoroughly convinced of many things, of which he often repented and which he more often repeated, he writ, for his own private use, a little book called the *Christian Hero*.* Nevertheless, this little book is not exactly what the good Dr. Drake, and many before him and since, appear to have thought it. You would suppose, from what is said of it, that it was 'a valuable little manual' of religious exercises for use in 'the intervals snatched from the orgies of voluptuousness.' But it is by no means this, nor anything else that would amount to such sheer fooling and face-making. Steele had too humble and pious a faith in religion to expose it to ridicule from the unscrupulous companions he lived with. How large and longing is the mind of man, compared with the shortness of his life and the frailty of his desires, he knew; and that his own thoughts were better than his practice, it was no discredit to him also to know. But it was not to set up the one either as a cloak or a contrast to the other that he wrote the *Christian Hero*. It was not a book of either texts or prayers. There was nothing in it that a man conscious of all infirmities might not write; but there was also that in it which must have made its writer more conscious of his powers than he had been till then, and which influenced his future perhaps more than any one has supposed.

At the outset of it he tells you that men of business, whatever they may think, have not nearly so much to do with the government of the world as men of wit; but that the men of wit in that age had made a grave mistake in disregarding religion and decency. He attributes it to classical associations, that, being scholars, they are so much more apt to resort to Heathen than to Christian examples; and to correct this error he proposes to show, by a series of instances, how inadequate to all the great needs of life is the Heathen, and how sufficient the Christian morality. Anticipating and answering Gibbon, he looks upon it as the special design of Providence that the time when the world received the best news it ever heard was also that when the warriors and philosophers whose virtues are most pompously arrayed in story should have been performing, or just have finished, their parts. He then introduces, with elaborate por-

* *Apology*, p. 296.

traiture of their greatness, Cato, the younger Brutus, and other characters of antiquity; that he may also display them, in their moments of highest necessity, deprived of their courage, and deserted by their gods. By way of contrast, he next exhibits, 'from a certain neglected Book, which is called, and from its excellence above all other books deservedly called, *The Scripture*,' handling it with no theological pretension, but as the common inheritance vouchsafed to us all, what the Christian system is. He finds in the Sermon on the Mount 'the whole heart of man discovered by him that made it, and all our secret impulses to ill, and false appearances of good, exposed and detected;' he shows through what storms of want and misery it was able to bear unscathed the early martyrs and apostles; and, in demonstration of the world's present inattention to its teaching, he tells them that, after all they can say of a man, let them but conclude that he is rich, and they have made him friends, nor have they utterly overthrown him till they have said he is poor. In other words, a sole consideration to prosperity has taken, in their imaginations, the place of Christianity; and what is there that is not lost, pursues kind-hearted Steele, in that which is thus displaced? 'For Christianity has that in it which makes men pity, not scorn, the wicked; and, by a beautiful kind of ignorance of themselves, think those wretches their equals.' It aggravates all the benefits and good offices of life by making them seem fraternal, and its generosity is an enlarged self-love. The Christian so feels the wants of the miserable, that it sweetens the pain of the obliged; he gives with an air that has neither oppression nor superiority in it, 'and is always a benefactor with the mien of a receiver.'

In an expression already quoted from the *Tatler* we have seen a paraphrase of these last few words, but indeed Mr. Bickersstaff's practical and gentle philosophy, not less than his language, is anticipated by Captain Steele. The spirit of both is the same. The leading purpose in both is a hearty sympathy with humanity; a belief, as both express it, that 'it is not possible for a human heart to be averse to anything that is human;' a desire to link the highest associations to the commonest things; a faith in the compatibility of mirth with virtue; the wish to smooth life's road by the least acts of benevolence as well as by the greatest; and the lesson so to keep our understandings balanced, that things shall appear to us 'great or little as they are in nature, not as they are gilded or sullied by accident and fortune.' The thoughts and expressions, as may be seen in these quoted, are frequently the same; each has the antithetical turns and verbal contrasts, 'the proud submission, the dignified obedience,' which is a peculiarity of Steele's manner;
in

in both we have the author aiming far less to be author than companion; and there is even a passage in this *Christian Hero* which brings rustling about us the hoops and petticoats of Mr. Bickerstaff's Chloes and Clarissas. He talks of the coarseness and folly, the alternate rapture and contempt, with which women are treated by the wits; he desires to see the love they inspire taken out of that false disguise, and put in its own gay and becoming dress of innocence; and he tells us that 'in their tender frame there is native simplicity, groundless fear, and little unaccountable contradictions, upon which there might be built expostulations to divert a good and intelligent young woman, as well as the fulsome raptures, guilty impressions, senseless deifications, and pretended deaths, that are every day offered her.' Captain Steele dedicates his little book to Lord Cutts, dates it from the Tower Guard, and winds it up with a parallel between the French and the English king, not unbecoming a Christian soldier. But surely, as we thus read it on to its close, the cocked hat, the shoulder-belt, the jack-boots disappear; and we have before us, in gown and slippers, the Editor of the *Tatler*. Exit the soldier, and enter the wit.

The publication of the *Christian Hero*, in 1701, is certainly the point of transition. He says himself that after it he was not thought so good a companion, and that he found it necessary to enliven his character by another kind of writing. The truth is that he had discovered at last what he best could do; and where in future he was to mount guard was not at the Tower, or under command of my Lord Cutts, but at the St. James's coffee-house, or Will's, in waiting on Mr. Congreve. The author of the *Old Bachelor* and *Love for Love* now sat in the chair just vacated by Dryden; and appears to have shown unusual kindness to his new and promising recruit. In a letter of this date he talks of Dick Steele with an agreeable air of cordiality; and such was then Mr. Congreve's distinction, that his notice was no trifling feather in the cap of an ex-captain of Fusileers. 'I hope I may have leave to indulge my vanity,' says Steele, 'by telling all the world that Mr. Congreve is my friend.' The *Muse's Mercury* not only told the world the same thing, but published verses of the new Whig wit, and threw out hints of a forthcoming comedy.

The *Funeral, or Grief à la Mode*, Steele's first dramatic production, was played at Drury Lane in 1702. Very sprightly and pleasant throughout, it was full of telling hits at lawyers and undertakers, and, with a great many laughable incidents, and no laugh raised at the expense of virtue or decency, it had one character (the widow on whom the artifice of her husband's supposed

posed death is played off) which is a masterpiece of comedy. Guardsmen and Fusileers mustered strong on the first night; in the prologue, 'a fellow soldier' made appeal to their soldierly sympathies; Cibber, Wilks, Norris, and Mrs. Oldfield were in the cast; and the success was complete. One can imagine the enjoyment of the scene where the undertaker reviews his regiment of mourners, and singles out for indignant remonstrance one provokingly hale, well-looking mute. 'You ungrateful scoundrel, did not I pity you, take you out of a great man's service, and show you the pleasure of receiving wages? Did not I give you ten, then fifteen, now twenty shillings a week, to be sorrowful. *And the more I give you, I think the gladder you are!*' But this was a touch that should have had for its audience a company of Addisons rather than of gay Fusileers and Guardsmen. Sydney Smith, indeed, who delighted in it, used to think it Addison's; but certainly Steele's first comedy had no insertion from that masterly hand. When it was written he was in Italy, when it was acted he was in Geneva, and he did not return to England, after an absence of more than four years, till towards the close of the following autumn.

He found his friend not only established among the wits, but enrolled in that most select body of their number who drank Whig toasts at the Kit-Kat, with the prudent Mr. Tonson at one end of the table and the proud Duke of Somerset at the other. For the comedy had brought him repute in high Whig quarters, and even the notice of the King. He was justly proud of this. It was much to say, from experience, that nothing could make the town so fond of a man as a successful play; but more to have it to remember that 'his name to be provided for, was in the last table-book ever worn by the glorious and immortal William the Third.* Yes, the last. Between the acting of his comedy and the arrival of his friend, their great sovereign had ceased to be mortal. Somewhat sad were Whig prospects, therefore, when Addison again grasped Steele by the hand; but the Kit-Kat opened its doors eagerly to the newcomer, the first place at Will's and the St. James's was conceded to him, and the *Noctes Cœnæque Deorum* began. Many have described and glorified them; and Steele coupled them in later years with a yet rarer felicity, when he had to tell of 'nights spent with him apart from all the world,' in the freedom and intimacy of their old school days of Charter-House, and their College walks by the banks of the Cherwell. There is no such thing as real conversation, Addison used to say, but between two

* Apology, p. 297.

persons; and after nights so passed, Steele could only think of his friend as combining in himself all the wit and nature of Terence and Catullus, heightened with a humour more exquisite and delightful than either possessed, or than was ever the property of any other man.

Of course Captain Steele (for so, according to Mr. Dennis, he continued to be called at the theatres) had by this time begun another comedy, and from his friend he received for it not a few of what he generously said afterwards were its most applauded strokes. Nor is it difficult, we think, to trace Addison's hand in the *Tender Husband*. There is a country squire and justice of the quorum in it, perhaps the very first the stage had in those days brought from his native fields for any purpose more innocent than to have horns clapped on his head, and in the scenes with him and his lumpish nephew, there is a heightened humour we are disposed to give to Addison. But Steele's rich invention, and careless graces, are also very manifest throughout; and in the dialogues of the romance-stricken niece and her lover, from which Sheridan borrowed, and in that of the niece and her bumpkin of a cousin, to which even Goldsmith was somewhat indebted, we have pure and genuine comedy. The mistake of the piece, as of its predecessor, is the occasional disposition to reform morals rather than to paint manners; for the rich vein which the *Tatler* worked to such inimitable uses, yielded but scantily to the working of the stage. But the *Tender Husband*, admirably acted by Wilks, Norris, and Estcourt, and above all by Mrs. Oldfield in that love-lorn Parthenissa, Biddy Tipkin, well deserved its success. Before its production there had arrived the glorious news of Blenheim, and Steele flung in some Whiggish and patriotic touches. Addison wrote the prologue, and to Addison the piece was dedicated: the author taking that means of declaring publicly to the world that he looked upon this intimacy as the most valuable enjoyment of his life, and hoping also to make the Town no ill compliment for their kind acceptance of his comedy by acknowledging, that this had so far raised his own opinion of it as to make him think it no improper memorial of an inviolable friendship. To Addison he addressed at the same time a more private wish, which lay very near his heart. 'I told him there was nothing I so ardently wished, as that we might sometime or other publish a work written by us both, which should bear the name of *The Monument*, in memory of our friendship.'* Such a work, under a livelier title, not planned with that view by either friend, was

* *The Spectator*, No. 555.

soon to perpetuate, and inseparably to connect, the names of both.

Meanwhile, after two or three years of adversity and depression, the Whig cause had again brightened. The great foreign policy of William coerced, as with a spell, the purposes of his successors, and with the victory of Blenheim Whig principles obtained again the mastery. In that interval of gloomy and variable weather many changes had become also perceptible in the places of resort which the wits made famous. The coffee-house had ceased to be any longer such neutral ground as it had formerly been. Men are more jealous of their opinions when their opinions are less prosperous, more eager themselves to champion them, and less tolerant of others who oppose them. Literature itself took insensibly a stronger tone, and a higher position, in those stormy and threatening days. It was the only direct communication between the men who governed the State, and the people from whom, if the Act of Settlement was to have any authority, they received their sole commission to govern it. Halifax, Somers, Sunderland, Cowper, indeed all the leading Whig lords, knew this thoroughly, and if they had acted on it less partially, would have kept their ground better than they did. When Mr. Mackey, in his *Memoirs of his Secret Services*, says of Halifax that he was a great encourager of learning and learned men, Swift grimly writes in the margin that 'his encouragements were only good words and dinners.' But *that* at any rate was something. At such a time as the present it was much. When Blenheim made a 'new' Whig of the Tory Lord Treasurer, a good word from Halifax got Addison a commissionership of two hundred a year from him; and while the restoration of the old Whigs was yet doubtful, the dinners of Halifax at least kept their partizans together, and Prior himself was made not less steady than even Ambrose Philips or Steele.

But, as we have said, prospects in that direction were brightening at last. Events were accomplishing, of themselves, what the actors in them had not the power to prevent; and, through whatever remaining obstacle or hindrance, for the present the plain result had become too imminent for longer delay by any possible combination of clergy and country gentlemen. What was done with that hope only hastened the catastrophe. Oddly enough, however, it happened just at this time that the only consolation of which the circumstances were capable, was suggested by a member of the one disheartened class to a member of the other. It was at the St. James's coffeehouse, now the great Whig resort, but into which there had stumbled one day, when all the leading wits were present, a 'gentleman

in boots just come out of the country.' Already also, on that day, a clergyman of remarkable appearance had been observed in the room. Of stalwart figure, with great sternness and not much refinement of face, but with the most wonderful eyes looking out from under black and heavy brows, he had been walking half an hour or so incessantly to and fro across the floor without speaking to anybody; when at last, on the entrance of the booted squire, up went this walking priest to him, and asked this question aloud: 'Pray, Sir, do you remember any good weather in the world?' The country gentleman was of course unprepared for anything in the way of allegory, and stammered out an answer which did little credit to him as an agriculturist. 'Yes, Sir, I thank God I remember a great deal of good weather in my time.' To which the querist rejoined, 'That is more than I can say. I never remember any weather that was not too hot or too cold, too wet or too dry; but, however God Almighty contrives it, at the end of the year 'tis all very well'—took up his hat, and without another word to anybody walked out of the room.

That was the first introduction of Steele and Addison to the Reverend Jonathan Swift. Not long after, however, they knew in him not only 'the mad parson,' but the writer of one of the most effective of Whig pamphlets, the author of the most masterly prose satire published since Rabelais, the foremost intellect, and one of the first wits of the day. Nor was he, to them, the least delightful of associates. When Addison, shortly after this time, gave him his book of travels, he wrote on its fly-leaf that it was given to the most agreeable companion, the truest friend, and the greatest genius of his age. Happily none of them yet knew what his master-passion was, of what little value he counted friendships or alliances that might thwart it, with what secret purpose he sought the power to be derived from literary distinction, to what uses he would have turned his influence over those Whig wits at the St. James's coffee-house, and what a dark and dreary past he was there himself to redeem. As yet they saw him only in his amiable aspect; somewhat perhaps condescending to their mirth, but sharing in it nevertheless, and, when he pleased, making it run over with abundance. Indeed he cared so little for what was matter of real moment to them, that he was able often to pass for a goodnatured man in points where they failed to show good nature. 'I have great credit with him,' he wrote of an indifferent verse-writer to Ambrose Philips, when a foreign employment had for a time carried off that staunch Whig poet, 'because I can listen when he reads, which neither you, nor the Addisons, nor Steeles ever can.' It is the same letter in which
he

he tells Ambrose that the 'triumvirate' of Addison, Steele, and himself, come together as seldom as the sun, moon, and earth; though he often sees each of them, and each of them him and each other; but, when he is of their number, justice is done to Ambrose as he would desire.

No doubt, when the triumvirate were thus together, Swift could do justice also, in his dry way, to the pretty little opera of *Rosamund*, which Mr. Addison had permitted to be represented, and which, though it brought him no repute, added another member to the circle who surrounded him—the 'senate,' as Pope afterwards called them—in the person of that young Mr. Tickell of Oxford who addressed to him a poem in admiration of it. One may imagine, too, that while Swift bore with much equanimity Mr. Addison's failure on that occasion, he might be even disposed to make merry at a certain contemporaneous failure of the other member of the triumvirate, who, having proposed to give a dramatic form to Jeremy Collier's *Short View*, and to introduce upon the stage itself that slashing divine's uncompromising strictures of it, produced his *Lying Lover*, and had the honour to inform the House of Commons some years later, that he alone, of all English dramatists, had written a comedy which was damned for its piety. This surprising incident closed for the present Steele's dramatic career; and when the *Muse's Mercury* next introduced his name to its readers, it was to say that, as for comedies, there was no great expectation of anything of that kind since Mr. Farquhar's death, for 'the two gentlemen who would probably always succeed in the comic vein, Mr. Congreve and Captain Steele, have affairs of much greater importance at present to take up their time and thoughts.'

Soon after his pious failure, in truth, he had received from the gift of Harley what he calls the lowest office in the state, that of Gazetteer, and with it the post of Gentleman-Usher in the household of Prince George. It was not long before Harley's own resignation he had to thank him for this service; and it was at the very time when the old Whigs were to all appearance again firmly established, and Addison was Under-Secretary of State, that heavings of no distant change became again perceptible. Writers themselves were beginning to sway from side to side as preferments fell thick. There was Rowe coming over from the Tories, and there was Prior going over from the Whigs,* and there was the 'mad parson' of the St. James's coffee-

* In the *Hammer Correspondence* published not many years ago we have a significant

coffee-house talking his *Tract on Civil Discords* to alarm the Tories, or his *Tale of the Tub* to alarm the Whigs, according as either side for the time inclined. And in the midst of these portents, as we have said, Mr. Harley quitted office, and the Whig phalanx little dreamed what he went to plan and meditate in his compelled retirement.

But in other than political ways the current of life was moving on with Steele, and matters of private as well as public concern had to do with his secession from the theatre. Some little time before this he had received a moderate fortune in West India property with his first wife, the sister of a planter in Barbadoes; and he had been left a widower not many months after the marriage. Just before Harley left the ministry, he married again; and, of every letter or note he addressed to his second wife during the twelve years of their union, that lady proved herself so curiously thrifty, whether for her own comfort in often reading his words or for his plague in often repeating them, that the public curiosity was gratified at the commencement of the century by the publication of upwards of 400 such compositions; and thus the most private thoughts, the most familiar and unguarded expressions, weaknesses which the best men pass their lives in concealing, self-reproaches that only arise to the most generous natures, everything, in short, that Richard Steele uttered in the confidence of an intimacy the most sacred, and which repeatedly he had begged 'might be shown to no one living,' became the property of all the world. It will be seen, as we proceed, how he stands a test such as never was applied, within our knowledge, to any other man on earth.

'Happy is the wooing that is not long a-doing,' and Steele's does not seem to have been prolonged beyond a month. But his letters are such masterpieces of ardour and respect, of tender passion and honest feeling, of good sense and earnestness as well as of playful sweetness, that the lady may fairly be forgiven for having so soon surrendered. Instead of saying he shall die for her, he protests he shall be glad to lead his life with her; and on those terms she accepts, to use the phrase she afterwards applied to him, 'as agreeable and pleasant a man as any in England.' Once accepted, his letters are in-

significant letter from Prior to Hanmer, dated in 1707, and referring to another accession the Whigs had lately had, in the person of Mr. Edmund Smith, who dedicated his play to Lord Halifax. '*Phædra* is a prostitute, and Smith's dedication is nonsense. People do me a great deal of honour. They say when you and I had lookt over this piece for six months, the man could write verse; but when we had forsaken him, and he went over to St— and Addison, he could not write prose: you see, Sir, how dangerous it is to be well with you; a man is no longer father of his own writings, if they are good.'

cessant,

cessant. He writes to her every hour, as he thinks of her every moment, of the day. He cannot read his books, he cannot see his friends, for thinking of her. While Addison and he are together at Chelsea, he steals a moment, while his friend is in the next room, to tell the charmer of his soul that he is only and passionately hers. In town he seems to have shared Addison's lodgings at this time; not many weeks afterwards, he tells her 'Mr. Addison does not remove till to-morrow, and therefore I cannot think of moving my goods out of his lodgings;' thus early she seems to have contracted that habit of calling Addison her 'rival,' which he often charges on her in subsequent years; and who will doubt that the Under-Secretary, rigid moralist as he was, formed part of that 'very good company,' who, not many days before the marriage, drank Mrs. Mary Scurlock's health (such was her name: she was the daughter and sole heiress of Jonathan Scurlock, Esq., of the county of Carmarthen) by the title of *the woman Dick Steele loves best*, to an extent it would hardly be decorous now to mention? The last few days before the wedding are the least tolerable of all. If he calls at a friend's house, he must borrow the means of writing to her. If he is at a coffeehouse, the waiter is despatched to her. If a minister at his office asks him what news from Lisbon, he answers she is exquisitely handsome. If Mr. Elliott desires at the St. James's to know when he has been last at Hampton Court, he replies it will be Tuesday come se'ennight. For the happy day was fixed at last; and on 'Tuesday come se'ennight,' the 9th of September 1707, the adorable Molly Scurlock became Mrs. Richard Steele.

It does not fall within our purpose to dwell in much detail upon so large a subject as this lady's merits and defects, but some circumstances attended the marriage of a nature to make some of its early results less surprising. In her fortune of 400*l.* a-year her mother had a life-interest, and she does not seem to have regarded favourably any of the plans the newly-married couple proposed. On the other hand, Steele had certainly overestimated his own income; and a failure in his Barbadoes estate made matters worse in this respect. Eager, meanwhile, to show all distinction to one he loved so tenderly, and believing, as he wrote to her mother, that the desire of his friends in power to serve him more than warranted the expectations he had formed, his establishment was larger than prudence should have dictated. Mrs. Steele had a town-house in Bury-street, St. James's; and within six weeks of the marriage, her husband had bought her a pretty little house at Hampton Court which he furnished handsomely, and pleasantly called, by way of contrast to *the Palace* by the side of which it stood, *the Hovel*. In the neighbourhood
lived

lived Lord Halifax, between whom and Steele as well as Addison there was such frequent intercourse at the time, that this probably led to Steele's first unwise outlay, which Addison helped to make up by a loan of a thousand pounds. In something less than a year (the 20th August, 1708) the whole of this loan was repaid; but soon after the same sort of thing re-appears in the correspondence; and not till some eight or nine years later does it entirely disappear, after a manner to be related hereafter, and very needlessly mis-related hitherto. Thus established at Hampton Court, Mrs. Steele drives her chariot and pair; upon occasion, even four horses. She has a little saddle-horse of her own, which costs her husband five shillings a week for his keep, when in town. She has also Richard the footman, and Watts the gardener, and Will the boy, and her 'own' women, and a boy who can speak Welsh when she goes down to Carmarthen. But, also, it must be confessed, she seems to have had a frequent and alarming recurrence of small needs and troubles which it is not easy to account for. If it be safe to take strictly the notes she so carefully preserved, she was somewhat in the position pleasantly described by Madame Sévigné, in her remark to the Countess Calonne and Madame Mazarine when they visited her on their way through Arles: 'My dears, you are like the heroines of romances; jewels in abundance, but scarce a shift to your backs!'

In the fifth month after their marriage Steele writes to her from the Devil Tavern at Temple Bar (Ben Jonson's house), to tell her he cannot be home to dinner, but that he has partly succeeded in his business, and that he incloses two guineas as earnest of more, languishes for her welfare, and will never be a moment careless again. Next month he is getting Jacob Tonson to discount a bill for him, and he desires that the man who has his shoemaker's bill should be told he means to call on him as he goes home. Three months later he finds it necessary to sleep away from home for a day or two, and orders the printer's boy to be sent to him, with his night-gown, slippers, and clean linen, at the tavern where he is. But in a few days all seems prosperous again: she calls for him in her coach at Lord Sunderland's office, with his best periwig and new shoes in the coach-box, and they have a cheerful drive together. Not many days later, just as he is going to dine with Lord Halifax, he has to inclose her a guinea for her pocket. She has driven in her chariot-and-four to Hampton Court on the Tuesday, and on the Thursday he sends her a small quantity of tea she was much in want of. On the day when he had paid back Addison his first thousand pounds, he incloses for her immediate uses a guinea and a half. The day before he and 'her favourite' Mr. Addison are going to meet
some

some great men of the State, he sends her a quarter of a pound of black tea, and the same quantity of green. The day before he goes into his last attendance at Court upon Prince George, he conveys to her a sum so small, that he can only excuse it by saying he has kept but half as much in his own pocket. And a few days after Mr. Addison has taken him in a coach-and-four to dine with his sister and her husband, he tells his dearest Prue that he has despatched to her seven pennyworth of walnuts, at five a penny, the packet containing which he opens with much gravity before it goes, to inform her that since the invoice six walnuts have been abstracted.

In that humorous touch, not less than in the change from his 'dearest Molly' to his 'dearest Prue,' by which latter name he always in future called her, we get glimpses of the character of Mrs. Richard Steele. That she had unusual graces both of mind and person, so to have fascinated a man like her husband, may well be assumed; but here we may also see something of the defects and demerits that accompanied them. She seems to have been thrifty and prudent of everything that told against him (as in keeping every scrap of his letters), but by no means remarkably so in other respects. Clearly also, she gave herself the most capricious and prudish airs; and quite astonishing is the success with which she appears to have exacted of him, not only an amount of personal devotion unusual in an age much the reverse of chivalrous, but accounts the most minute of all he might be doing in her absence. He thinks it hard, he says in one letter, that because she is handsome she will not behave herself with the obedience that people of worse features do, but that he must be continually giving her an account of every trifle and minute of his time; yet he does it nevertheless. In subjoining some illustrations on this point from their first year of marriage, let us not fail to observe how characteristically the world has treated such a record. If Mr. Steele's general intercourse with his wife had been in keeping with the customary habits of the age, he would have had no need to make excuses or apologies of any kind; yet these very excuses, the exception that should prove the rule, are in his case taken as a rule to prove against him the exception.

He meets a schoolfellow from India, and has to write to the dearest being on earth to pardon him if she does not see him till eleven o'clock. He has to dine at the gentleman-usher's table at Court, and he sends his dear ruler a messenger to bring him back her orders. He cannot possibly come home to dinner, and he writes to tell his dear, dear wife that he cannot. He 'lay last night at Mr. Addison's,' and has to tell the dear creature the how and the why, and all about the papers they were preparing for

for the press. A friend stops him as he is going home, and carries him off to Will's, whereon he sends a messenger, at eleven at night, to tell her it is a Welsh acquaintance of hers, and they are only drinking her health, and he will be with her 'within a pint of wine.' If, on another occasion, he has any fear of the time of his exact return, he sends a special despatch to tell her to go to bed. When any interesting news reaches him for his *Gazette*, he sends it off at once to her. From the midst of his proofs at the office he is continually writing to her. When, at the close of a day of hard work, he has gone to dine with Addison at Sandy End, he snatches a little time from eating, while the others are busy at it at the table, to tell her he is 'yours, yours, ever, ever.' He sends her a letter for no other purpose than to tell his dear, dear Prue, that he is sincerely her fond husband. He has a touch of the gout, and exasperates it by coming down stairs to celebrate her first birthday since their wedding; but it is his comfort, he tells her mother, as he hobbles about on his crutches, to see his dear little wife dancing at the other end of the room.

When Lord Sunderland orders him to attend at council, he sends a special note to warn Prue of the uncertainty of his release. When, in May 1708, Mr. Addison is chosen member for Lostwithiel, and he is obliged, with some persons concerned, to go to him immediately, he has to write to acquaint her with that fact. He will write from the Secretary's office at seven to tell her he hopes to be richer next day; and again he will write, at half-past ten the same night, to assure her he is then going very soberly to bed, and that she shall be the last thing in his thoughts as he does so, as well as the first next morning. Next morning he tells her she was not, he is sure, so soon awake as he was for her, desiring upon her the blessing of God. He writes to her as many letters in one day as there are posts, or stage-coaches, to Hampton Court; and then gets Jervas the painter to fling another letter for her over their garden-wall, as he passes there at night. He lets her visit his *Gazette* office; nay, is glad of visits at such a place, he tells her, from so agreeable a person as herself; and when her gay dress comes fluttering in, and with it 'the beautifullest object his eyes can rest upon,' he forgets all his troubles. And if charming words could enrich what they accompanied, of priceless value must have been the guineas, the five guineas, the two guineas, the ten shillings, they commended to her. He has none of Sir Bashful Constant's scruples in confessing that he is in love with his wife. His life is bound up with her; he values nothing truly but as she is its partaker; he is but what she makes him; with the strictest

strictest fidelity and love, with the utmost kindness and duty, with every dictate of his affections, with every pulse of his heart, he is her passionate adorer, her enamoured husband. To which the measure of *her* return, in words at least, may perhaps be taken from the fact that he has more than once to ask her to 'write him word' that she shall really be overjoyed when they meet.

The tone of her letters is, indeed, often a matter of complaint with him, and more often a theme for loving banter and pleasant raillery. What does her dissatisfaction amount to, he asks her on one occasion, but that she has a husband who loves her better than his life, and who has a great deal of troublesome business out of the pain of which he removes the dearest thing alive? Her manner of writing, he says to her on some similar provocation, might to another look like neglect and want of love; but *he* will not understand it so, for he takes it only to be the uneasiness of a doating fondness which cannot bear his absence without disdain. She may think what she pleases, again he tells her, but she knows she has the best husband in the world. On a particular letter filled with her caprices reaching him, he says of course he must take his portion as it runs without repining, for he considers that good nature, added to the beautiful form God has given her, would make a happiness too great for human life. But, be it lightly or gravely expressed, the feeling in which all these little strifes and contentions close, on his part, is still that there are not words to express the tenderness he has for her; that *love* is too harsh a word; that if she knew how his heart aches when she speaks an unkind word to him, and springs with joy when she smiles upon him, he is sure she would be more eager to make him happy like a good wife, than to torment him like a peevish beauty.

Nevertheless there are differences, more rare, which the peevish beauty *will* push into positive quarrels, and from these his kind heart suffers much. The first we trace some eight months after the marriage (we limit all our present illustrations, we should remark, to the first year and a half of their wedded life), when we find him trying to court her into good humour after it, and protesting that two or three more such differences will despatch him quite. On another occasion he takes a higher tone. She has saucily told him that their little dispute has been far from a trouble to her, to which he gravely replies, that to him it has been the greatest affliction imaginable. Yet he will have her understand, that, though he loves her better than the light of his eyes, or the life-blood in his heart, he will not have his time or his will, on which her interests as well as his depend, under any direction but his own. Upon this a great explosion appears to have followed; and almost the only
fragment

fragment we possess of her writing is a confession of error consequent upon it, which so far is curiously characteristic of what we believe her nature to have been, that while, in language which may somewhat explain the secret of her fascination over him, it gives even touching expression to her love and her contrition, it yet also contrives, in the very act of penitence, to plant another thorn. She begs his pardon if she has offended him, and she prays God to forgive him for adding to the sorrow of a heavy heart, which is above all sorrow but for his sake. This he is content to put aside by a very fervent assurance that there is not that thing on earth, except his honour, and that dignity which every man who lives in the world must preserve to himself, which he is not ready to sacrifice to her will and inclination; and then he pleasantly closes by telling her that he had been dining the day before with Lord Halifax, when they had drank to the 'beauties in the garden.' The beauties in the garden were Prue and an old schoolfellow then on a visit to her.

And of the wits who so drank to her at Lord Halifax's, Swift was doubtless one. For this was the time when what he afterwards sneeringly called that nobleman's 'good words and good dinners' were most abundant, and when Anthony Henley put together, as the very type of unexceptionable Whig company, 'Mr. Swift, Lord Halifax, Mr. Addison, Mr. Congreve, and the *Gazetteer*.' Never was Swift so intimate as now with Steele and Addison. We have him dining with Steele at the George, when Addison entertains; with Addison at the Fountain, when Steele entertains; and with both at the St. James's, when Wortley Montague is the host. And no wonder the run upon him was great at the time, for he had lately started that wonderful joke against Partridge in which the rest of the wits joined so eagerly, and which not only kept the town in fits of laughter for a great many months, but was turned to a memorable use by Steele. In ridicule of that notorious almanac-maker, and all similar impostors, Swift devised sundry Predictions after their own manner for the year 1708, the very first of which announced nothing less than the death of Partridge himself, which event, after extremely cautious consultation with the star of his nativity, he fixed for the 29th of March, about eleven at night; and he was casting about for a whimsical name to give to the assumed astrologer who was to publish this joke, when his eye caught a sign over a locksmith's house with *Isaac Bickerstaff* underneath. Out accordingly came Mr. Bickerstaff's predictions, followed very speedily by an account of the 'accomplishment of the first of them upon the 29th instant.' What he most counted upon of course was, that Partridge should be such
a fool

a fool as to take the matter up gravely; and he was not disappointed. In a furious pamphlet the old astrologer declared he was perfectly well, and they were knaves that reported it otherwise. Whereupon Mr. Bickerstaff retorted with a vindication more diverting than either of its predecessors; Rowe, Steele, Addison, and Prior contributed to the entertainment in divers amusing ways; Congreve, affecting to come to the rescue, described under Partridge's name the distresses and reproaches 'Squire Bickerstaff had exposed him to, insomuch that he could not leave his doors without somebody twitting him for sneaking about without paying his funeral expenses; and all this, heightened in comicality by its contrast with the downright rage of Partridge himself, who was continually advertising himself not dead, and by the fact that the Company of Stationers did actually proceed as if in earnest he were, so contributed to make Mr. Bickerstaff talked about far and wide, that Steele afterwards said no more than the truth when he gave Swift the merit of having rendered that name famous through all parts of Europe, and raised it by his inimitable spirit and humour to as high a pitch of reputation as it could possibly arrive at.

Not yet for a few months, however, was *that* prediction to be falsified, and the name of Bickerstaff, even from Steele himself, to receive additional glory. The close of 1708 was a time of sore distress with him, aggravated by his wife's approaching confinement. An execution for rent was put into Bury Street, which unassisted he could not satisfy; and it has been surmised that Addison was the friend whom he describes as denying him assistance. This, however, is not likely. Though he tells his wife, two days afterwards, that she is to be of good cheer, for he has found friendship among the lowest when disappointed by the highest, he far too eagerly connects with 'her rival' Addison, in a letter of less than a week's later date, a suggestion which is at once to bring back happiness to them all, to point with any probability the former reproach against him. Just at this time, on Wharton becoming Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, Addison received the appointment of Secretary, and his instant suggestion was that Steele should put in his claim for the Under-Secretaryship which this would vacate. Through letters extending over some five or six weeks, it is obvious that the hope continues to sustain Steele, and that the friends are working together to that end. It is not extinguished even so late as Addison's farewell supper, 'where he treats' before his departure; and Steele helps him in doing the honours to his friends. But he is doomed to experience what Addison himself proved during the reverses of some twelve months later, that 'the most likely way to get a place

place is to appear not to want it ;' * and three weeks later he writes to a friend that his hopes for the Under-Secretaryship are at an end, but he believes ' something additional ' is to be given to him. After a few weeks more, his daughter Elizabeth is born, and, according to a memorandum in the writing of Prue, ' her godmothers were my mother and Mrs. Vaughan, her godfathers Mr. Wortley Montague and Mr. Addison.'

Not many weeks after the Irish Secretary's departure occurred that incident, which, little as he was conscious of it at the time, concerned him far more than all the state dignities or worldly advantages his great friends could give and take away. On Tuesday the 12th of April, 1709, Steele published, as the first of the *Lucubrations* of Isaac Bickerstaff, Esquire, the first number of the *Tatler*; which he continued to issue unintermittedly, every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, until Tuesday the 2nd of January, 1710-11. It does not appear that any one was in his secret, unless perhaps Swift; who was still lingering in London, with whom he was in constant communication (all Swift's letters and packets being addressed to him at his office, for the friend's privilege of so getting them free of postage), and whom he most probably consulted before using Mr. Bickerstaff's name. Addison, whose later connexion with it became so memorable, was certainly not consulted at first, and did not even recognise his friend's hand till some numbers had appeared. The first four were given to the newsmen for distribution gratis, and afterwards the price charged was a penny. The early and large demand from the country does not seem to have been expected; for it was not till after the 26th number that a threehalfpenny edition was regularly published with a blank half-sheet for transmission by post. Steele himself appears modestly to have thought, if Spence reports him accurately, that the combination with its more original matter of its little articles of news, to which of course his official position imparted unusual authority, first gave it the wings that carried it so far; but after what we have shown of its other attractions at the very outset, this explanation will hardly be required. The causes too, as well as the extent, of its popularity, have been pointed out by a then living authority quite unexceptionable.

Gay was a young man just entering on the town, and, already with strong Tory leanings, he wrote to a friend in the country, shortly after the appearance of the last number, that its sudden

* This expression is in one of Addison's letters, hitherto unpublished, of which a collection has been submitted to us, for the purposes of this paper, by the courtesy of Mr. Bohn, in whose complete edition of Addison's works, prepared for his 'Standard Library,' they are designed to appear.

cessation was bewailed as some general calamity, and that by it the coffee-houses had lost more customers than they could hope to retain by all their other newspapers put together. And who, continues Gay, remembering the thousand follies it had either banished or given check to, how much it had contributed to virtue and religion, how many it had rendered happy by merely showing it was their own fault if they were not so, and to what extent it had impressed upon the indifferent the graces and advantages of letters, who shall wonder that Mr. Bickerstaff, apart from his standing with the wits, at the morning tea-tables and evening assemblies should of all guests have become the most welcome? that the very merchants on 'Change should have relished and caressed him? and that, not less than the ladies at Court, were the bankers in Lombard Street now verily persuaded 'that Captain Steele is the greatest scholar and best casuist of any man in England?'

One bitter drop there was, nevertheless, in the cup thus overflowing. Even the Tories, says Gay, 'in respect to his other good qualities, had almost forgiven his unaccountable imprudence in declaring against them.' There is much virtue in an *almost*. Here it means that Steele would certainly have been forgiven his first unaccountable imprudence, if he had not gone on committing a vast many more.

The *Tatler* had not been half a year in existence when uneasy symptoms of weakness broke out among the Ministry. In the autumn Addison returned to London, and the first result of the conference of the friends was a letter from Steele to Swift, who remained in Ireland. It enclosed a letter from Lord Halifax. It told Swift that no man could have said more in praise of another than Addison had said last Wednesday in praise of him at Lord Halifax's dinner-table. It assured him that among powerful men no opportunity was now omitted to upbraid the Ministry for his stay in Ireland, and there was but one opinion among the company that day, which included Lord Edward Russell, Lord Essex, Mr. Maynwaring, Mr. Addison, and himself. Finally, it wonders that Swift does not oftener write to him, reminds him of the town's eagerness to listen to the real Mr. Bickerstaff, and tells him how his substitute longs to usher him and his into the world—'not that there can be anything added by me to your fame,' says the good-hearted writer, 'but to walk bare-headed before you.' In this letter may be read the anxiety of the Whigs, conceived too late, as so many of their good purposes have been, to secure the services of Jonathan Swift. The reply was a first-rate *Tatler*, but nothing satisfactory in regard to the Whigs.

Soon

Soon after broke out the Sacheverell trial, and with it the opportunity Harley had planned and waited for. He saw the Whig game was up, and that he had only to present himself and claim the spoil. Steele saw it too, and made vain attempts in the *Tatler* to turn the popular current. The promise made him before Addison's first departure for Dublin was now redeemed; and a Commissionership of Stamps testified tardily enough the Whig sense of the services he was rendering, and the risks he was running, in their behalf. From all sides poured in upon him, at the same time, warnings which he bravely disregarded. From Ireland, under the name of Aminadab, he was prudently counselled to consider what a day might bring forth, and to 'think of that as he took tobacco;' nor could he, in accordance with such advice, have taken many whiffs, when Swift followed his letter. By the time he arrived in London, at the close of August, 1710, the Whig overthrow was complete; Harley and Saint John were in power; his friend Prior, who had gone over to them and was expelled from the Kit Kat, was abusing his old associate Steele in a new paper called the *Examiner*; and the first piece of interesting news he had to write to Stella was, that Steele would certainly lose his place of Gazetteer. This was after an evening (the 10th September) passed in company with him and Addison. They met again at the dinner-table of Lord Halifax on the 1st of October, when Swift refused to pledge with them the resurrection, unless they would add the reformation, of the Whigs; but he omitted to mention that on that very day he had been busy lampooning the ex Whig Premier. Three days after he was dining with Harley, having cast his fortunes finally against his old friends; and before the same month had closed the Gazette had been taken from Steele.

Yet Swift affects to feel some surprise that, on going to Addison a few days later to talk over Steele's prospects, and offer his good services with Harley, Addison should have 'talked as if he suspected me,' and refused to fall in with anything proposed. More strangely still, he complains to Stella the next day that he has never had an invitation to Steele's house since he came over from Ireland, and that during this visit he has not even seen his wife, 'by whom he is governed most abominably. So what care I for his wit?' he adds; 'for he is the worst company in the world till he has a bottle of wine in his head.' Nevertheless he shows still a strange hankering after both the friends, and not so much indifference as might be supposed to the worst of company: for the next social glimpse we have of him is at our old acquaintance Elliott's, of the St. James's, where the coffee-man has a christening, at which as Vicar of Laracor he officiates; and

and where 'the rogue' had a most noble supper, and Steele and himself sat among some scurvy people over a bowl of punch till very late indeed. But, in truth, one has not much difficulty, through any apparent discordancy of statement, in discovering exactly enough in what position recent events had now placed the two friends towards him. On their side, without further faith in his political profession, was still the same respect for his genius, and still the same desire to have help from his wit; and on his, underlying a real desire to be of service where he could, too much of a fussy display of his eagerness to serve, and far too exuberant and exulting a sense of that sudden and unwonted favour at Whitehall which seemed half to have turned the great brain that had condescendingly waited for it so long. At his intercession Harley was to see Steele, but the ex-Gazetteer did not even keep the appointment which was to save him his Commissionership. He probably knew better than Swift that Harley had no present intention to remove him. The new Lord Treasurer certainly surprised his antagonist Steele less than his friend Jonathan, by showing no more resentment than was implied in the request that the latter should not give any more help to the *Tatler*. 'They hate to think that I should help him,' he wrote to Stella, 'and so I frankly told them I would do it no more.'

Already Steele had taken the determination, however, which made this resolve of the least possible importance to him. His loss of the Gazette entailed a change in the conduct of his paper, which had convinced him of the expediency of commencing it on a new plan. The town was startled by the announcement, therefore, that the *Tatler* of the 2nd January, 1710-11, was to be the last; and Swift informs us that Addison, whom he met that night at supper, was as much surprised at the announcement as himself, and quite as little prepared for it. But this may only express the limit of the confidence now reposed in himself. There can be little doubt that the friends acted together in what already was in agitation to replace the *Tatler*. Nor is there any ground to suppose that Addison was ignorant, or Swift informed, of an interview which Steele had with Harley in the interval before the new design was matured. The Lord Treasurer's weakness was certainly not a contempt or disregard for letters, and, though the object of the meeting was to settle a kind of armed neutrality, he overpassed it so far as to intimate the wish not simply to retain Steele in the Commissionership, but to give him something more valuable.*

This

* 'When I had the honour of a short conversation with you, you were pleased not only to signify to me that I should remain in this office, but to add that, if I would

This was civilly declined, but the courtesy was not forgotten ; and the better feeling it promoted for a time, with the understood abstinence from present hostility involved in it, obtained all the more zealous help from Addison to his friend's new scheme. On Thursday the 1st March, 1710-11, appeared the first number of the *Spectator*, with an announcement that it was to be continued daily. Much wonder was raised by so bold a promise, and little hope entertained that it could ever be redeemed. The result showed, nevertheless, with what well-grounded confidence the friends had embarked in an enterprise which men of less resource thought extravagant and impossible. From day to day, without a single intermission, the *Spectator* was continued through 555 numbers, up to the 6th December, 1712. It began with a regular design, which, with unflagging spirit, was kept up to its close. 'It certainly is very pretty,' wrote Swift to Stella, after some dozen numbers had appeared, and, in answer to her question, had to tell her that it was written by Steele with Addison's help. 'Mr. Steele seems to have gathered new life,' he added, 'and to have a new fund of wit.'

So indeed it might have seemed. Never had he shown greater freshness and invention than in his first sketches of the characters that were to give life to the new design: nor can any higher thing be said of his conception of Sir Roger de Coverley and Will Honeycomb, than that it deserved the noble elaboration of Addison; or of his humorous touches to the short-faced gentleman,* than that even Addison's invention was enriched by them. It is not our purpose here to compare or criticise what each, according to his genius, contributed. It is enough to say that to the last both nobly bore their part, and that whatever we have seen in the *Tatler* of Steele's wit, pathos, and philosophy, reappeared with new graces in the *Spectator*. There was the same inexpressible charm in the matter, the same inexhaustible variety in the form; and upon all the keen exposure of vice or the pleasant laugh at folly, as prominent in the lifelike little story as in the criticism of an actor or a play, making attractive the gravest themes to the unthinking, and recommending the

would name to you one of more value, which would be more commodious to me, you would favour me in it. . . . I thank your Lordship for the regard and distinction which you have at sundry times showed me.' So Steele wrote to Harley (then Lord Oxford) on resigning his Commissionership a little more than two years after the date in the text, when the *Spectator* had been brought to a close, and his tacit compact with Addison was at an end.

* We can give only one out of many masterly strokes; but in the whole range of Addison's wit, is there anything more perfect than Steele's making the *Spectator* remember that he was once taken up for a Jesuit, for no other reason than his profound taciturnity?

lightest

lightest fancies to the most grave, there was still the old and ineffaceable impress of goodnature and humanity—the soul of a sincere man shining out through it all. Let any one read that uninterrupted series of twenty-two *Spectators*, which Steele daily contributed from the 6th to the 31st of August, 1711, and doubt his title to a full share in the glory and fame of the enterprise. Try his claim to participate in its wit and character by such papers as the short-faced gentleman's experiences (No. 4); as the seven he inserted in the series of Sir Roger de Coverley; as those numerous sketches of Clubs which his touch filled with such various life; and as the essays we have named below.* Let him be measured, too, in graver themes, by such papers as those on Living to our own Satisfaction (No. 27), on Female Education (No. 66), on the Death of a Friend (No. 133), on the Fear of Death (No. 152), on Youth and Age (No. 153), on the Flogging at Public Schools (No. 157), on Raffaele's Cartoons (No. 226), and, above all, on the death of the comedian Estcourt (No. 468), the last one of his most characteristic, wise, and beautiful pieces of writing; and so long as these and many others survive, there will be no need to strike him apart, or judge him aloof, from his friend.

Nothing in England had ever equalled the success of the *Spectator*. It sold, in numbers and volumes, to an extent almost fabulous in those days, and, when Bolingbroke's stamp carried Grub-street by storm, was the solitary survivor of that famous siege. Doubling its price, it yet fairly held its ground, and at its close was not only paying Government 29*l.* a week on account of the halfpenny stamp upon the numbers sold, but had a circulation in volumes of nearly ten thousand. Altogether it must often have circulated, before the stamp, thirty thousand, which might be multiplied by six to give a corresponding popularity in our day. Nevertheless Steele had been for some time uneasy and restless. Thus far, with reasonable fidelity, the armistice on his side had been kept, but from day to day, at what he believed to be the thickening of a plot against public liberty, he found it more and more difficult to observe; and not seldom

* On Powell's Puppet-Show (No. 14), On Ordinary People (No. 17), On Envious People (No. 19), On Over-Consciousness and Affectation (No. 38), On Coffee-house Politicians (No. 49), On Court Mournings (No. 64), On the Fine Gentlemen of the Stage (No. 65), On Coarse Speaking (No. 75), On the Impudence of Jack Truepenny (No. 82), On the Footmen of the House of Peers (No. 88), On the Portable Quality of Good Humour (No. 100), On Servants' Letters (No. 137), On the Man of Wit and Pleasure (No. 151), On the Virtues of Self-denial (No. 206 and No. 248), On Generous Men (No. 346), On Witty Companions (No. 358), On the Comic Actors (No. 370), On Jack Sippet (No. 448), and On various Forms of Anger (No. 438), with its whimsical contrasts of imperturbability and wrath.

latterly, perhaps in spite of himself, his thoughts took the direction of politics. 'He has been mighty impertinent of late in his Spectators,' wrote Swift to Stella, 'and I believe he will very soon lose his employment.' That was to Steele the last and least thing at present. What he wanted was a certain freedom for himself which hardly consisted with the plan of the *Spectator*, and he now resolved to substitute an entirely new set of characters. He closed it in December, 1712, and announced a new daily paper, called the *Guardian*, for the following March.

Into this new paper, to which Addison (engaged in preparing *Cato* for the stage) did not for a considerable time contribute, he carried the services of the young poet whose surprising genius was now the talk of the town. Steele had recognised at once Pope's surpassing merit, and in his friendly critic Pope welcomed a congenial friend. He submitted verses to him, altered them to his pleasure, wrote a poem at his request, and protested himself more eager to be called his little friend, Dick Distich, than to be complimented with the title of a great genius or an eminent hand. He was so recreated, in short, as he afterwards wrote to Addison, with 'the brisk sallies and quick turns of wit which Mr. Steele in his liveliest and freest humours darts about him,' that he did not immediately foresee the consequence of engaging with so ardent a politician. Accordingly, just as Swift broke out into open quarrel with his old associate, we find Pope confessing that many honest Jacobites were taking it very ill of him that he continued to write with Steele.

The dispute with Swift need not detain us. It is enough if we use it to show Steele's spirit as a gentleman, who could not retort an injustice, or fight wrong with wrong. When, after a very few months, he stood before the House of Commons to justify himself from libels which had exhausted the language of scurrility in heaping insult upon him and his, the only personal remark he made was to quote a handsome tribute he had formerly offered to their writer, with this manly addition: 'The gentleman I here intended was Dr. Swift. This kind of man I thought him at that time: we have not met of late, but I hope he deserves this character still.' And why was he thus tender of Swift? He avowed the reason in the last paper of the *Englishman*, where he says that he knew his sensibility of reproach to be such that he would be unable to bear life itself under half the ill language he had given others. Swift himself had formerly described to him those early days when he possessed that sensitive fear of libel to an extraordinary degree, and this had not been forgotten by his generous adversary.

But what really was at issue in their quarrel ought to be

stated,

stated, since it forms the point of departure taken by Steele, not simply from those who differed but from many who agreed with him in politics. 'Principles are out of the case,' said Swift, 'we dispute wholly about persons.' 'No,' rejoined Steele, 'the dispute is not about persons and parties, but things and causes.' Such had been the daring conduct of the men in power, and such their insolent success, that Steele, at a time when few had the courage to speak, did not scruple to declare what he believed to be their ultimate design. 'Nothing,' he wrote to his wife some few months after the present date, 'nothing but Divine Providence can prevent a Civil War within a few years.' Swift laughed, and said Steele's head had been turned by the success of his papers, and he thought himself mightily more important than he really was. This may have been so; but whatever imaginary value he gave himself he was at least ready to risk, for the supposed duty he thought incumbent on him. Nor was it little for him, in his position at that time, to surrender literature for politics; to resign his Commissionership of Stamps; and to enter the House of Commons. He did not require Pope to point him out lamentingly to Congreve, as a great instance of the fate of all who are so carried away, with the risk of being not only punished by the other party but of suffering from their own. Even from the warning of Addison, that his zeal for the public might be ruinous to himself, he had turned silently aside. Not a day now passed that the most violent scurrilities were not directed against his pen and person, in which one of Swift's 'under-writers', Wagstaff, made himself conspicuous; and Colley Cibber laughs at the way in which these scribes were labouring to transfer to his friend Addison the credit of all his Tatlers and Spectators. Nevertheless he went steadily on. 'It is not for me,' he remarked with much dignity, 'to say how I write or speak, but it is for me to say I do both honestly; and when I threw away some fame for letters and politeness, to serve the nobler ends of justice and government, I did not do it with a design to be as negligent of what should be said of me with relation to my integrity. No, wit and humour are the dress and ornament of the mind; but honesty and truth are the soul itself.' We may, or may not, think Steele discreet in the choice he made; but of his sincerity and disinterestedness there ought to be no doubt whatever.

When at last, upon the publication of his *Crisis*, which was but the sequel to those papers in the *Guardian* that led to his election for Stockbridge, the motion was made to expel him for having 'maliciously insinuated that the Protestant succession in the House of Hanover is in danger under her Majesty's administration,' the Whigs rallied to his support with what strength

they could. Walpole and Stanhope took their place on either side of him as he waited at the bar, and Addison prompted him throughout his spirited and temperate defence. But the most interesting occurrence of that day was the speech of Lord Finch. This young nobleman, afterwards famous as a minister and orator, owed gratitude to Steele for having repelled in the *Guardian* a libel on his sister, and he rose to make his maiden speech in defence of her defender. But bashfulness overcame him, and after a few confused sentences he sat down, crying out as he did so, 'It is strange I cannot speak for this man, though I could readily fight for him!' Upon this such cheering rang through the house, that suddenly the young lord took heart, rose again, and made the first of a long series of telling and able speeches. But of course it did not save Steele, who was expelled by a majority of nearly a hundred in a house of four hundred members.

It was a short-lived triumph, we need hardly say. Soon came the blow which struck down that tyrant majority, dispersed its treason into air, consigned Oxford to the Tower, and drove Bolingbroke into exile. Eagerly Steele wrote to his wife from the St. James's coffeehouse, on the 31st July, 1714, that the Queen was dead. It was a mistake, but she died next day. Three days later he writes from the Thatched House, St. James's, that he has been loaded with compliments by the Regents, and assured of something immediately. Yet it was but little he obtained. He received a place in the household (surveyorship of the royal stables); was placed in the commission of peace for Middlesex; and, on subsequently going up with an address from that county, was knighted. A little before he became Sir Richard, however, the member for Truro resigned the supervision of the Theatre Royal (then a government office, entitling to a share in the patent, and worth seven or eight hundred a year), and the players so earnestly petitioned for Steele as his successor, that he was named to the office. 'His spirits took such a lively turn upon it,' says Cibber, 'that, had we been all his own sons, no unexpected act of filial duty could have more endeared us to him.' Whatever the coldness elsewhere might be, here, at any rate, was warmth enough. Benefits past were not benefits forgot with those lively goodnatured men. They remembered, as Cibber tells us, when a criticism in the *Tatler* used to fill their theatre at a time when nothing else could; and they knew that not a comedian among them* but owed something to Sir Richard Steele,

* The most humble, as well as the highest, obtained his good word, and it would be difficult to give a better instance, in a few lines, at once of his kindness and his genius

Steele, whose good nature on one occasion even consented that Doggett should announce the *Tatler* as intending to be bodily present at his benefit, and permitted him to dress at himself a fictitious Isaac Bickerstaff for amusement of the crowded house.

Less mindful of the past than the players, Steele certainly found the politicians. But, in showing that the course he took in the prosperous days of Whiggism differed in no respect from that which he had taken in its adverse days, some excuse may perhaps arise for the dispensers of patronage and office. He entered Parliament for Boroughbridge, the Duke of Newcastle having given him his interest there; and for some time, and with some success as a speaker, he took part in the debates. He wittily described the House at this time as consisting very much of silent people oppressed by the choice of a great deal to say, and of eloquent people ignorant that what they said was nothing to the purpose; and as it was, he tells us, his own ambition to speak only what he thought, so it was his weakness to think such a course might have its use. He attacked every attempt to give power to the Church independent of the State, and created much offence by declaring that, if Rome pretended to be infallible and England to be always in the right, he saw little difference between the two. In his prosperity Harley had no assailant more bitter, and in his adversity no more generous opponent, than Steele. As he had fought the Schism Bill under the Tories, under the Whigs he pleaded for toleration to the Roman Catholics. 'I suppose this,' he wrote to his wife, 'gave a handle to the fame of my being a Tory; but you may perhaps by this time have heard that I am turned Presbyterian, for the same day, in a meeting of a hundred Parliament-men, I laboured as much for the Protestant Dissenters.' No man was so bitter against the Jacobites as long as any chance of their success remained, but none so often or so successfully interceded for mercy when the day had gone against them. The mischief of the South Sea Scheme was by Steele more than any man exposed, but for such of the directors as had themselves been its dupes no man spoke so charitably. Walpole had befriended him most on the question of his expulsion, and he admired him more than any other

genius as a critic of players, than what he says of a small actor of Betterton's time: 'Mr. William Peer distinguished himself particularly in two characters, which no man ever could touch but himself: one of them was the speaker of the prologue to the play, which is contrived in the tragedy of *Hamlet*, to awake the conscience of the guilty princess. Mr. William Peer spoke that preface to the play with such an air as represented that he was an actor; and with such an inferior manner, as only acting an actor, that the others on the stage were made to appear real great persons, and not representatives. This was a nicety in acting that none but the most subtle player could so much as conceive.'

politician;

politician; yet he alone in the House spoke against Walpole's proposition about the Debt, 'because he did not think the way of doing it just.' Addison was the man he to the last admired the most, and, notwithstanding any recurring coolness or difference, loved the most on earth; but, on the question of Lord Sunderland's Peerage Bill, he joined Walpole against Addison, and with tongue and pen so actively promoted its defeat that we may even yet, on that score, hold ourselves his debtors.

To this rapid sketch of Steele's career as a politician it might seem superfluous to add his complaint against those who neglected him, or that, when the Duke of Newcastle had been so mean as to punish his opposition to the Peerage Bill by depriving him of his Drury Lane appointment (to which, we may interpose, he was restored as soon as Walpole returned to office), he should thus have written to Lady Steele: 'I am talking to my wife, and therefore may speak my heart, and the vanity of it. I know—and you are witness—that I have served the Royal Family with an unreservedness due only to Heaven; and I am now (I thank my brother Whigs) not possessed of twenty shillings from the favour of the Court.' But neither should we attempt to conceal that a man of a different temperament and more self-control would hardly at this time, after all the opportunities his own genius had opened to him, have needed the exercise or complained of the absence of such 'favour.'

It is not our desire to extenuate the failings of Sir Richard Steele, nor have we sought to omit them from this picture of his career. It was unhappily of the very essence of his character that any present social impression took, so far, the place of all previous moral resolutions; and that, bitterly as he had often felt the 'shot of accident and the dart of chance,' he still thought them carelessly to be brushed aside by the smiling face and heedless hand. No man's projects for fortune had so often failed, yet none were so often renewed. The very art of his genius told against him in his life; and that he could so readily disentangle his thoughts from what most gave them pain and uneasiness, and direct his sensibility at will to flow into many channels, had certainly not a tendency to favour the balance at his banker's. But such a man is no example of improvidence for others. Its ordinary warnings come within quite another class of cases; and, even in stating what is least to be commended in Steele, there is no need to omit what in his case will justify some exceptional consideration of it. At least we have the example of a bishop to quote for as much good nature as we can spare.

Doctor Hoadly, the Bishop of Bangor, was a steady friend of Steele's, and consented ultimately to act as executor and guardian
to

to his children. He accompanied him and Addison one day to a Whig celebration of King William's anniversary, and became rather grave to see the lengths to which the festivity threatened to arrive. In the midst of his doubts, in came a humble but facetious Whig on his knees, with a tankard of ale in his hand; drank it off to the immortal memory; and then, still in his kneeling posture, managed to shuffle out. 'Do laugh,' whispered Steele to the bishop, next to whom he sat; 'it's *humanity* to laugh.' For which humane episcopal exertion, carried to a yet higher tolerance in his own case at a later period of the evening, Steele sent him next morning this pleasant couplet,

'Virtue with so much ease on Bangor sits,
All faults he pardons, though he none commits.'

In another humorous anecdote of this date, Hoadly was also an actor with Steele. They went together on a visit to Blenheim, and sat next each other at a private play got up for the amusement of the great Duke, now lapsing into his last illness, when, as they both observed how well a love-scene was acted by the Duke's aide-de-camp, Captain Fische, 'I doubt this fish is flesh, my Lord,' whispered Steele. On going away they had to pass through an army of laced coats and ruffles in the hall, and, as the Bishop was preparing the usual fees, 'I have not enough,' cried his companion, and, much to the episcopal discomposure, proceeded to address the footmen, told them he had been much struck by the good taste with which he had seen them applauding in the right place up stairs, and invited them all gratis to Drury-lane theatre, to whatever play they might like to bespeak.

At this date it was, too, that young Savage, for whom Wilks had produced a comedy at Drury Lane, was kindly noticed and greatly assisted by Steele, though all the stories of him he afterwards told to Johnson only showed how sorely he needed assistance himself. He surprised him one day by carrying him in his coach to a tavern, and dictating a pamphlet to him, which he was sent out into Grub-street to sell; when he found that Sir Richard had only retired for the day to avoid his creditors, and composed the pamphlet to pay his reckoning. Johnson also believed, on the same authority, that at one of Steele's great dinner parties he had dressed up in expensive liveries, and turned to use as additional footmen, certain bailiffs whose attendance, though unavoidable, might not else have seemed so creditable. It was from Savage, too, Johnson heard the story of the bond put in execution against his friend by Addison, which Steele mentioned, he said, with tears in his eyes. Not so, however, did Steele tell it to
another

another friend, Benjamin Victor, who, before Savage's relation was made public, had told it again to Garrick. To Victor, Steele said that certainly his bond on some expensive furniture had been put in force, but that, from the letter he received with the surplus arising from the sale, he knew that Addison only intended a friendly warning against a manner of living altogether too costly, and that, taking it as he believed it to be meant, he met him afterwards with the same gaiety of temper he had always shown.

This story is not incredible, we think ; and to invent, as Mr. Macaulay has done, another story in place of one so well authenticated, involves at least some waste of ingenuity. One may fairly imagine such an incident following not long after the accession of King George, when, in his new house in York Buildings, Steele gave an extravagant entertainment to some couple of hundred friends, and amused his guests with a series of dramatic recitations, which (one of his many projects) he had some thought of trying on an extended plan, with a view to the more regular supply of trained actors for the stage. For though Addison assisted at this entertainment, and even wrote an epilogue* for the occasion, making pleasant mirth of the foibles of his friend—

‘ The Sage, whose guests you are to-night, is known
To watch the public weal, though not his own ’ &c.

—nay, though we can hardly doubt that he showed no reluctance himself to partake of the Burgundy and Champagne, Addison may yet have thought it no unfriendly act to check the danger of any frequent repetition of indulgences in that direction. And, even apart from the nights they now so frequently passed together at Button's new coffee-house, we have abundant evidence that the friendly relations, though certainly not all the old intimacy, continued. On the day following that on which Addison became Secretary of State, Steele dined with him, and on the next day he wrote to his wife that he was named one of the Commissioners for Forfeited Estates in Scotland.

The duties of this office took him much from home in his latter years ; and before we close with the brief mention those years may claim from us, we will give a parting glance at what his home had now become. For the greater part of the time since he moved from Bury Street, he has lived in Bloomsbury Square.

* Doctor Drake attributed this Epilogue to Steele himself, and has been followed by subsequent writers ; but it was certainly written by Addison, as the lines themselves bear internal proof. It was first printed, and with Addison's name, in the eighth volume of that now rare book, Nichols's *Select Collection of Poems*.

His wife has borne him four children, two boys and two girls, of whom the eldest boy, Richard, Lord Halifax's godson, died in childhood, and the second, Eugene, a few years before his father. His girls survived him, and the eldest became Lady Trevor. The old sudden alternations of sunshine and storm have continued between himself and Prue; there have been great wants and great enjoyments, much peevishness and much tenderness, quarrels and reconciliations numberless; but very manifestly also, on the whole, the children have brought them nearer to each other. He is no longer his dearest Prue's alone, but, as he occasionally signs himself, 'Your—Betty—Dick—Eugene—Molly's affectionate Richard Steele.' At his own request, his wife's small fortune has been settled on these children; and one of her letters to him, upon the result of this arrangement with her mother, appears to have begun with the expression of her thankfulness that the children would at least have to say hereafter of their father that he kept his integrity. He gives her incessant reports of them when she happens to be absent. He tells her how Moll, who is the noisiest little creature in the world, and as active as a boy, has bid him let her know she fell down just now, and did not hurt herself; how Madam Betty is the gravest of matrons in her airs and civilities; how Eugene is a most beautiful and lusty child; and how Dick is becoming a great scholar, for whenever his father's *Virgil* is shown him he makes shrewd remarks upon the pictures. In that same letter he calls her 'poor, dear, angry, pleased, pretty, witty, silly, *everything* Prue;' and he has never failed, through all these years, to send her the tenderest words on the most trivial occasions. He writes to her on his way to the Kit-Kat, in waiting on my Lord Wharton or the Duke of Newcastle. He coaxes her to dress well for the dinner to which he has invited the Mayor of Stockbridge, Lord Halifax, and Mr. Addison. He writes to her when he has the honour of being received at dinner by Lord Somers; and he writes from among the 'dancing, singing, hooping, hallooing, and drinking' of one of his elections for Boroughbridge. He sends a special despatch for no other purpose than to tell her she has nothing to do but be a darling. He sends her as many as a dozen letters in the course of his journey to Edinburgh; and when, on his return, illness keeps them apart, one in London, the other at Hampton Court, her happening to call him *Good Dick* puts him in so much rapture, that he tells her he could almost forget his miserable gout and lameness, and walk down to her. Not long after this her illness terminated fatally. She died on the morrow of the Christmas Day of 1718.

Of his own subsequent life, the leading public incidents were his controversy with Addison on the Peerage Bill, where we hold him

him to have had much the advantage of his adversary in both his reasoning and conclusions; and the production of his comedy of the *Conscious Lovers*, the most carefully written and the most successful, though in our opinion, with much respect for that of Parson Adams, not the best of his comedies. Of the projects that also occupied him in these years, especially that of his fish-pool invention, we have nothing to say, but that Addison, who certainly did not sneer at him in the 'little Dicky' of the second *Old Whig*, ought to have spared him, not less, the sneer in that pamphlet at his 'stagnated pool.' Steele did not retort with anything more personal than an admiring quotation from *Cato*; and his *Plebeian* forms in this respect no contrast to the uniform tone in which he spoke of his friend. But his children were his greatest solicitude, as well as chief delight, in these latter years, and, amid failing health and growing infirmities, he is never tired of superintending their lessons, or of writing them gay and entertaining letters, as from friend or playfellow. After three years' retirement in Wales, attended by his two little daughters, he died there at the age of fifty-three.

He had survived much, but neither his cheerful temper nor his kind philosophy. He would be carried out in a summer's evening, where the country lads and lasses were at their rural sports, and with his pencil give an order on his agent for a new gown to the best dancer. That was the last thing seen of Richard Steele. And the youths and maidens who so saw him in his invalid chair, enfeebled and dying, saw him still as the wits and fine ladies and gentlemen had seen him in his gaiety and youth, when he sat in the chair of Mr. Bickerstaff, creating pleasure for himself by the communication of pleasure to others, and in proportion to the happiness he distributed increasing his own.

ART. VIII.—1. *Speech of His Grace the Duke of Newcastle on the Resignation of Ministers, delivered in the House of Lords on Thursday, February 1, 1855.* London, 1855.

2. *Narrative of My Missions to Constantinople and St. Petersburg in the Years 1829 and 1830.* By Baron Müffling. Translated by David Jardine, Esq., of the Middle Temple, Barrister-at-Law. London, 1855.

3. *Recueil de Documents relatifs à la Russie pour la plupart Secrets et Inédits, utiles à consulter dans la Crise Actuelle.* Paris, 1854.

WHEN our last number appeared Lord Aberdeen was still Prime Minister, and the Duke of Newcastle Minister of War. Events, each of which in calmer periods would have been a topic

a topic of discussion for months together, have followed one another in rapid succession, and been forgotten in a week. Nevertheless the effects remain, and many of the transactions throw too much light upon the state of parties, upon the characters of public men, upon the causes of past failures, and upon our future prospects, to be passed over in silence.

Parliament met on the 23rd of January, and the same evening Mr. Roebuck gave notice that he should move for a select committee 'to inquire into the condition of our army before Sebastopol, and into the conduct of those departments of the Government whose duty it had been to minister to the wants of that army.' To defend the Government, of which he was the leader in the House of Commons, was felt by Lord John Russell to be impossible, and he immediately resigned. The confidence of the public was deeply shaken before; and when one of the most distinguished members of the Cabinet turned king's evidence, and bore testimony to its guilt, its dissolution was inevitable. The effect of his secession was greatly increased by the alarming language he held on the 26th, when, giving his explanation of the motives for his conduct, he confessed 'that with all the official knowledge he possessed there was something inexplicable to him in the state of our army.' This was to announce that the Government itself was ignorant and helpless—that at a moment of great disaster and apparent peril it had lost its command of the situation, and could neither divine the cause nor provide a cure.

The disclosures which were made by the late President of the Council confirmed the general impression which prevailed, that Lord Aberdeen had been sadly apathetic in devising the measures necessary for the effective prosecution of the war, and that the Duke of Newcastle was unequal to his post. On the 17th of November Lord John Russell had commenced a correspondence with the Premier, in which he represented that the head of the Government must be the moving spirit of the machine, or the Minister of War be strong enough by himself to control every department connected with the military operations. 'Neither,' he said, 'is the case under the present arrangement.' Apparently despairing to find a remedy in the increased exertions of Lord Aberdeen, he proposed to secure the necessary vigour and authority by substituting Lord Palmerston for the Duke of Newcastle. Lord Aberdeen denied the inefficiency of the Duke, and declined to accede to the proposal.

The Premier, equally with all other good citizens, must have desired the signal and speedy success of our arms. But every word he spoke showed that he was dreaming more of peace than of gathering up strength to strike the blow which was to secure

secure it. Lord John Russell justly alluded to him as a Minister whose 'persuasions and disposition' were against his hastening on with eagerness the preparations for war. As a man he may deserve the panegyrics pronounced upon him by his friends; as a war minister all the disclosures which have been made have only contributed to justify the censure which has been passed upon him by his opponents. His forbearance first, and his inaction afterwards, were the result of an amiable disposition, but there can be no doubt that they have been productive of great calamities, and it was a serious error that he should continue nominally to conduct affairs for which his nature rendered him entirely unfit.

When the office of Secretary of State for War was separated from that of the Colonies, the Duke of Newcastle placed himself in the hands of his colleagues, and offered to retire altogether or to retain whichever of the two they thought fittest. He was left to select the one he preferred; and Lord John Russell confessed that he showed a 'commendable ambition' in his choice. The public from the outset was of a different opinion, and all parties were unanimous in condemning the arrangement; but if his colleagues, who had the largest opportunities of judging, allowed him to be qualified for the post, it was no presumption in him that he did not believe himself incompetent. There was then a confident expectation that the Russians, who had not been able to stand against the Turks, would speedily yield to the bayonets of France and England. The Ministers, whose knowledge of the inadequacy of our numbers and the deficiencies of the equipments ought to have made them less sanguine, looked equally with the public, as Lord John Russell acknowledged, for a triumphant issue from the expedition, and the Duke of Newcastle may be supposed, in common with others, to have underrated the difficulties of the task he had undertaken. These are circumstances which extenuate his original acceptance of the post. When events taught Lord John Russell the mistake which had been committed, and he urged the propriety of placing Lord Palmerston at the head of the War Department, the Duke again begged Lord Aberdeen to waive personal considerations, and do what he felt would be best for the public service. Lord Aberdeen consulted his colleagues, and they unanimously decided, in opposition to the opinion of Lord John Russell, that the Duke should remain where he was. Once more he was fairly entitled to set the commendation of his fellow-Ministers against the censure of the public, and hold fast to the helm.

A transition can never be made from a long peace to an extensive war with perfect regularity; but to assert, as some have done,

done, that none of the colleagues of the Duke of Newcastle would have had better success, is either to maintain that no one in the Cabinet was more able and experienced than himself, or else that ability and experience would not have been of the least avail. A little more foresight, a greater tact in the choice of agents, a more authoritative name, a stronger will, an additional quickness in detecting defects and redressing what was wrong—these qualities alone would have saved us from some of the disasters which ensued; and it is no depreciation of the talents of the Duke of Newcastle to affirm that the essential characteristics had not received their fullest development in him. Of his zeal and industry there can no longer be a question; and we cannot resist the satisfaction of quoting, from his speech on the resignation of Ministers, the eloquent and touching passage in which he asserted his devotion to the public service.

‘But, my Lords, other charges have been made which, I confess, I have felt, and continue to feel deeply. I have been charged with indolence and indifference. My Lords, as regards indolence, the public have had every hour, every minute of my time. To not one hour of amusement or recreation have I presumed to think I was entitled. The other charge of indifference is one which is still more painful to me. Indifference, my Lords, to what? Indifference to the honour of my country, to the success and to the safety of the army? My Lords, I have myself, like many who listen to me, too dear hostages for my interest in the welfare of the military and naval services of the country to allow of such a sentiment. I have two sons engaged in those professions, and that alone, I think, would be sufficient; but, my Lords, as a Minister—as a man—I should be unworthy to stand in any assembly if the charge of indifference under such circumstances could fairly be brought against me. Many a sleepless night have I passed in thinking over the ills which the public believe and say that I could have cured, and which, God knows, I would have cured if it had been in my power. Indolence and indifference are not charges which can be brought against me; and I trust that my countrymen may before long be satisfied—whatever they may think of my capacity—that there is no ground for fixing that unjust stigma upon me.’

These manly and earnest words could not fail to carry conviction to every mind, and raise the Duke of Newcastle in the general esteem.

The part which Lord John Russell played in these transactions, and the circumstances under which he resigned, appeared at first to justify the charge of treachery to his colleagues; but we are bound to say that he has completely vindicated the integrity of his motives. He withdrew, however, at a moment when to desert was to defeat the Government, and when he had neither allowed it
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to surmise that his dissatisfaction had come to a head, or urged upon it anew the adoption of his remedies. His conduct took the Ministry by surprise; and in doing justice to his individual opinions, he had altogether forgotten what was due to his associates, who had ample reason to feel themselves aggrieved. The action was right, but the time and the manner were wrong. He ought to have anticipated the attacks which everybody knew would be made when Parliament met; and he ought, as he has himself acknowledged, to have come to an explanation with his colleagues before he abandoned them. But want of foresight, and the hasty yielding to impulses, are not treachery and deceit. There is no statesman from whom we have more frequently differed than Lord John Russell, and there is none, we fear, whom we are more likely to have reason to oppose hereafter, but honour, the heritage of the vast majority of English gentlemen, is happily of no party.

Though the secession of Lord John Russell had decided the fate of the Government in advance, no one expected that it would be in a minority of 157 in a house consisting of 453 members. Some merely desired an inquiry, some only intended by their vote to express their anxiety for a change in the ministry, but the larger part, as appeared in the issue, wished to effect the double object. The true Opposition, the large and compact body of Conservatives, could not rely on the continued support of the different sections of the Liberal party, who had joined them for the occasion, and without these recruits they were still a minority. When Lord Derby was invited by the Queen to construct an administration, he therefore endeavoured to form a junction with some of the members of the defeated Cabinet. The bulk of the Conservatives did not approve of the offers made by their leader to Lord Palmerston, Mr. Gladstone, and Mr. Sidney Herbert—offers which were inconsistent with the declarations of Lord Derby's lieutenants in the House of Commons during the debate which took place on Mr. Roebuck's motion. They protested that their censure was not, like that of the public, directed against Lord Aberdeen and the Duke of Newcastle, but against the entire Ministry. To offer to-day to share the government with men in whom yesterday they declared they had no sort of confidence, was a direct contradiction. But there was a more practical objection. The alliance was not proposed from a coincidence of views on domestic policy. The conduct of the war was the ground of the union, the sole excuse for compounding a motley government of Conservatives and Whigs. 'There is one indispensable element of a coalition,' said Sir E. B. Lytton, in his admirable speech, incomparably the best
which

which was delivered during the debate, 'and that is that its members should coalesce.' Upon this principle it was to the men who embodied the warlike spirit of the country, and whose names would have been a pledge for the vigorous prosecution of the contest, to whom Lord Derby should have had recourse, instead of which he selected to accompany Lord Palmerston the most suspected elements of the old administration. Mr. Sidney Herbert was the person who, next to Lord Aberdeen and the Duke of Newcastle, was the most responsible for the past failures, and Mr. Gladstone, in the course of a long speech on the night when the Government was defeated, did not let fall a syllable on the policy of the war. Both acknowledged Lord Aberdeen as their political leader, and there was no appearance that they were more active and ardent than their chief. Lord Derby detailed his negotiations, and the motives which influenced him, with the utmost frankness, and with his unflinching eloquence, but he said nothing to justify this attempt to graft upon the Conservative stem the least sturdy branches of the rejected Government. He wisely retired from the field when he found that the only ministry he could form must depend for its existence upon the forbearance of opponents. Nothing is more ruinous to the interests of a party than place without power. Principles are frittered away in the inevitable compromises to maintain an existence, frequent defeats bring discredit on both men and measures, and the Government is shortly compelled to resign with its character damaged and its influence curtailed.

The immediate followers of Lord John Russell had voted in the majority, which was assigned as the reason why he was next invited to form an administration. When he had passed through the form, and it could be nothing more, the turn of Lord Palmerston arrived. The Government of Lord Aberdeen was defeated on the 29th of January, and it was not till the 16th of February that his successor presented himself before the House of Commons with his renovated ministry. There were minor changes, but the only material differences between the new administration and the old were that Lord John Russell had retired from the Cabinet to become Ambassador-Extraordinary to Vienna, that Lord Panmure was Minister of War in place of the Duke of Newcastle, and that instead of Home-Secretary Lord Palmerston was Premier in the place of Lord Aberdeen. Thus the anomaly was presented of a government defeated by an immense majority brought back nearly in its integrity amid the acclamations of the larger part of the nation within a few days after it had been joyfully dismissed. The altered tone was produced by the simple exchange of Lord Palmerston for Lord Aberdeen,—the one the symbol

symbol in the eyes of the public of a high and resolute policy, as the other was the reverse.

It was understood that the followers of the late Sir Robert Peel did not willingly remain in the reinstated Cabinet. One obvious reason for their reluctance was the appearance it might give that they joined in the censure of their leader Lord Aberdeen, and their associate the Duke of Newcastle, if they continued in a ministry which derived its popularity from being purged of these obnoxious colleagues. Lord Aberdeen himself interposed, and it is believed that it was owing to his solicitations that Mr. Gladstone consented to retain his office. 'I am but a grain,' said one of the Dukes of Savoy, 'in the balance of European power, nevertheless I can make the scale incline to whichever side I adopt.' It is a similar equality in the strength of parties, coupled with the great ability of one or two of its members, which has conferred importance upon the small section of men of whose principles nothing is known except that they are not Conservatives, Radicals, nor Whigs. They seceded from their party on the question of free trade, and since this was settled they have remained distinct, without having put forth a single distinctive doctrine. Their orator in the House of Commons deals in an eloquent amplitude of phraseology. Yet with all this copiousness of speech there is no one whose opinions are less known to the world. A party without an intelligible policy, and whose tendencies are secret, can never obtain adherents or confidence. No follower could tell whether he would be conducted towards Lord Derby or Mr. Bright. Hardly had the ministry of Lord Palmerston been formed, when this section of the Cabinet furnished a specimen of its uncertain course. On the 16th of February the Premier made his ministerial statement, and on the 21st the remnant of the Aberdeen party resigned. The reason they offered for this step was, that the House of Commons insisted upon appointing the Committee of Inquiry which it had already voted by a majority of 157. When they consented to take office, the ministerial crisis had been so prolonged that the country, in consequence of the exigencies of the moment, were not only impatient but alarmed, and foreign nations pointed to our perplexities as an argument against constitutional government itself. That Mr. Gladstone and his coadjutors should have come back to power upon the mere presumption, that the House of Commons had changed its mind, and that they should resolve, when they found it had not, to throw everything back into confusion, was, we must think, an unwarrantable step.

It is admitted that the coalition ministry of Lord Aberdeen,
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like all the coalitions which preceded it, was a complete failure. It was formed on the 21st of December, 1852, and lasted a little more than two years. A single memorable transaction has marked its period of power, and it fell to pieces from its inability to deal with this solitary question. There was a want of vigour in every stage—in the preliminary negotiations, in the preparations for war, in the war itself. Where energy and timidity have to agree upon a course of foreign policy, the natural result is one of those half-measures which is just enough to provoke, and not sufficient to restrain. The very talents of some of the Cabinet were a source of weakness, for they were strong men pulling different ways. They have now and then in public vaunted the unity of their counsels and their mutual esteem, but it was always when they were announcing that their divergence had become too great to permit them to move any longer in the same orbit. It was, indeed, according to the ordinary working of human nature that subordination should be wanting: for could it be supposed that the Premier and his adherents would act in obedience to Lord John Russell, or that Lord John Russell, with a party which in numbers and traditional celebrity was immensely superior, would consent to be merged in the followers of Lord Aberdeen? The original disposal of the offices showed upon what a vicious principle the Cabinet was formed. If a man was particularly conversant with foreign affairs, he was appointed to manage the home department; if he was intimately versed in colonial government, he was set to look after the woods and forests; if he was noted for elaborate theories on Church and State, he was made the guardian of the public purse. That all definite opinions might be neutralised, and prevented from coming into conflict with the opinions of anybody else, the man and his proper subject were kept apart, and the qualification for an office was to be a stranger to its functions.

Before the repaired Cabinet of Lord Palmerston was well warm in its place, confidence began to be succeeded by misgiving. If by the retirement of the Aberdeen party he lost one or two powerful debaters, it was a great advantage that he could now compose a cabinet of homogeneous materials. It was said to be an opportunity for constructing at last a strong Government which would deserve, as regards the management of the war, the confidence of the public. When the list of the new appointments appeared, the general cry was that the opportunity had been lost; but, with the exception of Mr. Layard, who was offered a post in which his talents would have been rendered inoperative, we are not aware that any available Whig ability was set aside. There was a dearth of men of commanding talents, and those who were

chosen were probably as good as those who were omitted. Weak, however, the Ministry is, if it is judged by the majority of the names which compose it; and though no one could predict what may be its tenure of office—for some of the feeblest and least promising administrations have manifested unexpected vitality—its hold upon Parliament appears to be precarious. The Aberdeen party has proffered its help; but experience shows that neutral support soon degenerates into hostility. If Sir James Graham, Mr. Gladstone, and Mr. Sidney Herbert could not come to an agreement with Lord Palmerston when they sat in the same Cabinet, and had all the helps to union which arise from friendly discussion, what chance is there that the dissentients will continue to approve of measures upon which they have not been consulted, and their objections to which can only be heard and answered in hostile debates? Such assistance as theirs usually fails at the moment when it is most required. The disappointed aspirants for place will, in like manner, swell the ranks of the opposition upon the first critical occasion, and the Whig party, stripped of these subsidiary aids, is a minority of the House.

It is in no unfriendly spirit that we dwell upon these obvious dangers. They ought rather to be considered a stimulus to exertion, for there is one, and only one, method of averting them—to perfect the machinery by which war is carried on, and to give all the movement to the wheels of which they are capable. It is not a hollow profession on the part of those who, like ourselves, differ from the Ministry on questions of domestic policy, to say that they will uphold the men who can uphold the naval and military power of the country. The war concerns us as we are Englishmen, and not as we are Conservatives and Whigs. It has frequently happened that persons who are not gifted with oratorical talents have proved themselves more adroit and indefatigable in the business of their office than others who imposed by their debating and declamatory skill; and it would be premature to conclude that the Government will show itself incapable because it is not rich in brilliant spokesmen. Sense and industry go a long way in the management of affairs. The country at present looks on with suspense, awaiting the materials for judgment.

The appointment of the Committee of Inquiry, though supported by most of the Conservatives in the House of Commons and loudly demanded by the press, appears, we must confess, to us to be a dangerous precedent, and to some extent an inroad on the royal prerogative. Former investigations did not take place till the expeditions were at an end, and when there was no danger
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that a harassing inquest would interfere with the operations, and distract the attention of the Government and the commanders from their immediate duties. There was no ally whose proceedings were so bound up with our own that there was a constant probability that he would be implicated by the evidence, and offended by revelations which he had no opportunity to rebut. The officers and agents whose conduct might be impugned were not three thousand miles away, unable for weeks, perhaps for months, to answer the charges brought against them, and exposed in the interim to attacks founded upon *ex parte* statements which would be quoted as proved. They were not left at the seat of war to bear an oppressive responsibility, to risk their lives daily in the service of their country, and to endure the hardships of a terrible campaign, while a Committee of the Commons of England was accumulating facts injurious to their character behind their backs. In ordinary cases the supposed delinquents can instruct their representatives on the Committee, who, aided by this information, subject the witnesses to what is equivalent to a cross-examination. Here, if the defence is ever heard, or being heard is ever heeded, owing to the interval which has elapsed, there can be nothing beyond naked counter-statements. The advantage which is to be derived from the confirmatory testimony elicited from adverse or forgetful persons is entirely lost.* But we will not continue to argue upon a cause

* In a speech which Lord Brougham delivered on the 23rd of March in the House of Lords on 'Criminal Law Procedure' we find a passage of which it is impossible to misunderstand the application:—'I have dwelt, my Lords, on the defects of the Grand Jury, the great want of regular practice, the entire want of responsibility, the necessary uncertainty in which the community must always be left as to the persons by whom the verdict is given. But one fault can never be laid to the charge of this institution; all that passes, how irregular soever, how hardly bearing upon persons touching whom the witnesses have deposed, all is confined to the secret place of inquiry, and unless the witnesses choose to tell what passed nothing can reach the public ear. This is a redeeming virtue which affords some compensation for the evils that must ever attend a secret inquisition. If indeed the Grand Jury were to receive whatever depositions any persons chose to make before it; if it were to welcome all manner of vituperation against not only the party accused but every one else towards whom a prejudice was entertained, or a spiteful feeling was cherished; if parties absent could be assailed behind their backs, and those who were no parties at all to the proceeding were denounced under colour of charging those who were; and if all that passed were minutely chronicled and fully published to the world—then we might truly affirm that the inquisitorial office was scandalously perverted and abused; that the tribunal so performing its functions, had become not merely useless, but pernicious, and far from claiming as it now does our respect, might look to be speedily abated as a monstrous and an intolerable nuisance.' It would be difficult to overrate the importance of the whole of the matters treated in this speech, or of the resolutions with which it concluded. It is to be hoped that the commission for which Lord Brougham has asked will issue without delay, that the criminal may no longer be able to elude the laws, and that the innocent may not continue to suffer the penalties of guilt.

which has been decided. The question was discussed with particular ability by Mr. Lowe, as well as by Sir James Graham and Mr. Gladstone; and though the House listened coldly to the reasoning of the first, when delivering opinions which were opposed to the temper of the moment, his speech appears to us to have been one of the most forcible of the night. Nor has the result altered our opinion of the validity of his arguments. If all the evils which were anticipated do not ensue, we owe the advantage to the opponents of the Committee. They pointed out the dangers with such evident truth that the investigation was entered upon with a spirit of caution very different from what would have prevailed if their warning voices had not been raised.

The objections to the Committee, serious as we consider them, are less momentous than the preservation of the army, and with it the honour and interests of the country. The question is, whether the emergency was such that there was no hope of redress except the House of Commons took the business into its own hands. Lord Palmerston put the case with perfect fairness: 'If the House of Commons now forego this Committee, the Government will be your Committee, and we will leave you to judge, by the results of our efforts and labours, whether you will be satisfied with the inquiries and improvements we make, or whether you will afterwards choose to institute a somewhat more formal and Parliamentary investigation of your own.' Those who believed that there was no reliance to be placed in this promise were bound to look out for another and more trustworthy agency; but for ourselves we think that there was good ground for believing that the Executive, stimulated by the demands of the country, would not be insensible to the responsibility which devolved upon it. The issue we suspect will justify the validity of the plea for delay. If the Committee does less harm than was anticipated, there is the strongest probability that it will also effect less good. It is not every instance of mismanagement it discloses that proves its necessity. Very many of the facts were previously notorious, and a part, at least, of the abuses were either corrected already, or were in process of correction through the measures of the Government. All that can be set down to the credit of the Committee is the amount of benefit which will result exclusively from its labours, and which would have been lost if it had not been appointed at all, or if the investigation had been deferred till the expedition was at an end.

The means which the Ministry adopted to cure the evils at the seat of war, though scarcely adequate to the greatness of the emergency, we fain would hope may be attended with useful results. The application was required above all to be prompt. While committees

mittees were investigating and deliberating, our armaments were dwindling away like the snowflake, and our soldiers were suffering or perishing. A commander so firm and so intelligent as General Simpson arriving fresh in the Crimea, with the complaints and demands of the Parliament and people of England still sounding in his ears, may be expected to break through any mischievous routine, and reduce the staff, which has been put under his authority, to the most efficient working-order of which it is capable. Sir John M'Neill, though not in vigorous health, is a man of distinguished ability. His office is not to manage the commissariat, but one which demands less bodily capability—to inquire into its management. His quick intelligence will, we doubt not, soon discriminate where the mischief rests, and suggest the appropriate remedy. It has been alleged against these and other persons in situations of command, that they are no longer young. But intellectual is of more importance than physical vigour; and at the outbreak of a war which follows upon a long peace, it can, for the most part, be only the elderly whose qualifications have been tried. The progress of the contest may bring genius to the surface. At the outset it is undistinguishable from the surrounding mass of mediocrity; and if there is a course which would be more hazardous, more insane, than another, it would be to put young men into situations of supreme authority in the chance of their turning out brilliant generals. The experience and prudence of age are some compensation for the loss of pliancy of limb; and if we cannot have all advantages combined, we prefer men who have grown grey in the service, and whose characteristics are proved, to rash experiments with their juniors, who might be entirely wanting in the discretion which is the better part of command.

Though much of the misery has arisen from mismanagement, it must not be forgotten that some part of it is inseparable from a state of war. Where there are camps there will be epidemics; where a campaign has to be conducted there will be privation and fatigue. To languish sometimes in inaction, and sometimes to be overwhelmed by the severity of the toil, is rather the rule than the exception. Military history is full not only of moving accidents, but of thousands perishing, with the sod for their bed, benumbed by cold, burnt up with fever, emaciated by hunger, exhausted by exertion, dying with sluggish indifference, as careless of life as they were impotent to prolong it. Of the evils which are remediable, some at least have never been remedied in any previous war. They were regarded as incidental to a lot of which the leading characteristics were hardship and danger; and no one expected that a moving population, equal to that of the larger

larger cities, could carry in its train the comforts which were accumulated in the stationary centres of civilization. But these men suffered in silence and obscurity. There were no reporters to paint the picture of woe, and to rouse the feelings of mankind by narratives penned while the horrors were fresh or still subsisting. The losses before Sebastopol are not unparalleled.* Again and again they have been equalled and even surpassed. But a strong light has been thrown upon the scene, and we are apt to believe it unprecedented because we see it distinctly for the first time. An immense service has been rendered by the press in dragging the entire system into day, and bringing it under the influence of public opinion. Humanity and policy here go hand-in-hand; for it is cheaper to keep the soldier we have made than to form a new one. Every life we preserve in a campaign is so much addition to our predominance in the field, and is a unit of power in the day of battle. The

* A celebrated event in the military annals of England—the taking of the Havanna in 1762—is an instance of this. The circumstances of the siege bore in many respects so singular a resemblance to what has occurred in the Crimea that we quote the narrative which is given by Lord Mahon in his *History of England*:—‘The whole force amounted to nineteen ships of the line, eighteen smaller ships of war, and one hundred and fifty transports with ten thousand soldiers on board. They made good their landing near the Havanna without opposition, but on approaching the city found themselves beset with the most formidable obstacles. First among these might be reckoned the climate, which, at the summer season, to which this enterprise had been delayed, and with the needful exposure of active service, is dangerous, nay deadly, to an European frame. The city itself, though, like most other sea-points in Cuba, destitute of natural strength, had been fortified with the utmost skill, cost, and care, as the great mart and centre of the Spanish American trade. Within the harbour lay twelve ships of the line; within the ramparts a garrison which, including the country militia, was not inferior in force to the besiegers. Besides the strong works flanked with bastions which defended the main body of the place, the narrow entrance of the harbour was secured by two forts deemed well-nigh impregnable, the forts of Punta and of Moro. It was against the Moro that the English first directed their attack. They began on the 12th of June to construct their batteries, but so thin was the soil, and so hard the rock beneath, that they advanced but very slowly. The seamen, however, cordially co-operated with the soldiers; by their joint exertions the batteries were at length completed, and the cannon dragged with prodigious labour over a long extent of rugged shore. Several of the men at work dropped down dead with heat, thirst, and fatigue. At length the artillery of the besiegers began to play upon the fort, and some vigorous sallies of the besieged were steadily repulsed. One morning three ships of the English fleet stationed themselves as close as they could to the Moro, and attempted by their fire to dismount its guns, but they were compelled to withdraw, after slight effect upon the enemy, and great damage to themselves. * * * The capitulation was not signed until the morning of the 13th of August. It came in good time,—the English had already lost about one thousand one hundred men from sickness or the sword, and I find it asserted that at the time of the surrender no more than two thousand five hundred remained capable of real service.’ (*Mahon’s History of England*, 3rd edition, vol. iv. p. 265.) But the losses incurred in this expedition were unusually great. ‘In the last war,’ wrote Dr. Johnson in 1771, ‘the Havanna was taken, at what expense is too well remembered. May my country be never cursed with such another conquest!’

profession

profession will be more popular in proportion as it is more considered, and the recruiting-serjeant will find it easier to fill up the vacancies in the regiments, and he will have a better choice of men.

There is perhaps no nation which has a loftier notion of its prowess than the English. Our fleets were expected to crumble forts impregnable to ships into dust, our soldiers were expected to march in military state from conquest to conquest. But on the other hand no nation is more forward to cry out against failure, or more ready to exaggerate its own disgrace. Something of this temper has been manifested at present, and our humiliation has been spoken of in far stronger terms than is supported by a view of the entire campaign. The army was sent too late to the Crimea, the force was insufficient for so gigantic an enterprise, the land transport service was neglected or mismanaged, and other errors, some inevitable, some venial, and some inexcusable, were committed. But never was the military supremacy of France and England more completely vindicated. Their courage and endurance have been wonderful. In the field they have been invincible; and when our sons and our grandsons are to be animated by an appeal to the deeds of their forefathers, the chivalrous devotion of the cavalry at Balaklava, and of the infantry at Inkermann, will not be forgotten. Valour is the military life of a nation, and while this remains our *prestige* is not destroyed by defects in mechanical arrangements, which a few skilful clerks could set to rights, and which will be rectified, if the Ministers are at all worthy of their posts, before the year is out.

If we are humiliated, what language can describe the case of the enemy! The army in Russia has been the unceasing object of attention to the Czar; it has been constantly exercised in war, and all the machinery by which war is carried on had been perfected by use and was ready for action. Yet not only has this army been routed in every engagement, but it has suffered more from privations than ourselves. Should another Baron Moltke ever describe the Russian campaign of 1854 and 1855, it will be a repetition of the ravages of 1828 and 1829. Whatever have been our shortcomings, we stand upon a higher pedestal than the Colossus who lately over-awed the world. It is not that we think lightly of mismanagement which was great in itself and lamentable in its consequences, but it seems to us that the conclusions which are to be drawn from it have been sometimes overstated.

The potentate who raised these commotions has been suddenly taken away in the midst of them, the victim of the disasters and the cares he had brought upon himself, and which proved too much for even his strong frame and iron will. He died amid the shipwreck

shipwreck of his hopes, when the whole policy of his reign had been defeated, and when he had entered upon negotiations which, whether he was sincere in them or not, must have been a terrible blow to his domineering and insulting pride. The last wound, as well as the first, inflicted by this war on that ambitious spirit, came from the 'sick man' whose weakness he expected to fall an easy prey to his own strength, and he sank beneath the stroke. We are too liable perhaps at this moment to interpret his entire life by the final action which produced the war. His equity and moderation were for many years the constant theme of praise, and it may possibly be found, when the transactions of the whole of his reign are considered, that the former eulogies and the present abuse are both excessive. But of one point there can be no question, and it throws a suspicion upon all his acts—that his treatment of Turkey, which was marked by the grossest injustice and deceit, was itself perpetrated under the mask of that moderation and generosity he has always affected to wear. At the beginning of his reign he laid the foundation of the policy which he has attempted to carry to its consistent conclusion at the close. The narrative of Baron Müffling of his mission to Constantinople in 1829, whither he went as the nominal envoy of Prussia to persuade the Sultan to accept the treaty of Adrianople, has been lately translated by Mr. Jardine, and throws no little light on the conduct and character of all the parties concerned, and which may be advantageously studied now when Russia is once more resorting to the stealthy resources of her diplomacy in the pending negotiations for peace.

The conflict of the Czar with Turkey in 1828 was of his own seeking. His true motive for interposing at that instant has been related by Baron Moltke,* and is an instructive example of the subtlety and wickedness of Russian policy. The Emperor saw clearly that the vigorous innovations of Sultan Mahmoud were calculated to restore energy to the Mahometan government, and he mercilessly resolved to paralyse the 'sick man' before he could recover his health and strength. It is Baron Moltke's opinion that if Mahmoud could have secured ten years of peace after his destruction of the Janissaries, for the reorganisation of his soldiers, Turkey would have become a really formidable power. 'All this was prevented by Russia, which nipped the Sultan's military reforms in the bud; and since that time the Porte has never been able to form an army but what it has immediately been destroyed in fresh wars against the Arnauts,

* The Russians in Georgia and Roum

the Egyptians, and the Kurds.' There is no art in which Russia is better versed than that of stirring up agents to fight her battles and do her work: witness the Greek insurrection of last year.

The King of Prussia is a reluctant witness that the Czar forced on the contest of 1828. Though the mere tool of Russia, 'he had always,' says Baron Müffling, 'entertained the opinion, which he once expressed to me, that the Emperor might and ought to have avoided the war with the Porte.' Yet, while insisting upon the hostilities, he professed to consider them an unhappy necessity imposed upon him by the Sultan, and he published a manifesto to Europe in which he solemnly protested that he would appropriate no territory, and would only demand the reimbursement of the expenses of the war. During the second campaign he sent, when on a visit to Berlin, for the French Ambassador, and told him that 'he was resolved to undertake a third, fourth, or fifth, or even more campaigns,' to attain his demands, but reiterated that in any case he should abide by his promise and retain none of his conquests. 'The voluntary imposition of this obligation upon himself would,' he said, 'be a guarantee to those powers which were already in alliance with him, as well as to the whole of Europe, for his future course.' He expressed his regret that the English Ambassador should be absent, for it had been his wish to make to him a similar statement. The powers whose opposition he feared, if not lulled into security, were at least seduced into inaction by these deceptive protestations so ostentatiously repeated. They answered his end. He was allowed on the faith of them to pursue unmolested his attack upon Turkey till he had the Sultan at his mercy. Then such was the continued belief in his honour that Sir Robert Gordon, speaking in behalf of France and Prussia as well as of England, told the Turkish minister, as Baron Müffling reports, that 'the Emperor of Russia had favourably impressed all the European powers by the moderation of his demands, and had acquired their full confidence; and therefore that the ambassadors saw no other course open to the Porte but to acquiesce in the general opinion of Europe.' When the cajolery was complete the Czar obtained, in lieu of a portion of the pecuniary indemnity, the cession of advantages which were in contradiction to the words of his pledge, and a glaring violation of its spirit. But it is so important to understand at the present moment the mode in which Russia has carried on her designs against Turkey, that we will borrow from the now celebrated despatch which Lord Aberdeen addressed at the time to Lord Heytesbury the continuation of the narrative:—

—'His Imperial Majesty *renounced all projects of conquest and ambition*. He promised that no amount of indemnity should be exacted
which

which could affect the political existence of the Turkish empire, and he declared that this policy was not the result of romantic notions of generosity, or of the vain desire of glory, but that it originated in the true interests of the Russian empire, in which interests, well understood, and *in his own solemn promises, would be found the best pledges of his moderation.* . . . Does the Treaty of Adrianople place the Porte in a situation corresponding with the expectations raised by these assurances? . . . The territorial acquisitions of Russia are small, it must be admitted, in extent, although most important in their character. *They are commanding positions, far more valuable than the possession of barren provinces and depopulated towns, and better calculated to rivet the fetters by which the Sultan is bound.* The cession of the Asiatic fortresses, with their neighbouring districts, not only secures to Russia the uninterrupted occupation of the eastern coast of the Black Sea, but places her in a situation so commanding as to control at pleasure the destiny of Asia Minor. Prominently advanced into the centre of Armenia, in the midst of a Christian population, Russia holds the keys both of the Persian and the Turkish provinces; and whether she may be disposed to extend her conquests to the East or the West, to Teheran or to Constantinople, no serious obstacle can arrest her progress. In Europe, the principalities of Wallachia and Moldavia are rendered virtually independent of the Porte. A tribute is indeed to be paid to the Sultan, which he has no means of enforcing except by the permission and even the assistance of Russia herself; and a prince, elected for life, is to demand investiture, which cannot be withheld. *The Mussulman inhabitants are to be forcibly expelled from the territory.* The ancient right of pre-emption is abolished, and the supplies indispensable for Constantinople, for the Turkish arsenals, and for the fortresses, are entirely cut off. The most important fortresses on the Danube are to be razed, and the frontier left exposed and unprotected against incursions which at any future time may be attempted. It is sufficient to observe of the stipulations respecting the islands of the Danube, that their effect must be to place the control of the navigation and commerce of that river exclusively in the hands of Russia. . . . His Majesty's government are persuaded that it will be impossible for his Imperial Majesty to reflect upon the terms of Article VII. of the Treaty of Adrianople, without perceiving at once *that they must be utterly subversive of the independence of the Ottoman power.** The

* The war which terminated by the treaty of Adrianople, and which the Czar had pledged his most solemn word should draw after it no more objectionable result than the repayment of his expenses, is termed by Sir John M'Neill 'the most disastrous in its consequences of any in which Turkey had yet been engaged.' It may be worth while to subjoin his summary of the advantages extorted by Russia. It will render more plain the remonstrance which we have extracted from the despatch of Lord Aberdeen. 'By this treaty the Emperor Nicholas acquired Anapa and Poty, with a considerable extent of coast on the Black Sea, a portion of the Pashalic of Akhilska, with the two fortresses of Akhilska and Akhilkilak, and the virtual possession of the islands formed by the mouths of the Danube; stipulated for the destruction of the Turkish fortress of Georgiava, and the abandonment by Turkey of the right bank of St. George's branch of the Danube to

The statesman who saw thus clearly 'that the independence of the Ottoman power was utterly subverted' contented himself with this simple remonstrance; and as he had not attempted to interfere with the operation 'of riveting the fetters by which the Sultan was bound,' so neither did he attempt to break them when they were riveted. The case against Russia does not rest upon the interpretation put upon her acts by her deluded and discontented allies. Count Nesselrode, in February, 1830, addressed to the Grand Duke Constantine, at Warsaw, a remarkable despatch, which it is almost needless to add was never intended to see the light, in which he proclaims, with a loud note of triumph, the results of his treacherous policy; and describes in language stronger, if possible, than that of Lord Aberdeen, the servitude to which the Sultan was reduced by the conditions of peace.

'This war, conducted to a happy end in spite of the active hostility of Austria and the underhand opposition of Great Britain, has left Russia in a situation too imposing and too exalted to make it necessary to develop the advantages. On the one hand, the unanimous voice of Europe has rendered justice to the moderation of the Emperor; on the other, the provisions of the treaty of Adrianople have consolidated the preponderance of Russia in the East. . . . Nothing prevented our armies from marching on Constantinople and overthrowing the Turkish empire. No power would have opposed, no immediate danger would have menaced us, if we had given the final blow to the Ottoman monarchy in Europe. But, in the opinion of the Emperor, this monarchy, *reduced to exist only under the protection of Russia, and henceforward to listen only to her desires*, suited better our political and commercial interests than any new combination, which would have forced us either to extend our dominions by conquests, or to substitute for the Ottoman empire states which would have shortly rivalled us in power, civilization, industry, and riches. . . . As the Turkish government *can only be useful to us by its deference to us*, we demand of it the religious observation of its engagements, *and the prompt realisation of all our wishes.*'

to the distance of several miles from the river; attempted a virtual separation of Moldavia and Wallachia from Turkey by sanitary regulations intended to connect them with Russia; stipulated that the Porte should confirm the internal regulations for the government of these provinces which Russia had established while she occupied them; removed, partly by force and partly by the influence of the priesthood, many thousand families of Armenians from the Turkish provinces in Asia to his own territories, as he had already moved nearly an equal number from Persia, leaving whole districts depopulated, and sacrificing, by the fatigues and privations of the compulsory march, the aged and infirm, the weak and the helpless. He established for his own subjects in Turkey an exemption from all responsibility to the national authorities, and burdened the Porte with an immense debt, under the name of indemnity for the expenses of the war and for commercial losses; and finally retained Moldavia, Wallachia, and Silistria, in pledge for the payment of a sum which Turkey could not hope in many years to liquidate.'—*The Past and Present Position of Russia in the East*, 3rd edition, p. 87.

Was

Was this what the Emperor meant in the manifesto he addressed to Europe in order to keep it from opposing the march of his armies and from aiding the Turks? Was this the interpretation he supposed it to put upon his 'solemn promises' that he would require nothing more than the repayment of his expenses? Was it 'moderation' to emasculate reviving Turkey, to reduce her to become a dependency of his empire, a puppet in his hands, an instrument to execute his sovereign will; and did he imagine for an instant that it would have been thought 'moderation' by the other powers? Would he have dared to allow them to penetrate his design, or believe that they would have connived at it, if he had previously proclaimed those views to the world which are contained in the secret despatch of Count Nesselrode to Constantine? The treaty of Adrianople must undoubtedly be numbered among the worst examples of deliberate treachery which were ever practised by falsehood upon the good faith of mankind; and though the Emperor Nicholas may have been honourable in many of his dealings, he had forfeited all right to be believed again.

The pretence of Count Nesselrode that the Czar could, if he had pleased, have seized Constantinople was entirely false. There is a limit even to the audacities of fraud; and if, after disarming the hostility of Europe, and getting free course for his legions, by the solemn pledge not to appropriate any territory, he had established himself in the capital of the Turkish empire, he would have brought upon himself the chastisement as well as the indignation of Europe. Baron Müffling states that he suspected at the time, what he afterwards discovered to be a fact, that, in the event of Constantinople being occupied by the troops of the Czar, England had promised that her fleet should pass the Dardanelles, and declare on the side of the Porte, unless the enemy 'performed certain conditions, or gave security for their performance.' This circumstance could not have been unknown to the Emperor Nicholas. Nor was this all. The Russian army, we are now aware from the narrative of Baron Moltke, 'arrived before Adrianople in so weak a state that it could effect nothing further by force of arms.' It was no more capable of assaulting the capital than of flying through the air. It is added by Baron Müffling, what is well known to every military man, that the country round Constantinople is a kind of waste; that the city can only be provisioned from the Asiatic side; that the Sultan and troops would have crossed the Bosphorus after their defeat; that the enemy would have had no means of following; that the ordinary transit of supplies would have been prevented by the retreating soldiers; and that the Black Sea fleet of the
Czar

Czar could not have aided in victualling his army, because no ships could have passed to the capital so long as the fortresses on the opposite shore were in the hands of the Turks. He concluded therefore that the place was not tenable without a campaign in Asia, even if there had been no other powers to come to the rescue when the aggression reached a point which was menacing to themselves in overthrowing the Porte.

The latter difficulty subsisted always. The appearance of the Russians at Constantinople would have been the signal for Europe to arm and thrust back the intruders. Thus the Czar, despairing otherwise of success, at last endeavoured to obtain the assistance of England in return for a share of the spoil. There are indications that this project had long dwelt in his mind before he plainly proposed, at the beginning of 1853, to the English Ambassador at St. Petersburg, that we should take Candia and Egypt, and that he, if he conceived that the crisis demanded it, should be 'the depositary,' though not the 'proprietor,' of Constantinople. There was to be no written document. The whole was to be a silent, secret understanding of what was to be done in the event of the Mahometan government being incapable, as he contended was already the case, of preserving its dominions from anarchy. The bond he desired to give for the faithful performance of the contract was 'the word of a gentleman.' It was his favourite phrase. What the word of this gentleman was worth when solemnly plighted to the whole of Europe the treaty of Adrianople declared; and if upon that occasion there was such a wide difference between the promise and the performance, it may easily be surmised whether the 'depositary' of Constantinople would not have been speedily transmuted into its 'proprietor.'

When England refused to have any share in the iniquitous transaction of making arrangements underhand for partitioning the territories of a friendly power, other means were to be tried of hastening on the catastrophe. The Czar, in his conversations with Sir Hamilton Seymour, more than once alluded to an insurrection among the Christians as a sufficient ground for despoiling the Sultan of his dominions,—an insurrection which he has shown he could foment at will, and which, if England had agreed to the terms, would not have delayed to break forth. He now had recourse to the scheme of enlarging the privileges of the Greek Church, and his own power as its protector; and had the embassy of Prince Menshicoff succeeded, it would, coupled with the other influences and appliances of the Czar, the virtual, and possibly before long the actual, Turkish Empire.

No rational person can consider these transactions without perceiving the peculiar dangers with which the world is unceasingly threatened by Russia. Her ambition is enormous, and so is her power to enforce it. It is patient, vigilant, ever on the alert, never abandoning a scheme, and always on the watch for an opportunity to execute it. Unlike other nations, there is, perhaps, not a day in her history, since the time of Peter the Great, when she has not been carrying on machinations for the increase of her territory. The risks to the world are immensely aggravated by the insidious nature of her operations, by her perfidious departure from her pledges when they have answered their end, by the covert craft with which she works her way, by the perpetual artifice with which she seeks concessions which appear comparatively harmless, in the design of turning them to an account entirely different from that which was contemplated by the other parties to the transaction. Her thirst of aggression will not be extinguished by being mortified. The tangled web which is broken to-day she will weave again to-morrow if we allow her to keep the corner to which to attach her threads. The warning of the past is indeed lost upon us if we do not take ample securities against a policy which has never wavered, and to which half the Russian dominions bear witness.

It must now be considered certain that the death of the Emperor Nicholas will produce no alteration in the policy of Russia; and assuredly it ought not to be permitted to affect the conditions of peace. If the character of the present Czar had been as pacific as it was represented, Europe must have some more permanent security than the passing temper of the reigning despot, which may alter with years, and is at best dependent on his life. But the language of Alexander II. since he ascended the throne has, on the contrary, been emphatically warlike; and even in his address to the diplomatic corps he declared 'that he remained faithful to all the sentiments of his father.' In reality, the desire to get possession of Constantinople is a national passion; and what Alexander I. wrote to Lord Castlereagh in 1822, and which was quoted by Sir Hamilton Seymour in one of his conversations with the Emperor Nicholas, is never to be forgotten,—that he was the only Russian who resisted the views of his subjects upon Turkey, and that his popularity had seriously suffered in consequence. A glance at the map is sufficient to show that while ambition exists Russia must yearn to be established on the banks of the Bosphorus. The same reason which makes Europe combine to keep her back is to her an irresistible motive to press forward.

Mr. Bright depicted, in eloquent language, the horrors which
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would ensue if we persevered in our assault upon Sebastopol; but the inference that to pause in our career would be, to the extent of our losses in the remainder of the war, a clear gain to humanity, was utterly fallacious, unless, indeed, the Czar is more ready to make concessions than Mr. Bright to ask them.* If the work was left, as he would leave it, it would soon need to be begun again. All that has been done towards exhausting Russia, and bringing her to terms, would have been thrown away, and to spare our own blood we should shed in profusion the blood of our children.

The error of 1829 is not, we trust, to be repeated. The Russians, after a sacrifice of at least 60,000 soldiers in two disastrous campaigns, had not then at Adrianople above 20,000 men, of whom 5000 were in hospital, and they could not have brought at the utmost more than 10,000 to the gates of the capital. If the war had been protracted for a few more weeks, Baron Moltke has shown that Diebitsch 'must have been hurled from the summit of victory and success to the lowest depths of ruin and destruction.' He prevailed by assuming a bold attitude and uttering haughty menaces, by persuading the blind diplomatists at Constantinople that he had 60,000 troops, and that he only awaited a refusal to enforce his will by the sword. What may be the precise resources of Russia at the present moment we cannot determine; but of this we are convinced, that she is put to the strain, that her finances are already beginning to fail, that France and England have not yet developed their full strength, and that, according to all human calculation, every month must improve the relative position of the allies, and deteriorate that of the enemy. It is preposterous to maintain that, because we have not yet actually captured Sebastopol, we are to sacrifice the objects of this war in the conditions of peace. If we believe that we have the power to extort terms which promise a durable security, we ought to base such demands as are essential to this object upon the prospective results of succeeding campaigns. We love peace so much, that we want, as far as human foresight

* 'The ground of a political war,' says Burke, 'is of all things that which the poor labourer and manufacturer are the least capable of conceiving. This sort of people know in general that they must suffer by war. It is a matter to which they are sufficiently competent, because it is a matter of feeling. The *causes* of a war are not matters of feeling, but of reason and foresight, and often of remote considerations, and of a very great combination of circumstances, which *they* are utterly incapable of comprehending; and, indeed, it is not every man in the highest classes who is altogether equal to it.' This is precisely the case of Mr. Bright. Like the 'poor manufacturer and labourer,' he can comprehend the sufferings of war, but the political grounds of the contest are beyond his grasp. With all the discussion which has taken place upon the subject he has never yet been able to state the question correctly.

will permit, to guard against fresh infractions of it; and it is better, we repeat, to finish a battle half-fought than to purchase a present truce by future wars.

Never can we hope to renew the contest under such advantageous circumstances. Our profound internal tranquillity, our enormous and daily increasing wealth, the isolation of Russia, and our hearty alliance with France, are felicities which we must not always expect to be combined. Above all, the enemy, when peace is once made, will become less assailable with time. Wherever the Czar has planted his foot his first care has been to rear stupendous fortifications, that, safe in his own strongholds, he might run no risk in issuing out to commit fresh depredations on his neighbours. We have seen what preparations he was making at Bomarsund; we have experienced, to our cost, how nearly impregnable are the works he has erected at Sebastopol; we are aware that Sweaborg and Cronstadt have hitherto defied us, and that the defences raised in Poland are of the most formidable description. In a remote point like Petropaulovsk the Czar is found upon his guard, and even in the Chinese province of Manchouria he has contrived to establish a military station and arsenal at the mouth of the river Amour, which is the outlet of Siberia. Warned by present events, Russia will redouble her efforts to make all her wide frontiers more impregnable than before; and, if she now hardly presents a vulnerable heel to her foes, posterity, if we let slip the opportunity presented to us, may find her safe from retaliation.

That the Czar is in earnest in negotiating a peace upon any terms which will give a solid security to Europe we do not believe. We fear that we shall either be duped at the conference of Vienna, or that the attempt to come to an agreement will fail. With the little that is known of the details of the stipulations we can do no more than urge upon the Government the extreme impolicy of accepting one ambiguous phrase or one doubtful condition. The Treaty of Adrianople, so dishonestly obtained, was as dishonestly evaded. Russia bound herself by it to erect no fortifications on certain portions of the Danube, in order that the navigation might be free. She constructed the forts, but called them quarantine establishments. Such has been her usual treacherous course, and unless we are to have guarantees more substantial than words, it is in vain that we conquered at Inkermann to be beaten at Vienna. Once for all let us insist upon concessions which will no longer leave us at the mercy of the fraud which opens the way for force, and of the force which prepares the way for a renewal of the fraud. The allies may be hampered by the difficulty of carrying Ger-

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many in their train; but if they have the courage and firmness to persevere in demanding the necessary securities, who can question that they will triumph alike over the hesitations and fears of Austria and the armies and diplomacy of Russia? With the history of the Treaty of Adrianople, and of the war which preceded it, before their eyes, it would be fatuity in France and England to stop short in a work which, unless it is completed, had better never have been begun.

Throughout the whole of the Eastern question the part played by Prussia has been so deceptive and pusillanimous, that she has covered herself with contempt. The course she pursues in 1855 is nearly a repetition of her conduct in the crisis which was preparing thirty years ago. The passage of the secret despatch addressed by Pozzo di Borgo to the Emperor Alexander in 1825, which was quoted by Lord Lyndhurst in his recent speech, affords, when placed in juxtaposition with the events which are passing under our eyes, one of the closest and most striking historical parallels to be found in the annals of the world:—

‘Prussia, being less jealous, and consequently more impartial, has invariably shown by her opinions that she had a just idea of the nature and importance of Eastern affairs; and if the court of Vienna had shared her views and good intentions, it is no ways doubtful that the plan of the Imperial Cabinet would have been accomplished. Supposing, therefore, that Russia should by herself alone put in practice those coercive means to which Prince Metternich has refused his consent, there is every reason to believe that the Court of Berlin would not in any way oppose us, but, on the contrary, her attitude, at once free and friendly, would infinitely thwart the movements of other States, and contribute to make them desire a conclusion which, without being disastrous for them, would be suited to the dignity and interests of the Russian empire. These considerations sufficiently indicate to what point it is necessary to admit the Prussian Cabinet into our confidence, and to convince it that the part which we destine for her will contribute effectually to the maintenance of the general relations, to its own honour, and to the increase of the happy intimacy already existing between the two sovereign courts.’

Pozzo di Borgo had not misconstrued the bias of the blind and feeble-minded king. When the train of events had terminated in the treaty of Adrianople, and Lord Aberdeen was protesting against the bad faith and broken promises of the Czar, Count Nesselrode could report to the Grand Duke Constantine that the ‘*useful*’ intimacy of Prussia was continued and increasing.’ But more than this: the work of Baron Müffling reveals that the treaty of Adrianople itself was brought about mainly by the interposition of the ‘*useful*’ ally, and plainly indicates what we had to expect if we had allowed Prussia to be an

accomplice under the name of a mediator. The Czar came to Berlin in June 1829, and the two sovereigns concerted together the plan of action. Peace, as Moltke states, was indispensable to the Emperor, both because his army was almost annihilated, and because, if he had continued his progress, he would have come into collision with England and Austria and been certainly foiled. At the instigation therefore of the Czar, Baron Müffling was sent to Constantinople, ostensibly as the plenipotentiary of the King of Prussia, in reality as the spy and tool of Nicholas, in order to induce the Sultan to give way. Mahmoud at first refused to believe that his own resources were so exhausted, or that the Russians were so strong as those about him alleged. But Baron Müffling succeeded, through his apparent neutral character, in gaining credence to his deceptive tale. The extent to which he acted on this occasion as the agent of the Czar can only be thoroughly appreciated by a perusal of his narrative. Nesselrode, or Pozzo di Borgo, could not have laboured more zealously for the unlimited triumph of the Russian policy. Some idea may be formed of the infatuation and subserviency of Prussia from a speech addressed to the Czar by Baron Müffling, who, on his return to Berlin, was immediately sent to St. Petersburg to give an account of his mission to his master's master. 'If civilization,' he said to the Emperor Nicholas, 'is eventually to overcome fanaticism, the present constitution must first be destroyed; but this result cannot proceed from Turkey herself. *It can only be produced by the subjection of the Turkish empire to a foreign power.*' 'His Majesty,' he continues, 'rejected the mere suggestion of an overthrow of the Turkish empire as a scheme equally criminal and foolish. He declared that he could not desire better neighbours.' He enlarged upon this idea, as indeed it was a matter of course with him that he should disclaim a notion so dangerous before it was ripe for execution. But the Prussian envoy, who could not have dared to utter such views unless they had been those of his own court, proves, in giving expression to the obvious designs of the Czar, and stamping them with his approval, that King William Frederick III. was not only willing but eager to further their accomplishment. It is necessary to recall such facts as these to understand the full significance of the dying message of Nicholas to 'his dear Fritz,' that he would remember the last injunction of his father to remain true to Russia.

It had been our intention to relate in some detail the proceedings of Prussia during the present contest, and show how completely the son had obeyed the parental exhortation. This would now be a work of supererogation. The masterly exposition of
Lord

Lord Lyndhurst, in which he demonstrated, in spite of the mazy and bewildering language of a court which dares not speak in an intelligible manner, the unity of purpose which has lately directed its actions, leaves nothing to be desired. The rare power possessed by this illustrious Nestor of the Senate of disentangling the most perplexed subjects, and presenting them with a perspicuity which prevents those who only know them through his statements from suspecting their difficulty, has seldom been better employed. He showed that Prussia, after professing at the beginning to adhere to the principles of the Western powers, soon broke away from the league, and has ever since employed all her ingenuity in conformity to the example of Frederick William III. 'to thwart infinitely the movements of the other States.' Pretending to be neutral, she has been the agent, the 'useful intimate' of Russia. While thus acting against Austria, France, and England, and steadily refusing to do one single thing in aid of their cause, she has struggled hard to be permitted to share in their negotiations, that her envoy might re-enact the part of Baron Müffling in 1829. Calling herself a great power, she has at last been reduced by her foolish and tortuous course to an ignominious isolation, deprived of all influence, except that which is the necessary result of her indecision,—the ability to protract the contest. A course so grovelling, and so completely opposed to the interests of Prussia, would be quite unintelligible if it was that of the people, but, unhappily for Europe and his country, the king, who is governed partly by a court clique and partly by his personal sympathies, which are Russian instead of German, is the director of the foreign policy of the nation. His subjects, who have not sufficient constitutional freedom of action to compel him to side with the Western powers, will yet not allow him to take open part with the Czar; and to give effect to the bias of his own mind, he is forced upon those undignified and crooked courses which are, perhaps, after all, most congenial to his feeble and vacillating character.

Whatever happens, whether we are to have a speedy peace or a more extended war, the present policy of Prussia must turn to her discomfiture. If the contest continues, and Russia is deprived of a portion of her ill-gotten spoils, no consideration will be shown in the new territorial arrangements to the interests of a power which has done much to thwart, and nothing to assist us. If an early peace is the result of the negotiations at Vienna, the character she has earned for herself in the course of these transactions will continue to attach to her, and her voice will be without weight in the counsels of Europe. Nations prevail by the opinion which is formed of them, and not alone by the number

of their troops and the extent of their dominions. An appeal to arms is a last resort which can be seldom tried, and, except in combination with the other Western powers, by none less safely than by Prussia. In the events which arise for decision from year to year, her government will be treated according to what it has shown itself—a government without dignity, vigour, or plain dealing. In the meanwhile, what is infinitely more important to us than the conduct of Prussia, our relations with France continue most encouraging, and we hail with great satisfaction the visit of the Emperor Louis Napoleon to our Queen as a fresh token of the heartiness of the alliance. The English people will see in him the representative of the country over which he rules, and by the enthusiasm of the reception they will give him, he will learn the measure of the cordiality which we entertain for our illustrious neighbours.

NOTE on the Campaign in the Crimea, in No. CXCI.

We have been informed by a member of Captain Giffard's family that there is no truth in the statement which appeared in the Russian newspapers that the flags of the *Tiger* had been taken by the enemy. With the exception of one, which is in the possession of Mrs. Giffard, they were all burnt, together with the ship's papers, by the order of the gallant Captain himself. On the same authority we are told that the reason why the crew did not escape from the stranded vessel in the boats, was the fearful loss of life which would have ensued in consequence of the galling fire of the Russians.

In speaking of the advance of the first brigade of the Light Division at the battle of Alma, we stated that—

‘more than once the men had to lie down to take shelter from the heavy fire of the Russian batteries; that they crossed the stream in disorder; that they were not allowed to form under the shelter of the opposite bank; and that the leading up the brigade before it was formed was a grave error, which entailed a severe loss upon three regiments.’

We have received from Major-General Codrington, who commanded this brigade, a letter pointing out an inaccuracy in this portion of our narrative, and it gives us great pleasure to be able to publish so excellent and authentic an account of what really occurred:—

‘From the time that I received the only order, viz., to advance in line, and not stop till I had crossed the water, until the time of reaching the steep bank on the further side of the river, there was no halt,
nor

nor much possibility or inclination to take shelter on ground covered by fire of all descriptions. I well remember how the sight of the opposite steep bank gave hope that its shelter from the artillery fire would be the means of re-forming a line unavoidably broken by its passing over a vineyard and walls, down banks, between felled trees, and through a river, the serpentine turns of which met the line at all distances, and the varying depth of which took one commanding-officer's horse up to his neck, whilst another passed not far off through an easy ford. Efforts, great and persevering efforts, were made by commanding and company officers to regain the two-deep formation and line; but a biting, enfilading fire from our right, along that supposed "shelter," prevented it; whilst the helmets and rifles of the enemy's skirmishers showed, and made themselves felt, by firing right down upon us in front. There was no time to be lost; it was better to advance in partial irregularity than to hesitate and be destroyed in a hole. It was done; irregularly, perhaps, but successfully. The advance went up that slope, through fire, over and into the battery, from which the Russians retreated, having withdrawn all the guns except one large howitzer, left at an embrasure, and one gun, then in the act of being moved away by horses, when it was taken, and turned round the shoulder of the battery, past our troops, by an officer of the brigade. That battery was consequently not armed by guns against any subsequently advancing troops. These were the efforts, and that was the success of the brigade: troops in the best formation could scarcely have passed the first through that fire, and up that even slope, without severe loss: the brigade might possibly have maintained the advanced position it had won, had it been in greater regularity of formation, but it might never have got to the battery at all had it waited to do so; and there can be no doubt that it gave to the regiments that were coming on so finely to support its weakness, the opportunity of steadily forming before they advanced up that same slope against the enemy's infantry and batteries beyond. I confine my observations to circumstances within my personal observation and immediate neighbourhood.

In the description of the battle of Inkermann, it is remarked that Sir G. Cathcart 'placed himself at the head of a few companies of the 68th Regiment' to make that gallant advance which resulted in his death. It was, however, General Torrens, who, by the command of General Cathcart, led the attack with portions of the 46th and 68th Regiments. Nearly every officer was killed, wounded, or dismounted at the first onset, and it was owing, perhaps, to this havoc among their leaders that the troops, after repulsing the enemy, were tempted to press forward too far in pursuit along the fatal valley. It was then that Sir G. Cathcart followed the men into the thick of the fire, and as he passed General Torrens, who lay wounded upon the ground, he said, 'You have nobly led them, Torrens, and it is quite successful too.'



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